

# SMART SET

*Stories from Life*

December

25  
Cents



*Beginning :*

*The SECRET ISLAND*



# Thin As a Watch

The NEW *Norida* Vanitie  
For Your Favorite Loose Powder



Protecting, Beautifying  
Norida Toiletries

So delightfully satisfying and so cleverly packaged! *Norida Fleur Sauvage* (Wildflower) Poudre, smooth as velvet, in all the popular shades; soothing, refreshing bath powder in an ingenious patented container; fragrant, downy talc; nourishing, protecting creams that leave your skin like rose petals; cream rouge for face and lips, natural as youth—everything to make you intriguingly lovely.

At All Toilet Goods  
Counters

Cannot  
Spill



So Thin!

And the smartest NEW CASE. Exquisitely embossed—dainty—practical—the last word in Loose Powder Vanities.

Never sifts nor spills. Yields just the right amount of loose powder at a slight turn of the silvered powder plate. Refill it in a few seconds, then snap it shut—no slots, grooves or complicated mechanism. All these clever features have made *Norida* the most famous Loose Powder Vanitie in the world.

Ask your dealer to show you the  
NEW IMPROVED *Norida* loose  
powder Vanitie.



Easy to  
Refill

Priced \$1.50 to \$3.00—Single and Double, Gold and Silver, each in a velvet lined case—filled with *Norida Fleur Sauvage* (Wildflower) Poudre and Rouge

At All Toilet Goods Counters

NORIDA PARFUMERIE

PARIS

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

*Norida*

# If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister



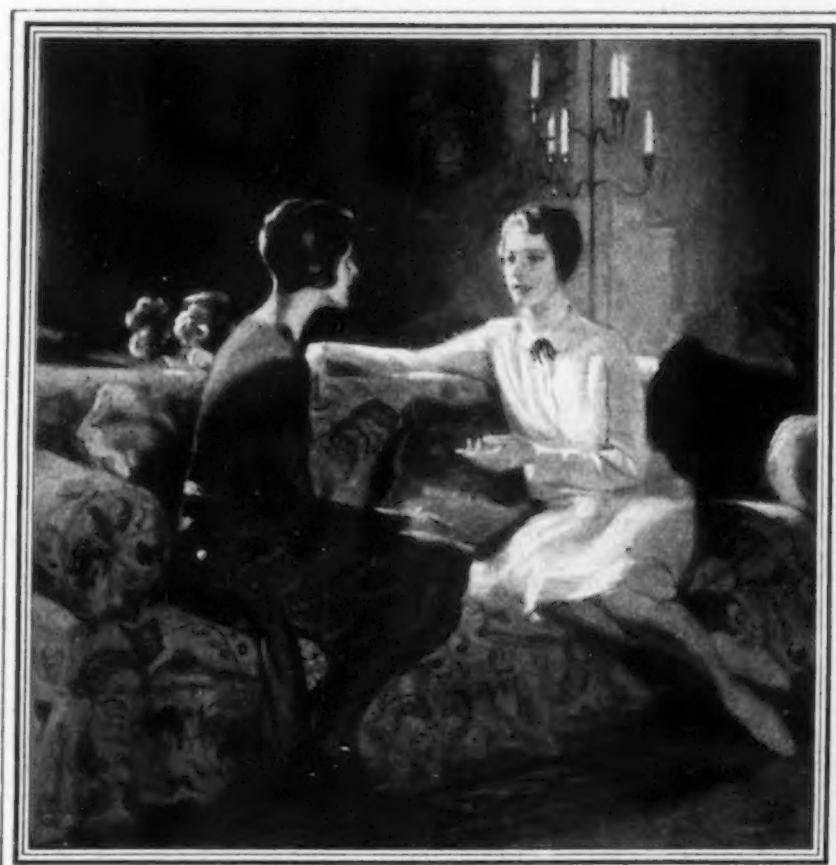
SOME of the most important things in a woman's life are the most difficult to discuss, and one of them is the subject of feminine hygiene. Thousands of women today are running continual risk through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid.

Physicians deplore the use of these dangerous germicides, but many women are too shy or timid to ascertain the real facts. Others receive wrong or incomplete advice from people who are no better informed than themselves. If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister, there would be far less misery from this source, because nurses, like physicians, are well aware of the dangers that lie in every bottle that displays the deadly skull-and-crossbones on its label.

#### Safety for little children

Besides the caustic, corrosive effect which carbolic acid compounds possess when in contact with delicate membranes, there is the constant danger of accidental poisoning, especially with little children in the house. The tragedies growing out of such accidents are common enough, as every newspaper reader knows.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to run these risks. Science has at last developed a true antiseptic, a real germicide, that is *powerful and effective, but safe*. It is called Zonite, and while it is comparable in strength with the poisonous antiseptics already discussed, it can be applied



*Some women receive wrong or incomplete advice . . . but science HAS developed a safe antiseptic comparable in strength with carbolic acid. An antiseptic that is absolutely non-poisonous . . .*

without danger to the most delicate membranes and tissues of the body.

Zonite is in reality a scientific marvel. It is *more than forty times as effective* germically as peroxide of hydrogen. It is *far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid* that can be safely applied to the human body. And yet Zonite, powerful as it is, can actually be held in the mouth. In fact, dentists are recommending it freely for oral hygiene.

#### Welcomed by women

No wonder Zonite has been welcomed by refined, enlightened women, as well as the medical and nursing professions. For Zonite has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of feminine hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

Zonite is fatal to germs, but safe for human beings. It will not burn, harden nor scar the delicate tissue-linings, as the old poisonous antiseptics do, even when they are greatly diluted. Zonite is clean and wholesome and perfectly safe to

have around the house. It is safe in the hands of a child.

Zonite can now be obtained at practically every drugstore in the United States. Knowledge has spread rapidly of its splendid qualities, especially its safety in use. Probably women in your own circle are using it.

#### Send for this booklet

Full directions for the use of Zonite accompany every bottle, but if you are interested in the subject of feminine hygiene you will want to have the special booklet which the Women's Division has prepared. It deals also with other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is daintily illustrated and the information it contains is concise and to the point. It is frankly written but delicately treated. It is a book every mother will want to show her daughter. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 12-M  
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below:

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene  
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home  
(Please print name)

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)



#### A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhoea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant. Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

DECEMBER, 1927  
VOLUME 81, NO. 4WILLIAM C. LENGEL  
*Editor*

# SMART SET

*Stories from Life*

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*Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive*

Next  
Month



HOMER CROY

*A Drama Drawn from Life*  
**The SHADOW  
of Her PAST**  
*By the Author of "West of the Water Tower"*

# "Every 3,000 Miles This Amazing Little Device Buys Me a New Tire...FREE"

**T**HE money I save on gasoline more than keeps me in new tires. Figure it out . . . I was getting 13 miles per gallon on my Nash. With gas at 18c plus 2c tax it cost me \$46 to drive 3,000 miles. Now I'm getting better than 26 miles per gallon. It takes just half the gas and I save \$23 to \$25 every 3,000 miles—more than the price of a new tire."

No matter what make of car you drive, the Stransky Vaporizer is unconditionally guaranteed to give you 50% to 100% more miles per gallon or it costs you nothing. As a matter of fact, it is not uncommon for the Stransky Vaporizer to more than double gasoline mileage!

## Note These Records

Forty-three miles per gallon from a Chevrolet, reported by F. S. Carroll. Fifty-seven miles on one gallon in a Ford, reported by J. T. Jackson, Michigan. Forty miles per gallon in a Dodge from Brownsville, Tex., to Tampico, Mex., reported by T. L. Brown.

## Proved by Two Million Owners

Records like these are reported in every mail for every make and model car . . . from 72 different countries . . . the world over. More than two million Stransky Vaporizers have been installed.

## \$4 an Hour for Salesmen, Agents, and Spare Time Workers

Men are making wonderful earnings showing the Stransky Vaporizer to car owners in spare time and full time. Sells fast under our guarantee. Foster made \$357 in two weeks. G. F. Fuller earned \$114 in 5 days. Eberlein sold 23 Vaporizers in 35 minutes! J. W. Cronk actually earned \$51 in an hour. You should be able to earn at least \$3 every hour you put in. We offer demonstrators one Vaporizer FREE, under our unusual offer. Get full details. Simply mail coupon at once.



### 43.8 Miles Per Gallon

Mr. M. E. Miller, Kansas City, writes: "You people claim a saving of 25 to 50% of Gasoline. I have subjected the Vaporizer to a severe and thorough test. After installing one on a Chevrolet, I found I was obtaining 43.8 miles to a gallon whereas formerly I had been getting only 19.5. That is not a saving of 25 or 50% but 124%, so you see that the actual test surpasses your claim."



### FITS ANY CAR IN 5 MINUTES

Any one can install this device in 5 minutes. Simply loosen one connection to the intake manifold with a wrench. You can do the rest with your fingers!

### Easily Installed

No bigger than a dollar coin—no more expensive than a good wrench—no more trouble to attach than a fan belt! Attaches to the intake manifold of any car in five minutes. Anyone can do it.

### Less Gasoline—More Power

The vaporizer supercharges your gasoline after it leaves the carburetor. Completely vaporizes the gasoline. Under this ideal condition you get more compression out of less gasoline and a more complete explosion. Both power, pickup and speed are noticeably increased. Starting is not interfered with as the Vaporizer automatically shuts itself off when the motor is idle.

### Make This Test

Test the Stransky Vaporizer on your car—and expect results that will amaze you! Double your mileage—get flashing pickup and power—forget carbon troubles, sluggish motor and fouled spark plugs from over-rich mixture—and save enough on your gasoline to more than keep you in tires. These results are guaranteed or the test costs you nothing.

Mail the coupon below for full details, guarantee, and amazing trial offer, which is even more remarkable than we can tell you here. There is no obligation whatever.

### J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.

W-1150 Stransky Block, Pukwana, So. Dakota

J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., W-1150 Stransky Block, Pukwana, So. Dakota.

Without obligation send me full details of your free trial offer.

Name . . .

Address . . .

City . . . State . . .

( ) Check here for Distributor's Sample Offer and the selling plan.

# Do YOU Let FATE Decide?

Is your will power paralyzed by the belief that everything that happens to you is beyond your control? If you lose your job do you blame it on FATE? Or, on your failure to deliver the goods? If your health fails do you rail at FATE? Or, do you realize that it may be your own fault? If your daughters run wild do you cry about FATE? Or, do you acknowledge that it may be your own lack of wisdom in bringing them up? Can you distinguish between inevitable misfortunes and those you bring upon yourself? For instance:

**I**f a man loved you devotedly and you loved him — but not enough to give up a career which kept you away from him most of the time, would you weep and wail and bemoan an unkind Fate which threatened to take him away from you forever? Or, would you realize that perhaps you deserved to lose what you failed to appreciate when you had it? Once your better self realized that love was the greatest thing in the world what would you do? Would you leave the answer to Fate or find a solution yourself? Read the story of

## "The Woman with Two Souls"

*in January SMART SET*



What has Fate done to this girl?

*Read January SMART SET*

**D**ID Fate ever send you a friend who was so good that his character was an inspiration? His smile a benediction? A friend for whose sake you would have dared anything, overcome anything to live up to what he expected of you? If Fate likewise saw fit to take away the inspiration of that friend's presence could you go on doing the things he would have had you do? Or would you weaken and go back to the old ways from which he had turned you? Perhaps you'll gain a new understanding of human nature as you read

## "One Fleeting Moment of Glory"

*in January SMART SET*

**M**EN are a failure in love! Women are going in for careers! Everything is in a muddle. This is a terrible age for men to be living in. Men have never had a more dreadful time than they do today. It is difficult for women, too. Heaven knows what is going to happen." Do you share the opinions expressed in the foregoing paragraph by Joseph Hergesheimer, America's most brilliant novelist? If so, what do you think will be the Fate of modern marriage? Mr. Hergesheimer says all this and more in,

## "Have Men Failed as Lovers?"

*in January SMART SET*

**W**HY is mercy so often permitted to temper justice in deciding the Fate of feminine lawbreakers? What difference does it make whether a crime is committed by a man or by a woman? The offense is as great regardless of who is to blame for it. Why then should the sentence imposed be less? If you are one of the many who feel that women get away with altogether too much, don't fail to read Judge Freschi's article

## "Should the Woman Pay?"

*in January SMART SET*

**D**ID you ever know a man who couldn't fall in love? If such a man decided to marry anyway and became engaged to a girl only to find out later that the girl had always adored him and firmly believed that he loved her, what should he do? Break the girl's heart by telling her the truth? Or marry her knowing that he didn't love her and fearing that he might fall in love with some one else? See how Fate decided in

## "The Man Who Laughed at Love"

*in January SMART SET*

**S**HOULD the older generation wash its hands of the young folks — cease trying to restrain them — stop getting gray-haired over their escapades and leave them to their Fate? Where will they wind up if they are allowed to gambol where they will without the guiding rein of mature control? One man at least thinks it would be worth trying — and that man is no less a person than Meredith Nicholson, the distinguished novelist, whose article

## "I've Quit Worrying About You Wild Young People"

*will appear in January SMART SET*

There will be many more soul-stirring stories and thought-provoking articles in January SMART SET. It will be ready December first. If you fail to place your order now, don't blame FATE for making you miss this splendid issue.

Would you  
choose the wrong man  
deliberately?

Rich man . . .  
Poor man . . .  
Which would you take?

If you could have  
a town car,  
Paris clothes,  
a country estate,  
and social position

at the price

of marrying a man  
you only liked  
and leaving your  
old lover  
would you pay it?

Here's a book  
that gives the answer  
in the real way  
and makes you  
feel that you  
are the heroine . . .

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by CLARE THORNTON

Price \$2.00

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\$100  
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Brings You This Amazing Value

### All Wool Buxkin Velour with Mandell Fur

Such style! Such material! And such value! You'll agree that here is an offer to be snapped up—quick! Shawl collared coats are the very newest style and extremely popular. Material is the famous all wool Buxkin Velour which is bound to give excellent service and satisfaction. Shawl collar and cuffs are of selected Mandell fur. Entire garment is fully lined with satin de chine, and warmly interlined with flannel as well. The sides are in panel effect, enlivened with rows of tucking, while the back of the coat has unique tucking in novel effect. Your choice of the season's most favored colors: Grackle Blue or Reindeer Tan. Sizes: 34 to 44. Length about 45 ins.

Order by No. C-11F. Terms: \$1.00 with  
coupon, then only  
\$4.85 a month.

Total Price only \$29.90.

## 6 Months to Pay!

On our liberal easy payment plan you can just as well have this newest style coat as not. Because by sending only a little each month you never miss the money. Try it and see. Send only \$1.00 deposit now. No C.O.D. No risk! We'll send you the coat on approval! Then judge for yourself. Try and match the value anywhere else. See how becoming the coat looks on you. Ask your friends about it. Then if perfectly satisfied in every way, take 6 months to pay the bargain price.

**Sent on Approval!**  
Send coupon and only \$1.00 Now!

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 3889, W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose \$1 deposit. Send All Wool Buxkin Velour Coat No. C-11F. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it and get my \$1 back. Otherwise I will pay \$4.85 a month until I have paid \$29.90.

(Check  Reindeer   Grackle Blue  Size \_\_\_\_\_  
Color Wanted) Tan

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Send  
For  
Free  
Style  
Book



**Sent on  
Approval!**

**No Risk!**

**No C. O. D.  
to Pay!**

### Sell Spare Time for Cash!

Right now you can think of a score of things for which you would like to have extra money—a home of your own, a car, a European trip, a college education. Any of these is within your grasp if you simply follow the successful course of thousands of men and women, boys and girls, who are turning their spare time into cash taking orders for Cosmopolitan, Smart Set, and the other famous magazines we publish. No experience, no capital, necessary. Does not interfere with your regular duties. Try it out! Profits from the beginning in proportion to the time you spend. Write today to

Dept. SS-1227, International Magazine Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

# A Novelist Who Knows Women *reveals the Soul of the Modern Girl*



When

## *Adela Rogers St. Johns*

in a new novel undertakes to lay bare the soul of a modern girl—she commands a vast appreciative audience of intelligent women.

The daughter of a great lawyer, inheriting his ability to dissect character; a keen journalist who became the confidante of women of all classes;

A mother;

A novelist who interpreted Hollywood and its girls as few women have done;

With such a background Adela Rogers St. Johns has become an outstanding portrayer of woman's character—her forthcoming novel, "*The Single Standard*," has as its heroine a modern, freedom-seeking girl. It begins where most brilliant and powerful novels begin—in *Cosmopolitan*.

ANY writer with a real message or a real story to tell sooner or later chooses *Cosmopolitan*. For instance, in December, Fannie Hurst, Irvin S. Cobb, John Erskine, George A. Dorsey and others . . . Which explains why *Cosmopolitan* attracts the largest class audience, the largest audience of intelligent readers in the world.

*Hearst's International*  
*Cosmopolitan*  
combined with  
December Out November 10th

# New Mello-Phonic

was \$85<sup>00</sup>  
Now \$49<sup>95</sup>

Perfect Tone Quality

Console Phonograph

PLAY  
as you  
PAY

30  
DAYS  
FREE  
TRIAL

Big  
Christmas  
Bargain

## Spear's Latest and Greatest Triumph

Now! perfected tonal quality—the last word in scientific phonograph construction! An exquisite Console Phonograph—radio adaptable—with new perfected tone reproduction. The very same tonal quality that sells for \$125 in other instruments! You can have this master machine for only \$49.95—and a year to pay! A new style tone arm, and a tone chamber of specially selected woods, combine to give the full, clear, marvelously distinct tones necessary for proper enjoyment of modern music. Tones clear as a chime, full throated as a thrush, resonant as a mighty organ! Any volume you desire, simply by opening or closing the doors!

**Radio Adaptable Too!** A radio panel under the lid will hold your radio set! Plenty of storage space below, to keep your batteries out of sight and in perfect condition! Everybody's buying radio adaptable Console Phonographs now—you need one too!

## Send for this Big FREE Book



Ready for you—  
Spear's new Happy  
Home Bargain Book.  
Brings BARGAIN  
STREET to your  
door. 1278 of the  
greatest home  
furnishing values  
ever known—furniture,  
rugs, lamps, chairs,  
davenport, beds,  
curtains, dishes,  
silverware, stoves,  
linoleum—every-  
thing for the home—all on EASY, DIG-  
NIFIED CREDIT, YEAR-TO-PAY. You  
save 25 to 40 per cent, 30 days FREE home  
trial. Don't miss this big book—the talk  
of the year! A million customers are sav-  
ing money from this book—you will, too.  
Sent FREE to you—no obligation to buy  
—mail the coupon today.

We have to buy in tremendous quantities to sell at this low price.  
Now's your chance to save money and enjoy all the world's music as well!  
Let us ship this beautiful new Mello-Phonic to you, with 10 selections  
FREE. Take 30 days to make up your mind. You must be satisfied or  
you don't have to keep it—that's the Spear Policy.

Order No. B.A.S, Console Phonograph,  
American Walnut or Mahogany Fin-  
ish, Price \$49.95. Terms, \$1 down,  
\$4 Monthly.

**Spear & Co. ← PITTSBURGH, PA.**  
Dept. S 803  
Home Furnishers to the People of America for 35 Years

*Nathaniel Spear  
President*

7

FREE CATALOG If you want FREE catalog only, send no money, put an X in the square and write your name and address plainly on the above lines. □

Only \$1 with Order

Here's an offer which enables you to give your family or yourself a Christmas gift that means years of entertainment! You have a whole year to pay for it and you save \$35 as well!

### What a Marvelous Offer

### 30 Days' FREE Trial

Prove what we say to your own satisfaction. Order this console now. Send only \$1 with your order. Use it as your own for a whole month. If it does not delight you, send it back. We will refund your dollar and all transportation charges. If you keep it, take a whole year to pay.

\$

DOWN

SPEAR & CO., Dept. S 803, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Send me at once the Console Phonograph described above. Enclosed  
is \$1 first payment. It is understood that, after 30 days trial, if I am  
satisfied, I will send you \$4.00 monthly. Order No. B.A.S.  
Sale Price \$49.95.

If you want Mahogany finish put an X here □

If you want Walnut finish put an X here □

Name

R. F. D.  
Box No. or  
Street and No.

Post Office

State

# AD CONTEST WINNERS

WHAT a splendid contest this has been! And the most amazing thing about it is not the number of entries—though there were many hundreds of them—but the general excellence of each individual "AD."

You'll remember that in the September issue we offered cash prizes for the best "ADS" on SMART SET. No literary skill was required, no special training. Facts were what counted. The "ADS" were simply to tell why you liked SMART SET and why it should appeal to others. "ADS" were limited to 300 words each, and were to be judged by their sincerity, interest and human appeal.

For any of these qualities it would be hard to beat the one by Mrs. Freda K. Williams, San Diego, Calif., winner of the first prize of \$25.

Mrs. M. H. Ashman, New Orleans, La., winner of the second prize of \$15, has written her "AD" in the form of a letter to a friend; a mighty interesting and convincing letter, too, that would certainly sell SMART SET to anyone who read it.

"Dear \_\_\_\_\_" she begins, "I fell in love with SMART SET at first sight, and now I want you to feel the same thrill—the thrill that comes from contact with a vivid, vigorous, compelling personality. For that is what SMART SET is—an enthralling personality, one that entertains, interests, helps you.

"You tell me you want variety in your magazines; that most editors seem to publish only what appeals to them. Well, here's variety for you, my dear. Look at the index. Isn't every conceivable requirement met? Look at The Best True-Life Stories. Pignant and pointed. Grave and gay. Tender and tumultuous. Take your choice.

THE Best True-Life Features. Here's something to think about. Don't the titles show they're unusual? Take the September issue. The one article by the Rev. A. Wakefield Slaten, 'Do We Need a New Moral Code?' will enchant you. And Judge Oberwager's 'Are All Women Liars?' Wouldn't that jar you?

"I can't mention everything, but I must ask you to read that absorbing, heart-stirring feature, Heart Throbs, and see if you do not agree with me that this is where perplexed, saddened and disillusioned people can really find help.

"No, dear girl, it isn't high-brow or high-hat. It's human. But my most intelligent friends read it and write for it. It's not edited for morons. Hence I'm recommending it to you. And here's hoping you'll like it as well as does M. H. A."

Here is what Adria A. Gray, Pittsfield, Mass., winner of the third prize, \$10, has to say:

"I like SMART SET because it is human. It doesn't hand you a lot of stories which make you feel that they should end with 'Now the moral of this is,' yet you feel when you read the stories that the writer is telling of his experience to help others in similar cir-

## The Prize Winners

First Prize (\$25) Mrs. Freda K. Williams, San Diego, Cal.

Second Prize (\$15) Mrs. M. H. Ashman, New Orleans, La.

Third Prize (\$10) Adria A. Gray, Pittsfield, Mass.

Fourth Prize (\$5) Howard R. Sprague, Battle Creek, Mich.

### \$1 Prizes Were Awarded To:

Kordelia Kirby, Fresno, Cal.; Alice Nadine Morrison, Bellingham, Wash.; Mrs. Frank Karnes, Overbrook, Kan.; Mrs. John West, Miami, Fla.; G. W. Walker, West Mansfield, O.; Lottie B. Thoreson, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. M. E. Halsey, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Kathleen F. Sherlock, Buffalo, N. Y.; Victor Dyer, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. L. A. Yeatman, Bluefield, W. Va.; Marjorie Nelson, Cleveland, O.; Gilson Willets, San Francisco, Cal.; Sallie Carroll, Redwood City, Cal.; Mrs. V. L. Potts, Fresno, Cal.; Susan Taylor, Steele City, Neb.; Mrs. Clifton P. Kent, Bennington, Vermont; Phyllis Grey, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. R. J. Marble, Ashburnham, Mass.; Miss Lecta Holton, Scranton, Pa.; Jeanette Street, Ripley, Miss.

cumstances. It doesn't dig up and exaggerate the sordid side of life and give you the impression that after all we humans are a pretty bum lot; neither does it give you Pollyanna stuff and try to kid you into believing that all the world is sweet and clean except for a few obscure corners which you must never explore. The stories SMART SET offers are stories of life as it is, not as it used to be or as it should be or as it may sometimes be.

AND the features in SMART SET, the problems that are talked over, are things that every live person must be interested in, things that are before us every day. I don't always agree with all these, but at least I get somebody else's view on the subject and sometimes I am forced to admit that it is better than mine.

"Yes, and I even like the pictures and the advertisements in SMART SET, for the pictures, especially those in Screen and Stage Pictorial, are invariably unusual and clever and I find that just by reading the advertisements I gain quite a store of knowledge.

"I don't understand how anybody who is alive and interested in living could fail to enjoy SMART SET from the first page to the last, and if I had to coin a slogan for this magazine I should make it—Human, honest and helpful."

These are just three of the twenty-four prize winning "ADS." We would like nothing better than to print every one of them for they are well worth reading. As it is we have just room enough to add part of the "AD" which won fourth prize, \$5, submitted by Howard R. Sprague, Battle Creek, Mich. His is addressed to a friend and says:

"This finds me improving after two years of continual fighting in bed. And Ed, do you realize that time drags then, unless something comes into your very life and soul to keep the spark of life going? Something came into my life, Ed, to renew that spark and cause me to hope. You may laugh or think me crazy that a magazine called SMART SET could do that, and if you ask me how, I only know that the stories all seem so real, the characters so true, in fact, as I lie here, the stories in my mind, it sometimes seems as if you and I were together again, and as if we might be living some of the adventures described. They do have that much truth to them. And after each month's copy is finished it makes me dream of days past and gives me hope that somehow my future will be brighter and better too, Ed."

That's a real "AD." But so are the others. Some, like this one, were in the form of letters; others were artistically displayed as scrolls, posters and attractively colored layouts. All of them showed that the writers had given much thought to their subject—and that they enjoyed writing their "ADS" as much as others will enjoy reading them.

## Here's the "Ad" that Took FIRST PRIZE

"Middle-aged I am, plain and inarticulate, foreign born too; my growing children think me ignorant, old-fashioned and not up to modern problems, but my mother heart yearns over them and I feel what I cannot say to them SMART SET will say for me. So I buy it every month and put it on the sitting-room table, and as I see them pick it up and read it eagerly and sometimes thoughtfully pause, I know that I have done the right thing. I call SMART SET a mother's helper. It helps to set the children's feet on the right road. It is so frank and true spoken, so up-to-date, so broad-minded and so varied as to stories and articles, something to fit most anybody's life. No matter what the problem the answer with a mighty lesson attached is found in somebody's experience. Oh, how I love that magazine! Wanderlust and the winds of chance have driven me almost clear across the world and I feel sometimes if I had read a magazine like SMART SET in my girlhood days, life would have shaped itself differently. But whatever I may have missed, my American-born children shall have. Therefore I buy SMART SET. And I send you a mother's gratitude for publishing a magazine so grand and helpful."

Mrs. Freda K. Williams,  
San Diego, Calif.



# They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

**A**RTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life . . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer, and the crowd rocked with laughter.

## Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first bars of Liszt's immortal Liebestraume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound.

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight, that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words

but in chords. Not in sentences, but in exquisite melodies.

## A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Liebestraume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. . . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where did you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who was your teacher?"

"I have never even seen my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument *by note* in just a few months."

## How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems just a short while ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and *without a teacher!* Best of all, the wonderful new method she used,

required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course."

"When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A.B.C.! And as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music."

## Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now *teach yourself* to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a remarkable "Musical Ability Test" which we send entirely without cost with our interesting free booklet.

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain happiness and increase your popularity—send at once for the free booklet and Demonstration Lesson. No cost, no obligation. Sign and send the convenient coupon now. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 42712 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

**U. S. School of Music,  
42712 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.**

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By HERVE SCHWEDERSKY

THE revelations of an agent of the American Secret Service during the World War—of his adventures with Mademoiselle Silvia, a fascinating girl acting as Paris spy for the German Army. An amazing disclosure of a plot to destroy Paris; a colorful story of a couple who at one moment have a rendezvous of love and the next moment a rendezvous with death.

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## The Man She Sent Away

By CARL CLAUSEN

When a Fifth Avenue girl threw him over, Bob Duncan became a derelict, drifting into strange ports until he came to harbor at Duralong. There he met Naila, a lovely Polynesian girl, and there voyaged the girl who threw him over. Can you guess what happened?

## SHEEP By FRANK FISKE

The story of a pretty girl rancher who just had to get her sheep to market, and of a Mexican bully who stood in her way.

## BOOM, BOOM!

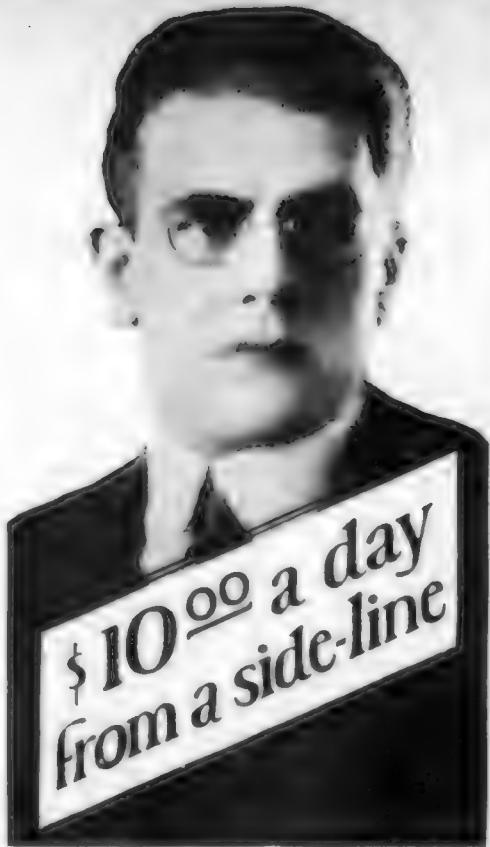
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C. E. COMER, Pres., THE COMER MFG. CO., Dept. 0-618 Dayton, O.

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Just Draw Six Straight Lines  
With Four Dots on Each Line  
I will give away four sedans and 30 other big prizes making a total of \$6,000.00 in cash prizes. We have already given over \$42,000.00 in prizes—advertising our business—including 5 sedans and many other cars. Now, too, we got YOU! Sedan or \$1,000.00 in cash. GET BUSY!

### and WIN NEW 1928 BUICK or \$1800.00 CASH!

#### 4 New Autos Given!



1st prize, Buick Sedan, 2nd prize, Nash Sedan, 3rd prize, Essex Sedan, 4th prize, Chevrolet Sedan. 20 other valuable prizes, total \$5,000.00.

Send No Money Just your answer—it costs nothing! Draw each line making a six-pointed star with a Buick in the center. Draw the lines—cut out the ad, send your name and address; that's all and I'll tell you all about this offer. It may mean your winning a Buick Sedan or

You Can Win \$1800.00 Cash

Any winner can have cash instead of prize won. First prize winner can have Buick Sedan worth \$1295.00 and \$505 in cash, total \$1,800. You do not risk one cent, now, later, or ever! I send 1 Marked Virginian Tobacco, 100% pure tobacco, H. A. Anderson's Horse Lines. We've removed Bank Note. Big list of former prize winners sent you. Everyone doing good work is rewarded. Act quick! Duplicate prizes paid in case of ties.

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# Will You Marry The One You Love?

## Prize Winning Letter Writers

LOVE counts. Romance is far from dead. No amount of scientific analysis will rob American men and women of their hopes, their dreams, their faith.

At least that is the only possible deduction from the hundreds of letters written to *Smart Set* in this contest. Not every writer is so unhesitatingly that she will marry the man she loves. Many say they will do no such thing. But mostly those who take this position have had bitter experiences and now find in themselves no power to light again the fierce ecstatic flame.

A very large majority of the writers pin their faith on love and nothing but love. It, as Dr. Bisch said, love is a disease, it is a disease in which these young people glory. It may be an illusion, an ever receding rainbow that they chase, but they go forward bravely, serenely, confidently.

That is the spirit of American youth and the deep seated longing for love and romance will not be easily eradicated.

*First prize goes to Mrs. George J. Forrest, Algiers, La., who married for love, but never regretted it and if she had it all to do over, would again gladly marry for love. Her letter says:*

YES. That's exactly what I have done, and would do it again if I were to marry again. Though I know perfectly well I could never love another man as I love my husband.

We became sweethearts at the ages of nineteen and twenty-one, he being the older.

Three years later we were married and we have enjoyed thirteen years of domestic bliss. We are still sweethearts and hope always to be. Three boys and a girl are the best treasures God has sent us.

We have lived within our means, though there were times when it was hard to keep our heads above water; but by strenuous effort we managed to get along and to-day we are rewarded by a large income due solely to our co-operation.

We have our slight differences, but they are just like lovers' spats, and we are happier when again our arms encircle each other.

I don't approve of a hasty marriage, for there is no truer saying, "marry in haste, repent at leisure." I firmly believe that were the boy and girl thoroughly acquainted before marriage there would be fewer divorces.

No one knows or realizes just what marriage involves, until she has tried it and actually put her nose to the grindstone.

Another and very important feature is cleanliness, both personally and domestically. For if you are not sweet and clean your loved one will soon find some one who is.

Learn to cook what the husband likes, for a man loves to brag about his wife's cooking.

Find your mate, love him, know him, then marry him.

*Irene Atkins of Pittsburg, Kansas, wins second prize with a letter that advises young folk to marry when they love and to put all their heart into that love. Her letter, arising out of her own rather sad experience, follows:*

DR LOUIS E. BISCH might have looked a long time before he discovered so

perfect an example of his, "wait till love grows cold" theory as myself.

I was an addict to puppy love in the worst form. I showered my beloved with love sick glances, camped on his trail continuously and was so persistent in my attentions that he finally adopted me and attempted to guide my behavior.

This stage passed with the years. The college era came on and the romantic love of which Dr. Bisch speaks. Now a very peculiar thing happened, I fell in love, a blind, reckless, engulfing love with the same man. This time my love was pampered with all the splendor and thrill that moonlight and roses can give. Nothing seemed to count but we two. We reached the "ring" and "obey" stage, and only a sneakoff seemed to be in harmony with our restless love. But my Adam had a grain too much of foresight; on the way to the parsonage that wild night, he realized we had no stage on which to act the old, old play.

Romantic love is not an easy thing to shove aside, but Adam was strong and we

*Third prize was won by Lily Paull, Spokane, Wash. She would never expect to marry a man she didn't love and yet she is glad she hasn't married one of the men she did love. She writes:*

I MOST certainly would never expect to marry a man I did not love, but I'm thankful that I have never married any of the men that I HAVE loved!

I have thought that I was in love a good many times and I have been formally engaged three times. I feel that I have had three miraculous escapes. But I also believe these affairs have shown me the kind of a man I want to marry.

My first engagement was a "whirlwind" affair. I had only known the man three weeks when he asked me to marry him. We thought it was "love at first sight" and it probably was—only we looked too many times!

I loved him so much that it hurt me deep down inside and I was utterly happy just to be with him. After I had been engaged to him for three months he bored me to death.

My next serious affair lasted much longer—I went steadily with this man for six months and then was engaged to him for a year longer. That taught me a lot about the foolishness of a long engagement. I never could quite understand how I happened to be engaged to him, because we certainly had nothing in common. He was a travelling man and when he was in town we fought nearly all the time and when he was away I was jealous and suspicious. I believe we just "dropped" into an engagement out of habit.

I broke my engagement with him three different times but he always coaxed me back. This Spring I decided that when he came back I would finally break off everything because I was so terribly unhappy over him all the time.

For three months this summer I have been engaged to the dearest boy I've ever known—but I'll never marry him. My feeling for him is almost maternal. He is rather quiet and it always falls to me to hold up our end of a party—and when we are all alone it is always I who have to keep the conversational ball rolling. I have noticed lately that conversation falls flat and time drags when I'm alone with him. That would never be successful after marriage.

So now I am convinced that I will never marry a man whom I'm "head-over-heels-in-love with." Because all the romance and "bill-cooing" wear off. Rather I'll marry a man whom I admire and respect for his fine qualities and high ideals.

I'll remember how considerate and how tactful he is—and whether or not I can "be myself."

So the next time I feel matrimonially inclined, I'm going to ask myself "could you love him if you saw him with lather all over his face? Will you still respect him when he tracks up the kitchen floor or spills ashes on the rugs?"

For in the long run, I want a man who will give every-day, good practical wear.

Space does not permit the publication of the other prize winning letters, but their excellence makes us wish we could give them all to our readers.

## THE WINNERS

**First Prize, \$15.** Mrs. George J. Forrest, Algiers, La.

**Second Prize, \$10.** Irene Atkins, Pittsburg, Kansas.

**Third Prize, \$5.** Lily Paull, Spokane, Wash.

### Ten \$1 Prize Winners

Mrs. R. L. Reaves, Pomona, Calif.  
Dorothy Dase, Detroit, Mich.  
Hilda Holland, New York City  
Mrs. Zona L. Perkins, Los Angeles, Calif.  
Adelaide Sprecker, Newark, N. J.  
Addie Folsom, Plymouth, N. H.  
Mrs. Mary Healey Joyce, San Diego, Calif.  
Edith Gottlick, Westfield, N. J.  
Miss Ethel Lee, Valdosta, Ga.  
Oscar W. Pierce, Trenton, Ont., Can.

turned back to collect and arrange the setting. That was eight long years ago. The wild throbbing thing has passed and in its place is a steady, sympathetic love. The kind that is rich and fine, that suffers long and is patient. The stage has been built, torn down to be made better, rearranged, disarranged, and still we wait. Therefore I say, don't wait. When love is at white heat strike; little impression can be made when love is cold.

It's better to love and lose than to sigh over some mildewed "might have beens." Love, love hard, put all you have in it and get all you can out of it. Marry the man you love, not the one you *loved*. Romance is the rose of life and love is the whole garden. Love is a disease but the patients thrive on it. The greatest things have been accomplished under its spell. He who has never felt this adventurous, conquering, romantic love has yet to enter the artery of life.

# Fascinating Womanhood



This is the title of a book that will teach you how to gain the interest and make yourself attractive to the man of your choice. It explains the psychology of the male mind by showing you how it works. You do not need to be lonely any longer. You can win home and husband and be happy, once you are master of the psychology which

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# SMART SET Readers Take Sides On "Crucible of Youth"

**C**RUCIBLE of Youth," by Robert S. Carr, has attracted more attention and caused more talk than any magazine story published in a long, long time—and when it appears in book form it is almost certain to be the center of a hot controversy. Are high school pupils pictured accurately in this eighteen-year-old author's story of his own high school life?

That is the crux of the discussion. Readers are taking sides as the letters pouring into this office prove. Here are three of them—space does not permit the publication of more. Two of these say Carr is wrong. They are written by girls of today. The other, from a man, thinks Bob Carr is right but that high school boys and girls of today are not as bad as the youngsters of twenty-five years ago in those never-to-be-forgotten days when he went to school.

TO THE EDITOR OF SMART SET.

**T**HANKS for "The Crucible of Youth." Young Carr has made a very fine effort to advance the "Army of Youth" out of the present day "Egypt." What he writes, that is, the tale itself, is not the thing worthy of commendation, but his determination to express that which to him seemed true. I doubt if the young man wrote the story with any definite purpose of playing a youthful "Moses," but I do believe he wrote to express something that rankled within his way of thinking, or in other words, his concept of justice.

Its youthful "tameness" contrasts with the wildness of "the days gone by" to such an extent that the youth of today is a half cousin to the Sermon on the Mount in contradistinction to youth of, say twenty-five years ago, during my time of high school experience.

Young Carr, at that, has only hinted and used phraseology to cover up the much mooted "real interest" of the human. This, like a thin, illusive veil only makes the wild cat wild, and any wild cat when he gets wild and tears away the veil that makes him wild, gets a maceous ruff that tames him down. I could very easily tell some wild stuff and produce the evidence of the high school days when boys and girls didn't "pet" or "neck" on the roof, of the good old days when the decent sense was covered with moss and by I in a brain afflicted with hookworm. But youth of today is picking that moss off and straightening out the hookworm, and all that need is for some of the so-called wise and prudent folks, including editors of story magazines, newspapers and other publications, to look their fellow adults in the eye and say, "Now, let's let 'em bust loose just for the sake of finding out that they are cleaner than we WERE!"

Young Carr's story could have been turned down as easily as it was accepted. The only trouble I see is the fact that if a youthful writer gets a toehold, these same wise and prudent editors will say, "Oh

my, that's gittin' too danged strong." Then we readers will go back to the old rut, "children should be seen, not heard."

I had one and one half years in high school. Was a typical "good boy, but watch him." And I pulled things and saw things pulled that would make the Scarlet Letter look like the memoirs of "Alice in Wonderland." Today it is that very contingent of "Oh, don't do that" flock of humans that won't let youth express itself openly, so youth expresses itself otherwise.

One time I attended a church service and the minister selected some biblical citation regarding, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and given them unto babes." He surely didn't know his subject, because he lambasted youth from A to Izzard. I had gone to that service with a little cousin about

say truthfully, "Well, my boy was chased out of school, went on the road painting signs from place to place, mixing up with the riff raff. Then I started with him twenty-four years ago and here we are, getting ready to settle down and build a home."

Accept my admiration for your courage in publishing Carr's story. PARKI VAWTER, San Diego, Calif.

*This girl, whose letter follows, thinks Carr must be writing of another age. But she's wrong. Carr, at eighteen, is writing of the present as he knows it.*

TO THE EDITOR OF SMART SET.

**A**FTER reading "Crucible of Youth" by Robert S. Carr, I could not help but write to you, and I know that you want the readers of your magazine to criticize, if any criticism is forthcoming. "Crucible of Youth" is supposed to be a version of high school life today, is it not? It may be high school life as the author saw it yesterday, but *most assuredly not today!* It is preposterous to think that the author should be eighteen or nineteen years of age and think that he can make the public believe all that he printed in his story. (Note by Editor: He is. Please see page 40 this issue.) How do I know, you ask? Because I, myself, just finished high school. I know every turn and trick to the high school game. I, myself, was sent to the principal many a time for misconduct in the study hall and classes. I also have attended all the Proms, from my freshman year on up, and the author's idea of a Prom is really laughable. He saw high school life like that? Yesterday, perhaps!

MILDRED ANDERSON, Peoria, Ill.

*This is "bosh," according to the girl who writes the following letter. She says she was game for anything herself, so she is entitled to a hearing.*

TO THE EDITOR OF SMART SET:

**I**N YOUR magazine you have published a number of stories of high school life and its talk of drinking, petting parties, etc. I call it bosh! During my high school years, I never but once saw drinking in any form. That once was when a kid of eighteen brought a flask to a dance. Some of the boys took a drink but none of the girls. We did smoke and at odd times we had a so-called necking party, with a special crush.

I'm no prude. I've had a few drinks in my life, and petted some. I was called wild in this way: I was game for any deviltry, but tough? Not much!

Somebody is having dreams when they write such trash. Pretty raw when a person's mind is so evil he sees no good in others.

PIVLLIS M. POTTER, Ottawa, Ont., Can.

**F**URTHER expressions of opinion on this great story will be welcomed by the Editors of SMART SET.

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# “I agree with Mary Lewis —Luckies have the finest flavor”

Said Jean Ackerman to Murret Finley, Blanche Satchel and Myrna Darby while they rested between acts of The Ziegfeld Follies.



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Mary Lewis,  
Famous Metropolitan Star,  
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voices are precious.”

*Mary Lewis*



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## “It's toasted”

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

# The Stolen Bride of the Secret Island



*Painted from Life by  
LESLIE L. BENSON*

## JOYCE KENT

*"She made me think of something cold and pure, something that I'd dreamed of once and forgotten somehow in the years between." That is the way Neal Griffin, who loved her, pictures Joyce Kent, soon to marry another man. And that is how you will picture her and love her as you follow her adventures and Neal's which begin on the next page*

*All the Romance, Thrill and Adventure  
Every Girl Dreams of Is in this Stirring Serial*



*There was no doubt that this girl was in danger of being mauled and insulted and even hurt. I was big enough to do for the lot of them, and they knew it. Six feet and an inch I had to my height, and my muscles were tough as wire. I couldn't help admiring the girl. She didn't seem frightened, just very cool and disdainful.*

**D**AWN was coming up over Silver Port, but still the fiddles were scraping, the mechanical piano banging out the same old mechanical tune.

The lamps in One-Eye-Mary's place looked sickly in the grayness. The sun would be up soon enough, and the warm, tropic day would blaze across the islands once more.

I was sick of it all, the senseless gayety, the drunken sailors and the girls of Sailor Town.

Cigar smoke whirled in eddies around the ceilings of the bare frame room with its garish, pink walls. Emptied glasses rested on the bar. A man slept on the floor with his arm doubled under his head. Two agents of an importing house leaned across a table, staring at each other with blank eyes. Paquita of the ivory skin and raven-black hair danced with the third mate of a Danish schooner, but she was tired and looked faded and hopeless in the revealing light. Near me a tall negro with a straw sombrero added to the din with a harmonica as he kept solemn time with one bare foot.

Yes, I was sick of it all, sick of being a fool. I'd come back from the war and found I couldn't stick it out in the little New England town any more, couldn't go into the local bank like Rob Saunders, couldn't work a farm and make it pay like Frank Petersen, couldn't sell real estate and insurance like Nat Collins, couldn't do any of the decent, orderly, routine things.

So I'd followed the horizon over the next hill, tried my hand at most things, had a good time, and ended where I'd begun.

Sitting here in the dawn in Silver Port, it struck me as a funny thing that after all every road leads to the same place. It was time for me, too, to settle down, to try to do one of

the decent, orderly, routine things if it wasn't already too late!

I was nearer thirty than when I'd started out to have some fun with the world, and maybe I wasn't so reckless as I'd been. A home and comforts didn't seem such bad things to have right now.

I turned out my pockets. I had enough change to buy a few cigarettes but no more. That was all I had to show for years of wandering, that and the clothes on my back and a skiff I'd won in a gambling game down at San Pedro. Houses, lands, cars, horses—I had none of these things, and for the first time I hungered for them.

Then suddenly the name of Matthews jumped into my mind.

**T**WO years before I'd drifted into San Pedro on a tramp schooner. One evening I took a stroll out of the town. The rutted road became only a footpath and the dull green mountains rose abruptly like a sea-wall.

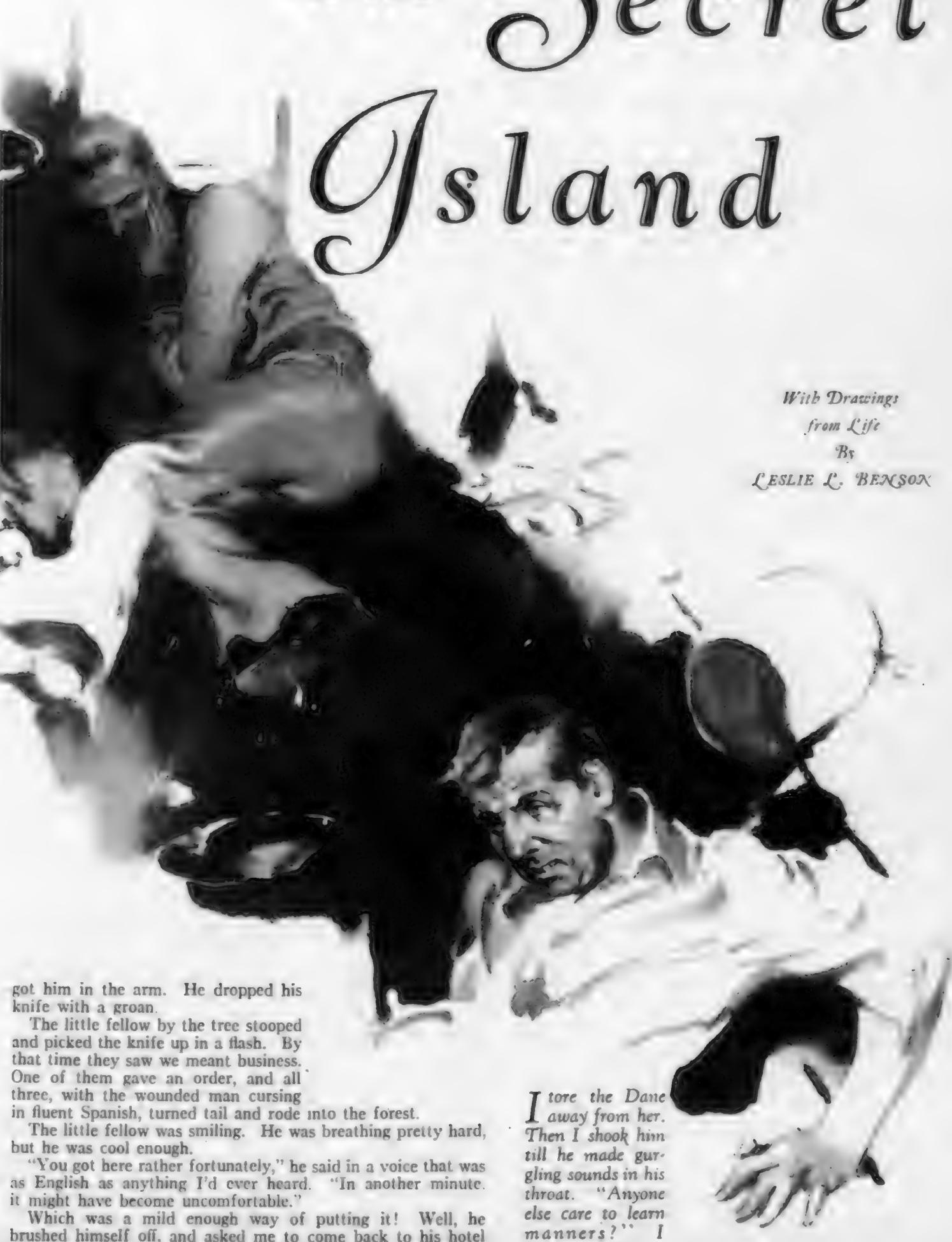
All at once I heard a sound of shouting, and I broke into a run. There were three men on horseback waving ugly-looking knives and charging on a little fellow who stood with his back against a tree.

I didn't think twice. The little fellow was in European costume, but the men on the ponies with their sombreros and sashes and coarse, canvas trousers were evidently garvilleros, as they call the hill-bandits.

I whipped out a pistol I had with me and began firing. One of the bandits charged at me and struck downwards with his murderous-looking blade in a way that would have lopped my head off, if I hadn't dodged like a shot. I fired at him and

# The Secret Island

*With Drawings  
from Life  
By  
LESLIE L. BENSON*



got him in the arm. He dropped his knife with a groan.

The little fellow by the tree stooped and picked the knife up in a flash. By that time they saw we meant business. One of them gave an order, and all three, with the wounded man cursing in fluent Spanish, turned tail and rode into the forest.

The little fellow was smiling. He was breathing pretty hard, but he was cool enough.

"You got here rather fortunately," he said in a voice that was as English as anything I'd ever heard. "In another minute, it might have become uncomfortable."

Which was a mild enough way of putting it! Well, he brushed himself off, and asked me to come back to his hotel with him and have a chat. He said his name was Matthews,

*I tore the Dane away from her. Then I shook him till he made gurgling sounds in his throat. "Anyone else care to learn manners?" I snapped*

and he had a plantation on an island called Los Muertos, forty miles down the coast. He'd just come in to San Pedro to transact some business, and in the evening had decided to take a stroll like myself, when the bandits had pounced out upon him

He was a quiet-spoken, gentle fellow of about forty, I judged, and he kept studying me with his attentive eyes and smiling as if to himself. Before the evening was out he asked me if I wouldn't go back to the plantation with him the next morning as his guest. My tramp steamer was laid up for repairs, and I had nothing else to do, I agreed.

Matthews's place had hundreds and hundreds of acres of cane, and an enormous mill that looked like a power-house. He had the latest machinery, and a wharf for cargo boats to load up at, and nearly everything to make himself comfortable

**I**T WAS like being an emperor, owning a place like that! At the end of the second day, when we were sitting on the wide porch little Matthews said suddenly.

"I've been wondering, Mr. Griffin, if you'd care to go into partnership with me."

"Partnership!" I said. "I've got no capital."

"I wasn't asking for capital. I don't need any. But I do need someone I can trust. I'll promise you to make it worth your while."

He leaned forward, almost eagerly, waiting for my answer.

Opportunities like that come about once a lifetime, but somehow then I hadn't wanted to settle down. I knew what it meant to raise sugar cane and run a mill with the hot, endless days chasing each other into eternity and the machinery grinding all the time, and the air thick and sweet with the smell of molasses.

I figured it was a pretty big way for Matthews to show his gratitude for the small thing I'd done, and I appreciated it, but just the same I refused his offer.

"I may be a fool," I said, "but I don't think I could stick it out. Thank you just the same."

He looked disappointed, but he wasn't the kind that argues. He simply shook my hand and murmured:

"Let me know if you ever change your mind, or if I can be of any use, my dear chap!"

Well, all that was two years ago, and I felt differently now. Somehow I was sick of roving and fighting, of living from one day to the next, and looking for fun always around the corner.

Then all at once I banged my fist on the table, as the impulse grew into a decision. I'd go to Los Muertos! I'd get out of this hole and strike for San Pedro in spite of my empty pockets. I'd pick up my skiff, and sail to see little Matthews.

I rose and walked to the windows. Outside a couple of fiercely-mustached Dons were galloping by on pinto ponies, very proud and important. Some of the fruit sellers were arranging their wares, limes and big pineapples and green avocados under oiled paper umbrellas along the wharves.

Silver Port was waking up, making hay before the sun shone, before the town slept again at midday. But I wasn't looking at these familiar sights. I was staring at a big white yacht, as trim as a seabird that had crept up into the harbor over night. As I looked I saw a cutter, evidently belonging to her, beaching on the cove, and some figures scrambling out.

I turned to a gaunt fever-bitten man with whom I'd made friends overnight, and asked him what he made of it. Not many pleasure yachts of that tonnage came to Silver Port!

But he was staring with round eyes. "Why," he said, "I've seen that boat back home more times than I could tell you! That'll be the Cormorant!"

I looked at him inquiringly and he gave a laugh.

"Mean to say you don't know

what the Cormorant is?" he asked. "She belongs to Bradford Kent. Heard o' Bradford Kent, I guess?"

Yes, I had heard of Bradford Kent. Who hasn't? The name made me think of the Social Register and paragraphs in the society papers, and accounts of big functions at Newport where visiting princes were given entertainments that proved democracy could be more princely still.

What in the name of seven thunders was Bradford Kent doing in this God-forsaken port in the Indies?

I sauntered to the door and looked out. Coming up the pitted road between the palms I saw two figures—a man and a woman. The man walked with a roll to his gait, a sailor evidently, and in his neat outfit, he looked as if he'd stepped out of a nautical musical comedy, all very trim and proper. Off the yacht, Cormorant, it was a hundred to one shot.

But the woman took my eyes more. She was in dazzling white. As they came closer, I saw the gold of her hair and the simple directness of her northern eyes under her wide hat. She made me think of something cold and pure, something I'd dreamed of once and forgotten about in the years between.

She marched straight up to the door of One-Eye-Mary's and stepped inside.

The nigger who was fiddling stopped abruptly. Paquita turned with smouldering, jealously female eyes to stare at the intruder. Rose lifted her head from a table and scowled. The room had turned towards the newcomer. Only the black man with the harmonica kept up his monotonous, tinny music in the silence that had fallen.

I looked at the sailor from the yacht. He had dull blue eyes, a round German head. He was blinking at the floor.

In a clear, ringing voice, the girl asked:

"Is there anyone here who can navigate a steam yacht? Our Captain's sick. We're anxious to reach San Pedro as quickly as possible, and there's not a man on board who can take us there."

The Danish third mate, who had been dancing with Paquita, gave a sudden meaningless laugh and lurched towards her. He addressed something to her in his own language, and tried to put his arm around her waist.

**T**HE sailor who had come with her from the yacht stepped forward uncertainly. The Dane swung his arm with unaimed violence, but his fist caught the sailor squarely and he went hurtling back against the wall, and leaned there, nursing his jaw with one hand.

Then there were all sorts of screams and hoots and yells. There was no doubt that this girl was in danger of being mauled and insulted and even hurt.

I tore the Dane away from her. Then I caught his neck, and shook him till he made gurgling sounds in his throat. I flung him off, and he went down in a sprawl, and looked up at me with a surprised, vaguely indignant stare.

Then I swung around. "Anyone else care to learn manners?" I snapped. But there wasn't any answer to that. I was big enough to do for the lot of them. Six feet and an inch I had to my height, and my muscles were tough as wire.

I couldn't help but admire the girl. She didn't seem frightened, just very cool and disdainful.

"Thank you very much," she said in her chilly voice. Her eyes seemed to study me carefully.

"Perhaps you can help me out," she said at last.

"I can help you out by taking you back to your yacht," I said bluntly. "Hunting for a skipper in a place like this is no job for a girl!"

Much to my surprise, she said. "Very well," and turned for the door. The sailor who had come with her picked himself up and we followed her out into the blaze of the morning sunshine.

"I'll see what I can do for you," I promised. "I'll look in and in-



Womanlike, Joyce couldn't help using her power. She'd touch my arm or come so close her hair would brush my cheek



I lifted myself like a cat to the yacht's deck. Before me I saw Joyce Kent. She was sitting with her chin on her hand staring towards the town. I stole up behind her and the next moment I had lifted her in my arms

quire at the consul's later when he's up and ready for callers."

"Sorry, but that won't do. We haven't time—we've got to get under steam the first second we can!" Then with a side-ways glance, she said: "Why won't you take us to San Pedro?"

"I?"

"Yes."

"But how do you know that I can navigate?"

"O H, I take that for granted." She spoke as if she were a royal princess.

I laughed. "It happens I want to get to San Pedro myself. But if I took your offer, I'd jump ship there."

"I dare say you could be replaced when we get there," she answered.

Her tone stung me a little. I felt as if she were treating me like a useless machine. But what of that? This was a great

piece of good luck and fell in perfectly with my own plans.

We were down at the cove by now. Another man sat at the tiller of the cutter. He was as like the first sailor as a pea in a pod.

"Suppose you come on board," the girl said, "and talk to my father. I am Joyce Kent."

"My name's Neal Griffin," I answered.

She looked away as if she hadn't heard, and though in my heart I admired her and her icy loveliness, I felt a little irritated at her. I wanted to make her realize me, and even respect me, not just look at me as indifferently as if I were a chip of wood.

I got in the cutter, and we crossed the water, blue and treacherous with sharks, to the big white yacht. Then I found myself in a cabin all mahogany and gleaming inlay. A man of fifty glanced up at me through a prince-nez.

"Is this the man, Joyce?" he asked, as if I couldn't speak

for myself I could see where the girl got her aloofness. She nodded and he asked her no further questions.

"You know how to get to San Pedro?" he demanded of me. "I think so."

"Very well, we start at once. You'd better have a word with Captain Mobray. One of the men will show you to his cabin."

"Wait a minute," I said. I was feeling more and more nettled. "I haven't said I'd go."

Kent looked bored. "Oh, as to terms, make yourself easy. You'll be paid well. Now if you don't mind—" He waved his hand towards the door, as if dismissing a servant.

**W**ELL, I wanted to get to San Pedro, but not that way! I stalked out of the cabin, planning to leave the Cormorant then and there.

But Joyce Kent touched my arm. Almost timidly. She gave me an unexpectedly soft and winning smile.

"Please!" she said. "I'm sorry father was so rude. And I did appreciate how you helped me in that place on shore. Won't you help me again? It's terribly important for me to get to San Pedro right away!"

My wrath melted away to nothing. I suddenly felt I'd been childish to resent the millionaire's handling of me. I decided I'd been my own boss so long I didn't know how to take orders.

And here was this girl with her lovely frosty eyes, appealing to me. I hadn't a chance of refusing even if I'd wanted to!

So the first thing I knew the Cormorant was weighing anchor, and I was on her tiny bridge, a skipper all of a sudden! It struck me that Kent took a lot for granted in trusting his yacht to a man he knew nothing about. But then he and his daughter seemed in a powerful hurry to make San Pedro, and were too impatient to hesitate about anything.

I'd been taken to see a thin wasted man, who'd been Captain of the ship. He looked at me with hollow eyes and whispered a few suggestions, before his mind seemed to wander and he muttered to himself. Poor devil!

The boat was a beauty, a little floating palace. There was a big crew on board, but they all seemed to have the look of servants. They were skipping here and there, standing back respectfully in doorways, touching hats and things like that. There were half a dozen real sailors, but the rest of the lot looked like ocean-going footmen!

I got out the charts, mapped a course, and worked out the thing in chalk. We were slipping through the blue water at a lively pace, and the Scotch engineer was driving his engines for all they'd go. At this rate, I figured we'd be in San Pedro in three days.

Three days! That's just what it was, but to me it was a lifetime. It was all my life and yet no time at all, for I let myself fall in love with Joyce Kent. Let myself? I couldn't help myself!

It's a grand thing to fall in love, as everybody knows, but it's not so interesting to hear someone else talk about it.

So I'm not saying much of the queer, dazed way I felt, of how I couldn't sleep and didn't want to for thinking about her, of how I'd shut my eyes and picture her smile and the softness of her skin and the deep hue of her eyes.

It's a wonder I didn't smash the Cormorant on the rocks. I was so like a man in a dream!

We nosed past islands that looked as if no human thing had ever touched them. The blue-green water with the look of opal about it, the sunsets following each other, the dawns coming up solemnly were part of all I felt.

**B**UT it was a strange cruise. There were queer things about it. The Captain didn't get any better. I was master of the yacht, and not even Bradford Kent gave me orders.

One of the queer things was the way old Kent kept to his cabin. He'd fetched a little mouse-like secretary along, and sometimes I'd hear Kent dictating letters to him in his cabin.

Once in a while the millionaire would come out and stroll up and down the decks. If he saw me, he would nod curtly, and say, "Fine day, Captain," or something of that sort, as if he didn't know I were there. I don't think he really saw me.

But this habit of his of keeping to himself and even having his meals brought to his cabin, threw the girl and me together.

At night I'd make anchor, for I didn't dare sail without the light to help me, what with shoals and reefs as thick as shot



along our course. So in the cool of the evenings Joyce Kent and I would dine together and afterwards we'd stroll up and down the decks, or lean against the rail and watch the light going out of the blazing sky.

She'd been friendly with me since the moment I had stalked out of her father's cabin that morning. But she had a hundred little moods like a kitten. I never could tell when she'd be serious, or when she'd take the notion to poke fun at me. And I never could tell which mood I admired the most, which mood made me love her the most.

I'd told her the first night about Matthews and what I meant to do. My voice had tried to tell her what my heart was already hoping; how I meant to go to the plantation, work like a slave, roll up a big fortune, and come back to her.

I knew—maybe both of us knew—that before this short cruise was done, I was going to tell her I loved her.

**W**OMANLIKE she couldn't help using her power. She'd touch my arm lightly, or come so close to me that her soft hair would brush my cheek. If she saw that my eyes turned on her in a way that told her I meant to take her into my arms, she'd grow distant all at once, as if to warn me.

Once I caught her hand and began stammering something, I don't know what. She drew away quickly, and her frosty eyes snapped. Her voice was cool as ice, and she looked as proud as the devil himself.

But I couldn't believe she was only flirting with me. I cared so much that I felt somehow my loving her must make her love me, too.

I'd think over everything she'd said and done when I'd turned in each night. I'd remind myself how she'd encouraged me. And then I'd start building castles until my head began to swim!

It was on the third night when we'd anchored in an inlet of the coast that I ought to have come to my senses.

We'd been sitting in a couple of steamer chairs. Up in the fo'c'sle, one of the sailors was whistling softly to himself. Bradford Kent strolled along the deck. He gave us a quick searching look.

"How are you, father?" Joyce asked in her crisp voice.

"I hope you haven't forgotten what I said to you this morning," he answered.

"Oh, I know what I'm doing," she answered.

He looked at her for a moment, and his glance passed on to me. Then without a word, he strolled on down the deck.

"It's lovely here," said Joyce, after a moment of silence. She spoke dreamily as if to herself. I was a little puzzled over the words I'd just heard, but it was none of my business, and



"Well, here's your home," I cried as the boat's keel grated on the beach of the Secret Island. Joyce got out stiffly and with a scornful look at me walked slowly up the sand. I whipped down my sails and hauled the anchor ashore

I tried desperately to put the whole thing out of my head.

"It seems wonderful," Joyce said. "Only a month ago, I was all tired out going to parties and dances. I was so sick of theaters and people. You know, sometimes I really wish I could live peacefully like this all the time."

"Why can't you?" I said. "What's to stop you, if you really want to?"

I was leaning towards her, and my heart seemed stuck in my throat.

"Joyce, don't you know that I—that I—"

Her eyes grew wide and she jumped to her feet. Suddenly she looked uncomfortable.

"Oh, I shouldn't have let you!" she exclaimed. "You'll probably hate me. I didn't mean to let things go so far. I'm sorry."

And before I could stop her, she had turned on her heel and hurried away.

I sat where I was without moving. I wasn't cast down, though I knew why it was she'd interrupted me. I'd make her love me. I didn't care about the big difference between us. I didn't care about her having money and my own lack of everything. I didn't care anything about her snob of a father.

I swore I'd never stop until I made her care for me.

But how? How could I? She didn't hate me. I even felt she might like me, but how was I going to keep on seeing her until I could make her care?

Wondering about that, it was hard to realize the next morning that we'd slipped past Big Turtle, and were in the channel heading directly for San Pedro. Two hours would bring us there by my reckoning. At San Pedro Bradford Kent was to pick up a new captain, and my voyage would be done.

Once I got off the Cormorant, it would be hard to see Joyce again. Whatever I did, I'd have to do in the next two hours.

Did she guess what was in my mind? I only know that she seemed to take pains to avoid me that morning. Finally in my desperation, I left one of the men at the wheel, and practically cornered her on the deck.

She was very distant, very formal and matter-of-fact.

"We'll be there in another hour," I said.

"You've done very well, Captain," she answered, without looking at me.

"Don't call me Captain," I said. "You know I'm only a beach-comber, but knowing you has changed everything for me."

She looked a little pale. "My father and I are very grateful," she said. [Continued on page 99]

HOW ARE WE TO KNOW THE REAL TRUTH

*This Iowa  
College Girl  
GRACE HOLDEN  
CURTIS  
Insists  
We Are  
Good*



*Shebas and sheiks, I found,  
were just mythical pic-  
tures made by loose-tongued  
alarmists of earnest, fun lov-  
ing boys and girls in college*



**I**F I ever have a daughter, I shall make it as easy as possible for her to be a flapper. I shall hire a private bootlegger and put him at her disposal. I shall buy cartons of cigarettes and strew them around the house. I shall give her private lessons in slanguange and see that she has opportunity to learn the latest toe-teaser and to dance it. I shall buy her a new high powered airplane and finance the parties she may wish to give in it. I will not chaperon the parties.

Above all, I shall let her know that I know she is not bad, and that I think the scandal-shouters are a bunch of numb-skulls who pick on "modern youth" just for the sake of exercising their lungs and pens. At any rate, she shall not know the embarrassment her mother knew at finding herself one of the "jazz-chasing younger generation" and being unable to keep abreast her reputation.

It was during the war, when I was a freshman in a small town high school, that I first learned of the perfidy and criminal tendencies of the younger set. It really began with the advent of Doris, the first flapper. She had been sick for months and her hair had been shingled closely to her head. It had come in curly so that she ran truer to the modern type of flapper than most of the first specimens.

You will remember that there was a patriotic movement about that time for shortened skirts along with shortened rations. Of course, the girls in our crowd had followed the suggestion, but Doris exceeded all speed limits. I'll wager that her skirt ended not more than six inches below her knee! I spent two periods gazing at her legs and her fluffy head, watching her dark eyes sparkle, and wondering how she had the nerve. You can see for yourself [Continued on page 116]

WHEN YOU GIRLS YOURSELVES DISAGREE?



*This  
Illinois Girl  
LEOLA M.  
GARVIN  
Declares*

We Are  
BAD



NO ONE requested me to write this article. The editor of this magazine never heard of me. But I have read so many articles upholding modern youth and jazz that I just have to say something!

Let me tell you something of the way young people all over our country are living today. I am one of them! We are bad, bad, bad! We know right from wrong but we choose to ignore the fact that we do. I belong to that great herd of young pagans who excuse every sin with these words, "I am not really bad, I'm just having a good time. An' besides everyone else does."

WE ARE jazz-mad, excitement loving, thrill seekers. We smoke and drink, and spend hectic week-ends at unchaperoned house parties. If we are dared, we do! And no one seems to care. But you parents do not know all this.

You are satisfied that your daughter is a model child and that all of the old maids, who spend their time writing upbraiding articles about us young folks, are old fossils and should just see your Sally and her well-mannered young friends.

Very well! But you are safely asleep when we return and you may hear us and again you may not. But nine chances out of ten you don't see us as we go to our room and you do not smell the odor of liquor and stale smoke that reeks from our clothes and person.

Do you say we are not bad? Do you say it is all harmless fun? If you do, I shall have to laugh at you! Are you going to scoff at my article? Maybe so, [Continued on page 137]

WE are jazz-mad, excitement loving thrill seekers

When I walked into the hotel room neither my uncle nor his friend suspected who I was. "My dear Frank," I heard Alan say, "what is a winner like that doing in this third rate hostelry?"

*A  
Self-Told  
LOVE STORY  
of a  
GIRL  
Whose Face  
Was Her  
FORTUNE*

I WAITED at the door of the hotel room at Harville, on the Normandy coast of France, and peeped in at the two men who were waiting for me.

One of them was my uncle Frank Powers, my mother's step-brother whom I had last seen five years before. At that time he had taken me to a convent in Ghent which was supposed to give a good education very cheaply. When mother died I had wanted to stay on in Texas where I was born and had some friends, but Uncle Frank took charge of everything.

He used to write to me two or three times a year and send me a little present. The only time he had come to the convent was when he brought me there and then he had looked so prosperous that the girls thought he must be very rich.

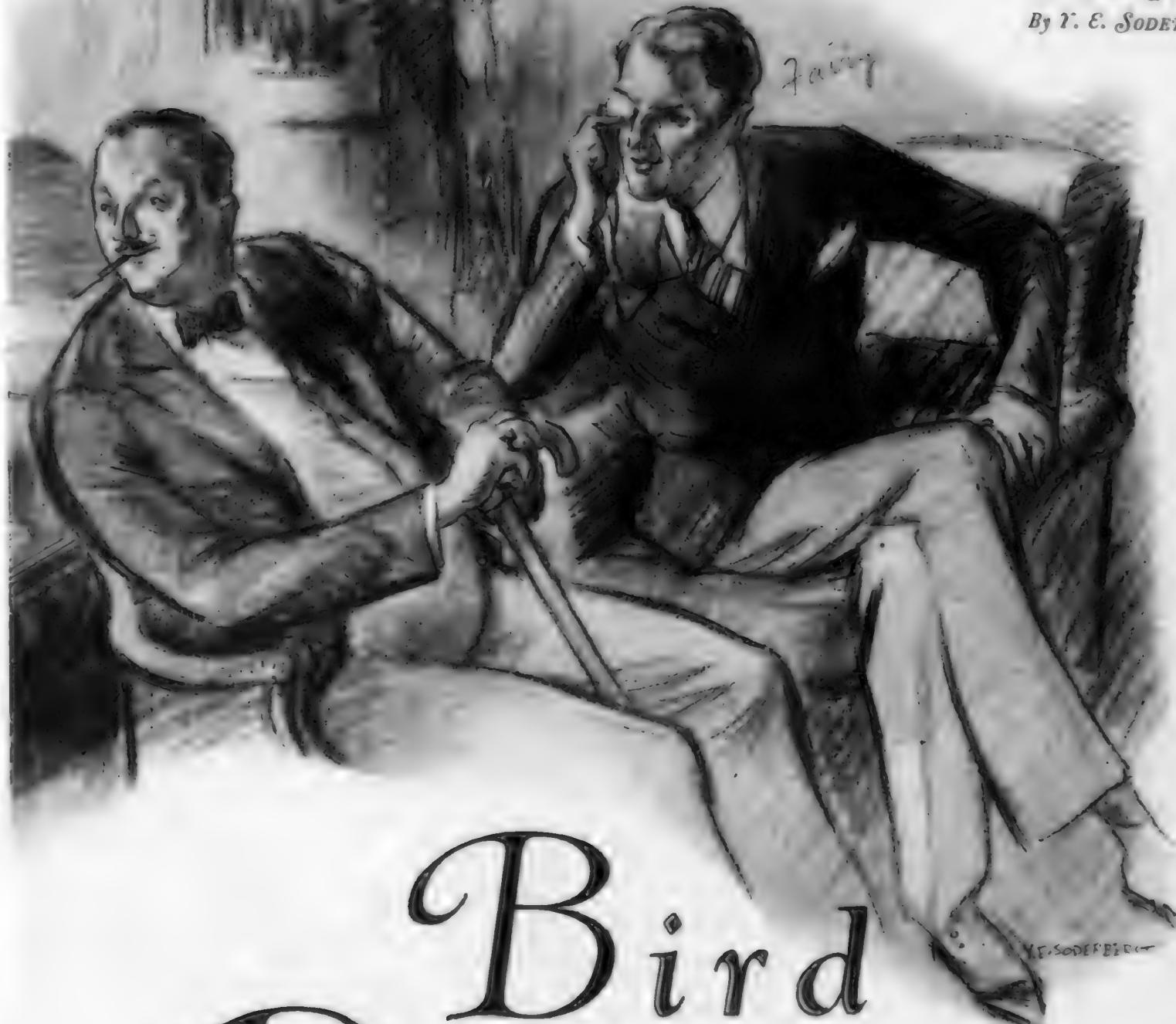
As I looked through the door I saw that my uncle was talking to a younger man who had a pleasant, smiling face.

"BUT my dear old ass," said this stranger, "why handicap yourself by taking this niece with you when it's all you can do to stagger by?"

"I can't afford to pay for her board and education any more."

"You certainly can't afford to pay her hotel bills."

"You don't get my idea, Alan. I'm not going to pay anything. I'm going to get her a job. She's a plain-looking kid although her mother was a winner. No features to speak of and no figure. Hair a sort of ginger color. A total loss if you ask me. I've noticed in places like Harville, Trouville and



# Bird of PARADISE

Dieppe that there are lots of American women with children who want someone to help them. I'll get Helen a job with one of them and then get her employer to take her back to the United States. When she gets there her father's people in Camden can look after her. I've had her for five years and done my best."

"WHAT a fat old scoundrel you are!" the man called Alan said. "You've done your best! You mean you've done your best for yourself. And now when her property is squandered you are going to send her back to Jersey. Suppose her father's people refuse to accept her?"

"They won't. Anyway she can't get back here. She's American-born as her birth certificate proves. I'm sending her back home where she belongs."

As I listened a great many things were made clear. Evidently my money, which I did not know I had possessed, had been used by my uncle and now he was going to send me back to be looked after by people who hated my mother.

Uncle Frank had a good many surprises ahead of him. At thirteen I had been all that he had said I was but at eighteen a girl is quite a different being.

Shut up in the old convent whose gardens had a ten foot wall around them we saw nothing of the world so we became

Then amazing things began to happen. Viscount Forestdean of the British Diplomatic Service was Joan's brother Hugh. He looked at me as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "Helen," he said, "what gorgeous luck to find you here!"

much more romantic than girls who go to dances and theaters and places where they can meet people.

We elected our queen of beauty, and worshipped and obeyed her, although the sisters didn't know anything about it. I was never more surprised in my life than when I had been elected queen two years before. Our only mirrors were little tiny things not five inches square. I hadn't any idea the ugly little girl who had come in five years before was changing. But I found I had a beautiful figure, violet eyes, red-gold hair, wonderful hands and so on. I only began to believe it when the Mother Superior gave me little talks on the wickedness of the world and men in particular.

"**M**Y DAUGHTER," she said, "God has given you great beauty. See that you use it as He would have you use it, not as those women use it who ensnare men."

The only time I had ever left the convent for more than a day was when I went to my chum's home in England. Uncle Frank gave his consent when he knew it would cost him nothing.

The great war had killed seven of Joan's relatives and when another died of injuries, Joan's father became an Earl and plain Joan Foreland became the Lady Joan Foreland. They had a most marvelous place in the valley of the Severn. My month's visit was one long ecstasy.

Joan had lots of brothers and sisters and they were all so lovely to me that going back to the convent was like going back to prison. The night before I left, Joan's mother, the Countess of Savernake, asked me a lot of questions about my family.

"My dear," she said, "you are not going to have the sort of peaceful life in future that you have had in the past. I wish you had some woman of your own kin to watch over you. You'll have to be very careful of men. You don't know what I mean, but you will. It won't be hard for you to learn to fight."

"Fight?" I said.

"Life is a fight," she said, "and you must learn to fight so that the effort is not apparent. Fortunately we red-headed women have tremendous vitality. I want you to remember, Helen, that you are always welcome here. If you want a home or money, you have only to ask. Joan is vowed to the service of her queen so it is your right to demand."



As we motored to the station I told Lady Joan what her mother had said about always finding a home with them.

"**S**HE'S a real sportswoman," Joan answered. "And it's all the more wonderful as she's afraid of you. She thinks that you are a sort of epidemic which attacks all men. You've seen that all my brothers are mad about you, even Hugh, who is supposed to be the bright young hope of the Diplomatic Service."

As we said good-by Joan made a strange remark.

"Darling Helen," she said. "I shall always love you and be your friend, no matter what you do or what people say about you."



You never saw such a change in a woman as in Mrs. Ferguson. A moment before she had been regarding me as a sort of black-mailer and now she found I knew a Viscount and his family and that they were apparently fond of me

"I was born to be your uncle," Alan said, springing to his feet.

"But my uncle isn't an Englishman," I said.

Uncle Frank stared as if he had seen a ghost.

"You gave me a shock," he said. "You are just like your mother and she was the most beautiful woman in Texas."

I didn't stop to analyze my feelings, but I was no longer the timid, unsophisticated convent girl. I know now that all women are profoundly influenced by their clothes. Here was I, a girl who had always yearned for lovely things, well dressed for the first time in my life. Joan must have spent a thousand dollars on the things in that trunk. I had a feeling of power, of being able to do as I chose instead of leaving all decisions to others as I had done all my life before.

UNCLE FRANK tried to carry off things with a high hand.

"I've business to discuss with you in private," he said after he had introduced me to his friend, Major Alan Grimshaw.

"That will be interesting," I said. "You mean you want to talk in private so Major Grimshaw

won't be able to contradict you when you try to explain how you have spent my money."

You should have seen the start he gave and how red his face got.

"Your education during the past five years has cost me more than the few thousand dollars you were left."

I shook my head. "Oh, no," I said. "Five years at the Convent at three hundred dollars a year is fifteen hundred dollars. Allow fifty dollars a year for the clothes we had to wear and there'll be a lot coming."

"I won't discuss such matters in public," my uncle said.

"Why not old beet-root?" Major Grimshaw said, "I know everything else so why make an [Continued on page 84]

When I was eighteen the Mother Superior informed me I was to leave and join my uncle in Harville at the Hotel Beau Sejour. I was wondering what to do for clothes when Joan's present came. It was a travelling trunk with everything one needed that could be squeezed into a wardrobe trunk.

This explains how it was that when I walked into the hotel room neither my uncle nor his friend suspected who I was. I walked through it as if looking for someone.

"My dear Frank," I heard Alan say, "what is a winner like that doing in this third rate hostelry?" I turned back into the room.

"I'm looking for an uncle," I said, "I really forget what he looks like, but I imagine he is rather old and ugly."



*Vice Chancellor*  
**JOHN BENTLEY**

**John Bentley, Vice Chancellor  
of the New Jersey Court of Chancery,  
In this Article Asks and Answers**

# Are You Your Wife's Keeper?

*As Told to John S. Lopez*

**I**T WAS in a vaudeville theater and the pair on the stage were interpreting one of the always popular skits which have marital dissension as the pivot. The wife in the playlet was complaining of her husband's failure to pay her any attention. "You never bring me candy and flowers since we're married," she said. He replied with the jest that probably was ancient back in the days when refined vaudeville was plain variety. "Did you ever hear," he said, "of a man chasing a street car after he had caught it?"

Amid the general roar of laughter a sophisticated looking young woman in the next row nudged her snickering escort.

"She ought to remind him that cars don't always go to the end of the line," she said. "They often turn into side streets when the tracks aren't kept clear."

Her make-up was gaudy, matching her attire. There was a hard curl to her heavily carmined lips, and the man with her laughed at her remark as no husband would have done. The entire ensemble was vulgar, insinuating, ribald, if you will, but nevertheless, what that woman said contained a sermon in a nutshell that all husbands might do well to ponder.

A short time ago a man brought before me an action for divorce, charging his young wife with infidelity. And although it was shown conclusively by testimony that she had been unfaithful with at least two other men during her married life, I refused to grant the divorce.

My decision attracted wide attention. To some it seemed that I was flying in the face of all precedent by condoning adultery, the mortal sin of wedlock since the beginning of time. The newspapers were chiefly to blame for this. In stressing the external facts of the case they neglected the internal.

The accounts of the trial told how this man had forced his wife to support herself; that he had neglected her, had permitted other men to entertain her; that my decision was based on the contention that in failing to shield his wife from temptation, the husband was as responsible as the wife for her lapse from virtue.

In other words the inference was drawn in some quarters that I held it to be the duty of all husbands to shield their wives from temptation, to watch them, control them, entertain them, and that failing to do this a husband has no cause for

complaint if his wife finds some other man who interests her. All this was wide of the reason for my decision. No man who marries a chaste woman or one he believes to be chaste, is under either a moral or legal obligation to watch his wife, but in this particular case the situation was quite different.

This man with open eyes had married this woman knowing she was a weak sister, knowing this not only from his own experiences with her, but also from her reputation which she did not conceal. And knowing this, after marrying her, he had left her to her own resources. He had permitted her to support herself in two occupations reputedly hazardous to women whose moral stamina is yielding.

**S**HE had danced in the chorus of a musical show and posed as a model—occupations calculated to bring a pretty girl under the fire of incessant masculine attack. And on top of this, knowing from his own experience that hers was a nature that required diversion, he had neglected her absolutely, leaving her entertainment to the men he knew would seek her out.

Surely no one would contend that it is not the duty of every husband to shield his wife from harm. If he knowingly married a girl with a weak heart he would not complain afterward if she failed physically through her weakness. And when he marries a girl he knows to be weak morally he takes upon himself a double duty. If she comes to moral harm he is as much to blame as she. More to blame I think. And in this case I was able to dispense justice, as I saw it, by applying an old line of precedents of the English law which have been followed in several New Jersey cases.

The only pity is that such a law does not prevail throughout



## *Cages for Wives?*

*Should a husband be held responsible for his wife's misconduct? And should he share the blame if she yields to temptation? Is it his duty to shield her from harm in every way? And does Judge Bentley mean that wives should be kept in cages? Read his words of wisdom*

the civilized world. It would serve justice better were it still more comprehensive in its division of responsibility.

When the average man begins to suspect that his wife is losing interest in him he almost invariably begins to watch and study her in an effort to discover the reason.

Out of the many divorce cases I have heard I have come to the conclusion that as often as not a wife's moral dereliction

is proof of the husband's inadequacy. If he is not wholly to blame at least he is to blame in part. Omission is more likely to be his sin than commission. Usually he has failed the wife in some vital way. Perhaps he has defaulted in the promises of his courtship, promises that were actual or tacit. He has failed to keep her interested. Or he has forfeited her respect. Often he has shown her he is an [Continued on page 89]



*The  
Story  
of a  
Man  
with a  
Butterfly  
Wife*

**S**oo-San bounded into my arms and as her face smiled up into mine, my heart felt as if it would stop beating for a moment. I knew this little girl. She was the little girl of my picture, the little girl I had drawn from my dreams and imagination!

**T**HE golden November afternoon was not so very old. It was only about three o'clock by the little clock in my studio, yet the north light was already failing. I speeded up work on the advertising sketch on my easel because it had to be finished before the light became too poor to work by. I could not work by artificial light like many artists could. Gas had weakened my eyes in France.

"Those buildings across the street cheat me out of an hour of painting daylight every day," I said, and I hoped that Marcella, my wife, would soon find time off from some of her parties to locate a studio in some part of town where there was a maximum of daylight.

A few moments later the sketch, advertising a well known beauty cream, was finished. It was a two figure subject. A beautiful young girl mother in a gorgeous evening dress, telling her little baby daughter good night.

I studied the sketch critically in the failing light. Yes, it was good work. The beauty of the mother was magical. Marcella had, for a second time since our marriage two years before, been persuaded into loaning her vivid, youthful beauty to my work. I could have used her dozens of times with success, but Marcella was too busy socially to pose for me. She had been won into modelling this sketch for me because

*The  
Magic*

her name was to be featured as a young society matron who recommended the cream. There was a lot of that sort of thing going on in the better magazines at the moment.

Have you ever looked at the picture of a person, and suddenly realized it was not the person at all? If so you will understand the strange sensation that swept over me as I stood there before that sketch of Marcella and suddenly real-



*And  
A Child  
Who  
Opened  
the Door  
to  
Love*



# Key

ized that I was not looking at a truthful picture of my wife.

It was her form, her face, her hair, her gorgeous evening gown—her everything except the warm, misty lights peering out of her blue eyes, and the almost indescribable look of mother-love I had worked into her beautiful face. But, the lights in her eyes, and the look of mother-love on her face made this pictured Marcella a different person from my wife.

I shall never forget my first impression of Soo-San's beautiful mother. A tender light peered from her warm blue eyes, the same light that I had painted into my wife's eyes. . . . I knew I loved Pamela.  
She was the woman of my dreams

My eyes drifted to the figure of the little girl. I had not used a model for this figure, but had sketched the baby from my own imagination.

However, as I looked at the baby's angel face, and her golden curly head, I could not convince myself that she was not a real little somebody that I had actually known, a little somebody I had laughed and played with.

BUT, that was the truth of it. The child had only lived in my subconscious thoughts until I gave her a paint and canvas existence. It came hard for me to admit that she was only color, and fabric—mere dream stuff.

My eyes went back to Marcella's picture, and I saw through the false glowing mask I had painted over her beautiful face.

A hard, queer little laugh broke from my lips. Marcella would never possess the beauty I had painted into her face because she would never feel it. Marcella did not like children. They bored her. They annoyed her. They had such a habit of interfering with their mother's plans for pleasure, and amusement. And, I had once believed that all women in love wanted children. Marcella had seemed like such a woman until our marriage!

The studio door suddenly opened, and my wife, strikingly smart and pretty in a fall outfit of blue, came in flourishing a

key at me. She seemed ever so pleased with her own cleverness

"I've got the place for you on Gramercy Park, and a key to the Park goes with the lease. The Park's quite exclusive, you know. The only one quite like it in the world. Artists, writers, and lots of unusual people, have keys to it. The public's out of luck there," she said.

I'm sure she expected all this talk about the key to the Park to impress me mightily. Since coming to New York from her small Southern city where she'd been a society belle, Marcella had gone in strong for the cult of exclusiveness. Of course she'd always known the best people, and that had helped considerably. But, we really didn't have the money to be exclusive in a place like New York.

"BUT, what about the studio, dear? Lots of north light, and no buildings blotting the sun out at three o'clock?" I asked.

Little did I dream as I took the key she offered me that it would unlock so much more than a door, or a gate. Little did I think that the key over which Marcella made so much ado was a thing of destiny. It seemed only what it was then—a key to an exclusive park in the heart of Manhattan.

"Oh! I almost forgot," she answered. "It's just swimming with north light, and not a tall building anywhere to cut off the afternoon sun, Stocky. Isn't that great?" she said, and she gave me one of her impetuous little pecks that went for a kiss.

"You must have done a lot of hunting to find such a place down there," I said.

I was hoping she had been putting herself out for me. It was pretty tough, going from day to day with the realization that your wife made mighty few efforts to do something for you, but, my hopes died a quick death.

"Not a bit. Stockton Lane, I just naturally stumbled into it. You know I was having lunch at Mrs. Norton T. Layden's in Gramercy Park. Well the studio's three doors from her place. I saw the sign, and went in, and took the place for you. The key intrigued me. The Park will be just the place for me to take that adorable Peke of mine on sunny mornings."

"HOW big, and how much?" I cut in. The price might be "exclusive" too. I was making a substantial income from my commercial sketching, but maintaining a studio, and a small apartment on Park Avenue, came heavy in the way of dollars. Gramercy Park sounded as if it might be a top price neighborhood.

"Studio's 15 x 25. There's a tiny bedroom, bath, and kitchenette. Lovely furnishings. All you've got to do is take your working materials, and a smock or two, and you're moved in," she said.

"How much?" I asked again.

"Not awfully much, really Stocky, that is for the Gramercy Park section. The windows face the Park, and there's the key to the Park, too. Oh! don't make me be statistical until you've bought me that pearl string I adore so at Tiffany's. You will have it for me for the Weston Mannerings' dance Friday night won't you, dear?"

"Give me something to go by. I can't take on too much more in leases. Twenty-five hundred? Three thousand? What?"

"Oh! I'm afraid you won't get me the necklace," she said. I became annoyed. This foolishness couldn't be tolerated forever.

"I've got to know how much the place is before I take it. Come on, Marcella," I insisted.

She saw that I meant it. "Thirty-two hundred," she said, and her voice, always so sure of itself, broke ever so slightly.

That was five hundred above what I wanted to pay, but, if the light was as good as Marcella claimed—



Marcella looked at us for just the ghost of a moment. Then a look of satisfaction came into her eyes and I knew that she was secretly glad I loved Pamela. The truth, I guess, was written all over my face.

well, all right. The extra hour of daylight was worth it.  
"I'll bundle my stuff in a cab, and dash down there. If it's O.K. I'll just stay, and get an hour's more work in tomorrow—"  
"You'll be crazy about it, Stock. And, Stocky dear, I thought you'd be so tired from moving, and everything that I told Mortimer Ladd to call, and take me to the Stuyvesant's dinner tonight."

The thought of her solicitude warmed me for the moment. I was tired from the strain of doing the beauty cream picture.

*With Drawings  
From Life  
By RAY SISLER*



I'd be more fatigued after I finished arranging my new place. "All right, Cellie," I said, using my sweetheart day's name for her, "I am tired. It's considerate of you to let me out. I sort of dreaded that dinner all day."

"Mortimer's coming awfully early for me. It's five o'clock. I've got to fly!"

"Five o'clock! For a seven o'clock dinner? What the

deuce?" I asked. That was unusual, to say the least.

"I forgot to tell you. Mort's new Italian car was just delivered today. He says Fifth Avenue just stood still and gasped when he drove by this morning. I asked him to come early so we could roll up Fifth, and Park, and be seen in the sunset. It'll just thrill me to death to ride in a car that makes the Avenue gasp."

"Oh!" I said. I suppressed what I really wanted to say—something to the effect that she really hadn't been thinking of me at all when she made arrangements to let me out of Stuyvesant's dinner. Marcella was only looking for the thrill of Ladd's twenty-two-thousand-dollar car.

Mortimer Ladd was a very rich, and socially prominent New York man who had frankly admired my wife for several months. All in all a nice enough chap, but a society male butterfly to the tips of his fingers.

Shortly after Ladd began showering attentions on Marcella, and having us included in smart parties which Marcella adored,

I tried to take stock of the situation. I was still quite infatuated with Marcella when Mort met her, and although I had realized she was not the type of wife that I'd dreamed about, I hoped she would eventually turn out to be far more than a beautiful gilded butterfly. Consequently, at first, I was on the brink of forbidding Marcella to play around with him so much.

However it dawned upon me that her whole enjoyment came from chasing social rainbows. She seemed unhappy when she remained at home with me instead of fluttering forth to some gay party that I was too tired, or busy to attend. After keeping her home a few times I came to the very dissatisfying, and disillusioning decision that I had married a girl I couldn't honestly make happy. It was a blow to realize this, because it proved that Marcella had failed to be my real dream girl, my ideal.

On these occasions I regretfully concluded that she would be a lot happier as Mort Ladd's wife. He would make a much better husband. He did the things that seemed to count with her. He was her type, her kind. As the time passed I came to accept this as a truth, and there were secret moments when I tolerated the situation with the hope that maybe some day, somehow, something would happen to straighten things out for all of us. People were entitled to their personal happiness. If Marcella's happiness lay in Ladd's path I did not want to cheat her of finding it, and yet there were moments when my old love for her returned on the wings of hope. And, now, here she was, telling me she was going thrill-riding in his new twenty-two-thousand-dollar machine. A sense of utter hopelessness surged over me.

"I'd like you to take a peek at yourself in the beauty cream sketch, before you go," I said.

MARCELLA condescended to spare the time. She studied the whole picture for a moment—then she said:

"Heavens, Stockton, you certainly gave me the devoted young mother look. Won't my friends be amused, knowing what they know? Honestly, you certainly must have maternal feelings to put it down so well in color."

"Sometimes, Marcella, you get your words confused," I said. "A man who is normal enough to love, and want children is not maternal. He's paternal. There's a difference."

"Well, let's not start off on that subject now. Really, I've got to fly to be ready for Mort at five. So long, Stockton. I hope you like the studio I found for you," she said and swept out of the place. Somehow, in such moments I could not really believe Marcella was my wife.

After the door closed I stood in front of my easel a few moments, my eyes glued on the little girl. Why did she seem such a real little somebody to me? So much more real than Marcella seemed in my thoughts?

"I suppose it's because our 'make-believe' people are so much alive and personable to us," I decided, and let the matter go at that. Yet, after I had bundled all my things into a taxicab, and loaded myself into an- [Continued on page 103]



## *Test Your Tricky Memory*

Do you ever forget a telephone number after you've called central? ¶ Do you ever, in the midst of a conversation, forget what you were all ready to say? ¶ Do you ever lay your gloves down and forget where you put them? ¶ Do you ever forget to put the last letter on a word? ¶ Do you ever forget the name of a person you know quite well?

There is a reason for every one of these memory slips. Sometimes most surprising reasons. That's why you will get a lot of fun from reading this article by Dr. Bisch, as well as a lot of help. You can get a line on yourself and a line on your friends by trying out these fascinating tests.

# Do You Forget to Remember?

WHAT sort of a memory have you? Is it one you can rely upon?

Does it ever get you into trouble? Does it embarrass you?

How often does it play you shabby tricks?

You are out walking, you meet some one you have known for years, but for the life of you cannot recall his name.

You take up the telephone to call a number and for no reason at all the number you had on the tip of your tongue just a second ago has vanished.

In the middle of a conversation your mind suddenly goes blank. "Let me see, what was I talking about?" You grope blindly for the lost chain of ideas. The thought you were about to express has dropped out of sight as completely as if it were a cannon ball thrown into the Atlantic ocean.

One day a woman came to consult me regarding her mother whom she thought was threatened with a nervous breakdown. In taking down the history of the case I asked for the mother's address. It took fully five minutes before she gave me the right one.

Another time I was standing next to a man about to sign a check. He hesitated, reddened, shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and finally lit a cigar. "What's the matter?" I inquired. The way he looked at me suggested fright. Finally he said: "I couldn't remember my own name!"

These examples illustrate the sort of thing I mean. How often do you forget to remember?

Slips of memory catch everyone. Every now and then you find yourself forgetting a face, a name, a fact or an appointment. A hundred and one things that are stored away in your mind may quite unexpectedly elude you.

YOU may even deliberately prepare yourself to remember and still forget for all that. You may for instance memorize a speech you are to make at a dinner. You repeat it to yourself, over and over again until you are letter-perfect. But when the time comes, and you get up to do your bit, not a word of what you so laboriously memorized comes to the rescue. You find your mind a total blank. You fumble for words. It seems as though every thought you ever had

has gone on strike at once.

I know an actor who is tormented that way. He never can be sure whether he is going to remember his lines or not. Were it not for the fact that he is an exceptionally good actor and that he has a way of improvising lines that successfully cover his memory lapses he would undoubtedly be compelled to seek other employment.

On one occasion, when playing the rôle of an irate father in a stock company melodrama, he was supposed to say to his erring daughter, with a marked dramatic flourish: "Don't ever put your feet on my doorstep again!" But he forgot the lines, and in the excitement of the moment he said instead: "Don't ever twostep on my feet again!" The audience roared with laughter. It almost became necessary to ring down the curtain. That memory slip almost cost the actor his job.

There is a cause for everything and you may be sure that every time your memory

fails, there is a mighty good reason why.

Faulty attention and concentration has probably more to do with poor memory than any other single factor.

An experience must first of all be definitely photographed upon the sensitive film of the mind if it is to become a clear image that later can be recalled.

OFTEN you do not remember because you do not pay sufficient attention. You do not give enough time for the impression or experience or thought, or whatever it may be, to be recorded.

Often also you do not focus your attention well enough, that is, you do not concentrate, and the impression that is to be recorded becomes indefinite, hazy or blurred. Your camera is pointed at the object, so to speak, but besides that particular object it takes in too many other, irrelevant objects.

Failure to concentrate is clearly the reason why a friend of mine can never remember where he puts his glasses. He reads the newspaper, becomes absorbed in it, lays it aside, takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes, thinks about what he has read, and then the glasses are gone! Later he finds them in his pocket, sometimes between the cushion and the arm of the chair, sometimes closed within [Continued on page 139]



BY DR. LOUIS E. BISCH

*Eminent American Psychologist  
Author of "Your Inner Self"*

*In High Schools All Over the Land*

*They're Talking About*

# Crucible of Youth

*With Drawings*

*from Life*

*By C. R. CHICKERING*

PAUL BENTON, small town high school freshman, put on his first long trousers on the day he was sixteen. When he tried to live up to them the fun began!

The bigger fellows, already initiated into the clan of regular guys, almost razed him out of the town pool room on his first appearance. In spite of their kidding he managed to worm his way into the gang on several occasions.

Paul took one momentous ride into the city with them, marked forever in his mind by their encounter with two city girls. Paul thought the younger one—the blonde with the buttermilk painted on her slicker—was the most beautiful girl he ever saw.

Not long after that Paul took the family flivver out one night and had his first date with a girl. He was proving himself a man all right!

Then the gods handed him the chance of a lifetime! His father got a better job and the family, which consisted only of Paul and his father and mother, moved to the city where Paul entered a nifty new city high school which had it all over Westfield in the matter of dates.

It was a big, blooming, buzzing confusion to Paul at first. He almost wished he was back in Westfield until he reminded himself that he was no darned hick. Then he got real chummy with Art Meredith and his girl, Frederica Wentgill, the gin-drinking baby known as Fritzie, and after that things were fine.

Under Art's tutelage Paul learned to dance in one of the cheap city dance halls, the Palace. He made blind dates; he smoked; he dressed collegiate—in short he became more of a regular guy than he'd ever dreamed of being.

But Paul wasn't quite satisfied. He'd tried to make a date after the Palace time and time again, but he always ditched the Jane at the last minute, although he jeered at himself for

being such a kid while the other fellows were running around having such a swell time.

Perhaps his dissatisfaction with himself as a regular guy was due to the fact that there remained a trace of the boy Paul, who had studied Art back in Westfield and hadn't thought it sissy.

Perhaps he realized dimly that there were girls different than those he met at the Palace, girls who did not date but who were still "regular" girls.

But little did Paul know that such a girl with her vaguely disturbing ideals had already come into his life.





*It Has Remained for  
Robert S. Carr  
18-Year Old  
Author  
to Write the  
REAL  
STORY  
of Our  
Younger  
Generation*

**B**low your horn at crossings!" the girl with the sparkling eyes caroled. "And now you can pick up my things for me, clumsy!" Paul did not move. He sat amid the papers in the middle of the hall, his mouth hanging half open as he looked up into the girl's face

THE locker doors clanged and clattered noisily. Keys jingled. Students whistled and hummed snatches of new popular songs learned the night before when they had been studying over at so-and-so's house. A dropped book struck the tiled floor with a loud "slap"!

The bells shrilled, marking the end of the third period, sending metallic ripples of sound echoing up and down the long halls, chasing the scampering young feet into the classrooms.

Paul slammed his locker door as loudly as possible, for the Old Hoss was calling the roll in a classroom just across the

hall. With the upward-twisting arm motion of a basket ball player "shootin' a bucket" he tossed his English and French books on to the little metal shelf, jerked down his history and plunged abruptly out into the hall with that forward-leaning half-trot that comes to one after a month or so in a bustling city high school.

With a smashing impact he collided with a girl. Paul tripped, reeled, slipped, and went down in a heap, collegiate trousers flapping. The girl seated herself on the tiled floor quickly, but prettily. A sheaf of papers which she had been carrying descended about Paul.

He straightened up and rubbed the back of his head. For a moment they sat and stared in surprise at each other, then the girl tipped back her head and burst into laughter as golden as her own curly hair. Her eyes, more violet than blue, sparkled at Paul.

"Blow your horn at crossings!" she caroled. "And now you can pick up my things for me, clumsy!" She rose quickly and began to pat her dress into shape.

Paul did not move. He sat amid the papers in the middle of the hall, his mouth hanging half open as he looked up into the girl's face. She gave him a bright, quick, downward glance.

"Not hurt, are you?" There was a note of warm sympathy close beneath the laughing banter in her tone.

"Guess not," he breathed. Something about her face transfixed him. He had a fleeting sensation of finding something

precious that he had once, for an instant, ever so long ago.

Suddenly the girl's full pink lips curved up and she began to giggle, leaning back against the smooth plaster wall and holding her sides. Her giggle was like her laugh, only smaller and more golden. "Shall I call a janitor and have him sweep you up?"

At this Paul frowned slightly and struggled to his feet, where he straightened his tie and smoothed his sleek hair, his mouth opening to make one of his snappy come-backs. But his worldly familiarity had frozen into respectful embarrassment. He was barely able to stammer an apology:

"Why, 'scuse me, you see—"

Again she giggled. Paul hastily stooped and began to gather up the scattered papers.

With the air of a policeman returning a lost child to its mother, Paul handed the collected papers to the merry-eyed girl. Then, somehow, they were walking along the hall together.

"Haven't you got a class this period?" she asked.

"Heck, no!" returned Paul, his tone implying that classes were the least of his worries. He was discovering a glint of rich bronze in her hair, and an electric magnetism in her violet-blue eyes.

She gave him a steel-and-velvet glance. "You didn't strike your head on the floor, did you? You seem so dazed."

It was several moments before Paul realized that she was laughing at him. The corners of her eyes crinkled and those maddening full pink lips formed a small round arch-way for giggles that sounded like little golden bells ringing behind curtains somewhere in the distance.

Paul gave her a pained look. As she opened her locker and dived into it for her slicker, he began to feel irritated. By the time she had put it on, his benumbed consciousness had almost formulated an appropriate remark.

He started to speak, but she withered him with. "Run away and play, little boy!"

Paul gasped; she turned with her slicker rustling about her—and his rather meek gasp jumped to one of those terrific, conclusive affairs that sprain ribs and dislocate jaws. He seemed turned to stone.

On the back of her slicker was lettered in fancy capitals "E.H.S." and beneath that, done in colored ink, was a beautiful butterfly with out-spread wings.

She disappeared down the steps at the end of the hall, her curly golden hair lying against the background of the semi-transparent pink slicker.

After lunch Paul collared Art and made him walk the halls until they caught sight of the golden-haired girl.

"Now—quick!" barked Paul. "Who is she, what's her

name, whaddyuh know about her? Spill it and make it snappy."

Art turned from regarding the girl to give Paul a long, half-pitying, half-disdaining stare. "Her? Why, that's Doris Bulen. You don't want her—she's high-hat. Goes in for all this Home Management and Home Economics applesauce, president of half the stuck-up girls' clubs here and a touch-me-not—Gees! I'll bet she don't know gin from Lily Blood Tonic. I'll take a sport model like Fritzie any time. What's got into you, Paul? How come you're interested in that little Girl Scout?"

"She don't step out much then?" asked Paul dreamily. He had scarcely heard Art's caustic disparagement.

"Oh, I guess she goes out once in a while with J. Winston Markendorf, the football captain, or some other harmless big-timer. But she's clear outa sight as a date. Paul—'hands off' stuff, chaperons. No good a-tall. Gee, Paul, have you got religion or somethin'? Come on, let's get over to Strader's before the ha-dogs are all gone."

Paul's eyes were dreamy with the impetuous idolatry of youth as he gazed after Doris Bulen. Then he followed Art down the stairs and across the back street to the reeking chatter of Strader's.

With a shock of delighted surprise Paul discovered that Doris sat in front of him in the study hall on Wednesdays and Fridays the third period. It seemed that her schedule had been changed.

He sat and stared at the back of her neck until he knew by heart each little dimple, each softly rounded vertebra-lump, and all the golden-bronze fuzzy hairs that crept out over her prim dress collar.

When the bell rang and the pent-up study hall exploded, Doris and Paul would usually walk out of the room together. Their conversation was laughable. Paul, the debonair and daring, was tongue-tied and awkward in the presence of his enchantress.

One rosy third period Paul whispered a number of witty and semi-witty things on the back of Doris's neck. Each time he saw her shoulders shrug with laughter he grew a little more elated, till by the time they walked out into the hall side by side, he muttered deliriously, "Say, Doris, how about a little date with me next Friday night?"

She turned toward him with a surprised, amused, incredulous laugh on her full pink lips. "Date?" Her nose went up an eighteenth of an inch. "Oh, no, thank you!"

"OHHHH," said Paul, tobogganing from the peak of rapture to the valley of cold facts. It was not until her eyes had grown altogether violet in a last look and she had distinctly turned her back on him that he experienced a wet feeling that perhaps he was only a budding 10B collegian,



Paul and Happy sprawled side by side in one of the collegiate booths at Strader's, wolfing ha-dogs. "Givin' a little party a week from Friday night," said Happy. "Can you come?" "Sure—hope to shout!" said Paul. "And who'll you bring?" said Happy. "—Fritzie!" interpolated a voice from above. Miss Frederica Wentgill stood on the seat of the next booth looking down at the boys

while Doris Bulen was socially as secure as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Unwittingly Paul had drifted past the stairway which he always took to go down to his history classroom. Doris had walked away from him. At the door of the library she joined a tall youth with the limber, weighty build of a natural athlete. It was J. Winston Markendorf, captain of the East High School foot-ball team.

He smiled at Doris and lumbered protectively along by her side. With a look of bitter chagrin Paul watched the couple go down the hall.

Precisely as the pianist struck the opening chords of "Oh, Katharina," Paul sauntered into the Palace dance hall. His hair shone with an almost metallic luster, and was parted in the middle with a geometrical exactness. Clear blue eyes were artificially hard and predacious; powder showed on his cheeks; his head reeled from many cigarettes. Studiedly slouched in the attitude of a waiting coyote, he watched the girls come in.

**T**EETERING, toddling, shuffling; dancing in a curiously strained and distorted pose with left elbow flexed tightly back and drawing his partner's hand far up on his shoulder, Paul irregularly circled the floor again and again that evening. He practised holding his face like a mask.

As long as the orchestra played he could not think, did not want to think. It was as if he were under the influence of some malign personality. He merely danced, dizzily happy, throwing himself completely into the whirl.

There is a distinct thrill in glimpsing a strikingly pretty new face through a dance hall crowd. It came to Paul for the first time as he was sitting relaxed in one of the "wall-flower" chairs regaining his breath after a whirlwind dance with a factory girl whose muscles had been hard as iron.

It was a softly appealing little face with exceptionally deep round baby eyes. The chin was resting heavily on the shoulder of her partner and she was gazing at nothingness with that stunned look all real jazz-hounds wear while dancing. Somehow she got to looking at Paul, her head bobbing as she and her partner bucked their way through the tangled, frenzied mob on the dance floor.

Paul smiled expertly. She replied with a detached baby stare. Paul raised one finger and his eyebrows—the signal for the next dance. Her partner was unwittingly steering her closer and closer, his back still turned on Paul. She shook her head, but not discouragingly. Paul lifted two fingers—"the second dance, please?"—and elevated his eyebrows till they nearly met his greasy scalp. The girl nodded demurely, then pillowed her head in the curve of her partner's shoulder and soon was gone among the seething far reaches of the great dance floor, lost to everyone but Paul.

**I**T is amazing how dance hall sheiks can follow with their eyes one certain girl through a milling jam on a half dark floor, but they do it. Paul was looking straight at her when the second dance ended. Exactly one second after her partner had thanked her and slipped away, Paul was at her side. They smiled at each other with the unconventional hello-kid-how-are-you familiarity of the younger generation.

"Some mob tonight, what say?" panted Paul inevitably.  
"Uh-huh. But I don't mind the crowds."



**A**lthough Paul was not able to bring anything to the party but himself and Fritzie, he was very much there at twenty minutes of eight. Several couples were already dancing when they came, the boys accurate and trim in their very best suits, the girls misty dreams in their party dresses. Paul fairly sang with sheer joy as he stepped out on the floor with Fritzie

"You come up here often?" Paul was trying out his line.  
"Oh—once in a while," with another long-lashed baby smile.

"Must not be very often, 'cause I'm here every night this dump is open and I've never noticed you before. And I sure would notice *you*, kiddo, if you were here."

"Oh, gwan, you're kidding. But no, really, I don't come up here hardly at all. Tonight's the first time in a couple of months."

**A**S Paul studied her at close range his eyes grew brighter. She was a well-constructed girl, "slung together," as the high school argot has it, and her hair and eyes were inky black. Her cheeks hinted a wax-like delicacy underneath the powder, but strangely enough, she was not overpainted.

When the blare of syncopated brass noise belched out they tore free from the crowd and fell into a close, swaying embrace.

Now Paul had early made the discovery that each girl dances a little differently from all other girls, and this newest find was delightfully different.

"Say, kid, what's your name?"

"Oh, jus' call me Babe."

"You sure can dance, Babe. I could just do this forever with you."

Three quick, gilding steps and another interval of posturing. . . . "Oh, gwan, you're kidding!"

The saxophones blended and rose swiftly to a high region of melody, where they stopped and sang down to the rest of the orchestra as they wallowed about in their musical mire.

. . . Babe, put your arm closer around my neck . . . that's it . . . Kid, I'm crazy about you!"

Her long eye-lashes fluttered a bit too rapidly to be feigned. Paul kissed her long and successfully in full view of the wiggling, bouncing trap-drummer.

Paul was now as drunk on jazz music as any frat man ever was on Lily Blood Tonic.

"Listen, kid, tell—tell me your real name. Where d'yu live? Tell me, please! I wanna date with you."

"Oh, gwan. I don't know you."

"I don't know you, either, except that I know I'm crazy about you. Gimme your phone number, please!"

"We haven't any phone," she said sweetly, drawing back and smiling at him. But at the end of the dance she gave him her card.

He held on to her hand hungrily and demanded, "I want all the rest of the dances!"

Her soft, little fingers patted his cheek reprovingly. "I've got the next two. Sorry. But maybe—"

"Right here?" Paul pointed at the floor.

"Sure."

"And all the rest after that?"

**W**ELL, maybe." She gave him a last honeyed look and dissolved into the crowd. Paul stood looking after her raptly for a moment, then squared his shoulders and started for the men's room. As he crossed the floor he glanced at the card she had given him.

Verta Kranstein! What a name! And Vance Street as her address was hardly an aristocratic boulevard.

He shouldered his way into the narrow, smoke-choked men's room and by a stroke of good fortune found a vacant seat in the row of chairs along the wall.

The symphony of the place appealed to youth-blinded Paul. He actually thought he liked it. He lolled in his chair and practiced inhaling to the bottom of his lungs. Suddenly his eyes popped open, he straightened in his chair and dropped his cigarette, for there, slumped drunkenly against the wall, was J. Winston Markendorf. The big athlete's face was the color of a crying baby's; a thick film veiled his small eyes. There were one or two familiar-faced East High boys with him, half-supporting and half-clinging to him.

Paul stared a moment, then his eyes narrowed shrewdly. When Markendorf and his erratic satellites reeled out of the place, Paul unobtrusively trailed them. Near the little door that led down to the street they stood and swayed . . . then vultures found the carcass.

Two girls pounced on them, a whirl of perfume and fuzzy hair. They got the boys' hats and coats from the check-room and bundled the trio down the steps.

After gaping a moment, Paul chuckled grimly. He wouldn't forget that! Then suddenly he remembered that Verta would be waiting for him over near the third window, so he dived into the close-packed chattering crowd and fought his way there.

She impulsively raised her arms to meet him. It gave Paul a kingly feeling of elation to imagine this lovable little creature infatuated with him.

**M**ORE music, more dancing, more kisses. Paul's emotions rose in a rapid crescendo, syncopated by scheming intervals when he thought of the drunken Markendorf, and giddy pauses between dances when he and Verta stood close together, whispering.

"Honest, Babe, I wanna date with you."

"Think you'll get it?" Giggle. "Oh, I didn't mean it that way, Paul." Snuggle.

"But when? Will next Saturday night be O. K.?"

"Let me see. This is Wednesday, isn't it? Nope, not Saturday."

"But when? Tell me, kid, I'm just crazy



about you; I could just eat you up, why—" He couldn't finish.

"A week from tomorrow night?" Her sentence was cleverly inflected.

"Hope to shout! That's fine! Now for the dark corner over there—if it's not too crowded!"

Languishingly he put Verta and a girl-friend on the street car and watched it out of sight. She had sweetly declined his offer to escort her home, but their date was definitely settled for the next week. Even the ignominy and inconvenience of not having a machine paled before the delight the evening with her promised.

PAUL'S head was in a turmoil as he walked home. Over and over he rehearsed the scene he would have with Doris. . . . "Huh! Well, if you knew as much about that big stiff Markendorf as I do, maybe you wouldn't think he was so hot!"

And Verta! Every line of her figure, every sweet infant stare from those big black eyes was calling to him. Thursday night a week hence loomed up in the distance like a rose-and-golden mountain. He was wildly, madly, infatuated with her. "Love at first sight!" he muttered fatefully. He sighed, clenched his fists, quickened or slowed his pace according to the ebb and flow of rash young feelings in his veins.

Why—and Fritzie, too! Somehow she was as much in his mind as any of the rest, perhaps more. Certainly in a different way, for she was too vivid, too vitally appealing, too constantly in his life to bode good for the boy.

Irrelevantly and unexpectedly Paul thought of Ruth Sherwood. Why hadn't she answered his letter? The little dumb dodo! But then, probably she was going steady with old Red McAllister, or was married, or something. Couldn't tell what those dizzy country hicks might do!

The front door of his home was unlocked and there was a light in the hall, so Paul knew something was wrong.

It was his mother, waiting up for him in the darkened dining room. She wore her nightgown, slippers and kimono; her graying hair hung in ugly plaits down her back. The face that looked middle-aged, plump and pretty under its cosmetics was now the sagging mask of an almost old woman. Paul almost gasped when he saw her thus—his mother.

"Gosh! It couldn't be!" "Paul," she stopped him, "where have you been? It's late—after midnight. Mother worries when you're out like this and I don't know where you are or who you're with."

"Aw, twelve o'clock isn't late, Mom."

"But where have you been, dear?"

"Why, just down to the drug store, and around."

"The drug store closes at eleven. Where did you go after that?"

Paul was sullen, sleepy, silent.

"Tell mother," insisted Mrs. Benton. "When you're out late like this you ought to tell me where you go. . . . Why, Paul—you fairly reek of tobacco! You haven't been smoking, have you?"

"Why, heck, no, Mom. What makes you think that? Acourse the fellows were all puffin' away and blowin' smoke all over me for meanness, but heck—Well, you can look in all my pockets if you wanna. I haven't got any cigarettes—honest, I haven't."

"I'm certainly glad of that. . . . But you do smell so strong of it! And, Paul, honey, listen—when you're associating with

tough boys who smoke, things may come up some time that, that you ought to know about. Don't let any of them tempt you into anything, dear. If they should want you to go along with them to some, oh—dance hall or, awful place, promise mother you won't go?"

Paul looked past her and out through the front window at the yellow street light. His face was twisted.

"Well, yes, Mom, I promise. But I don't see what you're gettin' so worked up about."

His mother came closer to him. "I'm not worked up, Paul, dear—I just want to make sure there'll be nothing in the future to get worked up about. I want to feel I've got a clean, truthful, trustworthy boy whom I don't have to worry about. And I can trust you, can't I, son?"

PAUL'S lips pulled down tight at the corners and in each of his worldly-wise young eyes a big bright tear formed. His chin quivered, a hard lump rose in his throat . . . he made a move as if to drop his head on his mother's breast and sob.

If Mrs. Benton had just then slipped her arm around her son's shoulders and drawn his sleek little head to her bosom, several lives might have been different.

Joe Zollinger frightened Paul a little. Joe was a typical hard-boiled city boy, uncannily wise in the ways of the world. His dapper little figure was hard as iron beneath his cheap, flashy suits; in his eyes there shone a glint of that wild, dangerous look one sometimes sees in the eyes of taxi-drivers. He was the boy into whose company Paul was more and more being drawn.

Joe was in Paul's English and history classes. Once when both of them had been sentenced to detention for throwing erasers, they flipped a dime to see which would stay. Joe lost. That afternoon after his last class he chose a seat in the rear of the detention room and answered "Here!" twice as the indifferent teacher called the roll far up in the front of the long room. One "Here" was for himself, the other for Paul Benton.

Joe and Paul, sitting cynical, insubordinate, at the rear of the English room, groaned profanely when the Old Hoss dictated the assignment:

"Bring to class written in *ink* on theme paper, a synopsis of the story that is told in *Launcelot and Elaine*. Also check up on all back assignments and be prepared to recite on any of them."

As the pupils fought and pounded their way up the big central stairs at the end of the period, Paul remarked for perhaps the tenth time what "a helluva assignment that was!"

"LE'S do ours together," suggested Joe, who was plowing along at his side.

"Awright, when?"

"I'll meetcha after your algebra class and we can go over to my hang-out and do 'em. What say?"

"O. K." gladly agreed Paul.

At the end of the ninth period Joe met Paul in the ground floor hall at the door of room 116. Both boys lit cigarettes the instant they left the building, striking the matches carefully across the snowy-white Doric [Continued on page 92]

# American Beauties



First National

*Even a red red rose must blush—when com-  
pared with two-lips as perfect as Billie Dove's*

Russell Ball



De Mijan

Women will go crazy over any man who wears a uniform but Peggy LeMaye in *Artists and Models*, knows that men prefer a form to a uniform

*Always  
in  
Good Form*

When they glorified Yvonne Sinclair in *Rio Rita* they even gave her a halo



Alfred Cheney  
Johnston



Paramount

Perhaps it's because a dangerous looking man has been lurking around her home that Clara Bow, the queen of flappers, has this ferocious looking bulldog to guard her doll family



De Bacon

*Most men pay dearly for their follies and live to regret them. You have but to look at Frances Upton to understand why men so willingly pay—and pay—for Mr. Ziegfeld's own Follies, the kind without regrets*

# O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month

“This  
is the  
Life”



WE had been ordered to reach the custom house on the border at five o'clock in the afternoon and having failed we must stay all night among the Mexican desperadoes in what has been called the wickedest town in the world, Tia Juana.

Two beautiful American girls had been outraged and held in bondage by a rascally cutthroat, and Uncle Sam had decided to hustle everybody back across the line to San Diego by dusk.

Tia Juana did not look particularly wicked to me despite its streets being lined with open-fronted saloons, dance and gambling halls. In fact it appeared rather beautiful as the sun splashed its dying splendor against a background of cowling and cactus dotted Mexican hills.

The real Mexican residents, like prairie dogs after a Kansas cyclone, had swarmed out into the streets from their adobe huts for air.

I sat on the curb in front of a mean lodging house in the gathering dusk regretting our procrastination. I was not especially frightened but the thought of a clean bed at the rambling old hotel at Coronado was enticing.

My reverie was broken with: "Lonesome, kid?" The voice was tinged with a suggestive invitation. She was an American girl, tanned a sepia by the hot sun, generously rouged and over-drenched with a cheap perfume. She was in the gaudy evening dress of the dance hall "percentage girls," so called because they receive a percentage of the amount they coax you to spend for drinks.

I replied with a rather embarrassed banality: "Not lonesome. Just enjoying the beauty of the night."

*I Meet  
a Girl  
Adrift  
in  
Tia Juana.*

She sat beside me in a thick silence. Shawled and sandaled natives dog-trotted by, young sports strolled with fighting cocks half concealed under their arms.

"What is a young American girl doing in this sort of town?" I finally inquired.

"Going to preach?" she countered.  
"Not at all. Mere curiosity."

Some ladies in our party approached. She had a startled look, and conscious of her embarrassment they turned the other way.

"Your wife?" she inquired. I nodded.

"Are you happily married?"  
I told her I was, extremely so, and a sigh escaped her.

"I was too, once," she ventured.  
"Do you want to tell me about it?"

I scented a sordid story and it was. If you have read this far and expect a moral I warn you there is none. It is merely a slice of life as ugly as sin itself, and as old.

She began:  
"I was married to a fine young mechanic in Indianapolis. We were paying twenty-five dollars a month on a house on the fringe of the city. He went to Detroit to take a better job and was to send for me. He came back in six months changed.

We drifted apart. He divorced me and married again. I never knew exactly why, and it crushed me.

"I was not bad looking and like thousands of other foolish young girls I drifted to Hollywood. It was the same story, weeks in the waiting extra line with the usual 'Nothing today. Sorry' and I became a cafeteria waitress.

"Gin parties, then dope. There was an evening that was a blur and I was questioned by the district attorney about a shooting I had nothing to do with. [Continued on page 138]

# The Strange Wooing

## A Love Story of a Lonesome Girl

WHILE I was still merely a big little girl, we moved in a covered wagon from the Ozarks to Arizona. My father became a "nester," taking up a claim a few miles below Rimrock. It was cattle country and the desert around was unbroken for miles, but there was a seepage of water from the foot of the mountain, and a spring. A one-room adobe house, a small patch of land cleared of mesquite and cat-claw and greasewood, and the hot Arizona sun forever pouring down. That was our new home.

It was a hard life for all of us, and a desolate one for me. A girl who is growing, and craving human attention and the nice things of life, does not get much comfort out of sand and scenery.

This is another thing which few men understand about women. They have read and talked and written about women's love for the beautiful things of life; but they cannot really comprehend the depth of that longing.

I was eighteen. It was spring. We had had some unexpected rain. The desert was greener than I had ever seen it. I know now that it was beautiful, but then I was too hungry for youthful companionship to get much satisfaction from the landscape.

One morning a man rode by, or started to ride by, but seeing me in the yard pulled up his horse and sat looking. I was bareheaded, my hair soft and light brown, and I was



Twice Colorado Slim managed to meet me—always as if by und ambitions when Mr. Wigham came

well-formed. I did not look at him, and yet I could see him clearly. He rode a splendid horse, and was dressed like the men I had seen pictured in a magazine "riding to the hounds."

He turned his horse and rode up within a dozen feet of

# of Colorado Slim



accident. One afternoon Slim was telling me of his longings upon us. His eyes smoldered with anger

where I stood. He was no one I had ever seen before.

"Good morning," he said. "Excuse me for staring, but you are a new specimen of wild flower to me."

I blushed and said "Thank you," in the silliest sort of way. He studied me for a moment.

*With Drawings*

*From Life*

*By*

**GEORGE W. GAGE**

"Can you cook?" he asked.  
"Yes," I said. "And dust, and sweep the crumbs away, but I'm no little orphan Annie."

He laughed. "I wish you were. I'd like for you to come to our house to stay."

"Where is your house?" I asked, and he smiled, showing nice white teeth.

"The J. Z. Ranch. It belonged to my uncle, but when he fell off his horse and broke his neck, the ranch fell to me. I've just come to take it over and it's about as homelike as a Chinese laundry. That's why I was wishing——"

"I MIGHT come and work for you." The words came from my lips almost unexpectedly.

"Would you consider it?" His tone was eager. "I'd pay you well."

"How much? I've never worked out."

"What about fifty dollars a month?"

"I think that would be too much."

"Not a bit of it," he said. "I wouldn't think of paying less."

"I'll go," I said. "When do you want me?"

"I will send up for you this afternoon."

I saw he was greatly elated, and it flattered me more than anything that had ever happened to me. And yet, it troubled me a little too. I had not the slightest notion of what I was going into, nor how my parents would take it. I only knew

I was going. It was too good an opportunity to turn down.

The cowboy who came for me was tall and slender, and sat loosely in the saddle as though he was tired. He wore corduroy trousers, and his shirt was open at the throat. He had no holster or chaps, but I noticed he had high-heeled boots

like other cowboys and a gun stuck under the waistband of his trousers.

We had ridden two or three miles and he had scarcely spoken. I often looked at me out of the corner of his eyes as though trying to make me out.

"What is the name of your boss?" I asked.

"Don't you know?" He was surprised.

"No. He came to our place this morning and said he wanted to hire a cook. I offered to take the job."

The cowboy made some sort of a noise in his throat, a grunt or an oath. I could not tell which, but whatever it was, it was not complimentary.

"He's got a cook," he said.

THIS made me feel uncomfortable. Evidently the cowboy resented my coming to take the other cook's place. I did not like the idea myself.

We rode down a gulch and up into another high mesa before either of us spoke again.

"But you didn't tell me his name," I said.

"Name?" He turned his head and stared at me. His eyes were a gray-blue, and one eyebrow was higher than the other. "Oh, he's Jim Wigham. He ain't no cattle man."

I was amused at that. It explained the cowboy's dislike. A man who was not a cowman was unworthy of respect.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Who, me?" Again there was surprise in the look he turned my way. "Colorado Slim." I learned afterwards his real name was Arthur Norris, a name no cowboy would confess.

"I'm Missouri Nan," I said, mimicking him.

"Well, Missouri Nan," he said, "you either know a lot more than you ought to, or you are the biggest fool in a hundred miles of Rimrock."

That made me mad, and I did not speak again all the rest of the way.

The J. Z. Ranch house was on the bank of Swift Creek, in a cool, grassy little valley with cottonwood and sycamore trees for shade. The house was long and low, with lots of windows and a screened veranda all the way around. It was simple but it seemed luxurious to me. I loved it from the moment I entered the door.

There seemed to be no one at home. I went through the living room, glanced through the open

doors of two bedrooms and passed on through a cool dining room to the kitchen. An Indian girl was scrubbing the floor.

"Where is Mr. Wigham?" I asked.

She stared at me stolidly a moment.

"No here."

"I am the new cook," I said.

Her black eyes looked at me resentfully.

"Me cook."

"But I have come to help, so you won't have so much to do."

"Me no need help." The resentment deepened. "Chinaboy cook too."

I went into one of the bedrooms, washed my hands and face and brushed my hair. There was a beautiful glass over the dresser. I had never seen so clear and fine a mirror, and my reflection in it quite thrilled me. I did not know my eyes could be so bright, and my mouth looked really intriguing.

I WONDERED where Mr. Wigham was. I was not much worried over the Indian girl's attitude. I knew no job can be so lowly that the one who holds it is not jealous of her authority. When I returned to the kitchen, the girl was gone. I looked out of the window, and saw her down by the corral talking to a young Yaqui, a tall, straight Indian dressed as a cowboy. She came back directly walking with her head down, and a sullen, resentful look in her face.

I helped her get supper. Her name was Wassa or something like that. The Chinaman, I discovered, did the cooking for the cowboys. They ate in a "grub shack" about a hundred yards south of the ranch house. All we had to do was get supper for the boss and his foreman.

Mr. Wigham came in about sundown. He came to the dining room door. I was setting the table. "Hello," he said.

"Hello," I answered. I did not look up, but I knew he was watching me with approval. After a moment he turned back into the living room, leaving the door open, and I could see him sitting with his legs crossed reading the paper. He wore the most beautiful boots I ever saw.

When he sat down to supper, he glanced at the empty plate.

"Sit down," he said. "Bandy is away. I need company."

"BUT I must serve your supper first," I said.

"No, Wassa will serve." The Indian girl, standing in the kitchen doorway, looked at me with sullen hate. An Indian never considers herself a servant.

I sat down at the table, embarrassed, yet flattered.

"Now this is more like a white man should live," said Mr. Wigham. Then smiling at me until both rows of white teeth showed.



He looked at me with his slow, adorable grin. "It always does me good to see a woman tell the truth - and it's a good habit for a wife to get into." I flushed with happiness. This was Slim's proposal.



he added: "You are quite the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"Thank you," I said. A sense of uneasiness had been bobbing up in my consciousness all day. Just what position was I to occupy at the J. Z. Ranch? The only white woman in a big ranch house. Of course, there was nothing wrong about that nor was it dangerous. All one had to do was to—well, just what was one to do to insure her integrity in such a position? For the first time, I realized that my desperation to get away from our adobe hut had overborne all sense of caution.

BUT Mr. Wigham talked most politely. He referred a number of times to my eyes or my hair and once to my figure. And I was so hungry for praise that instead of arousing fear, this only thrilled me with pleasure.

"How did you happen to live in a place like that?" he asked.

"It was the only place I had to live."

"You use good language," he said, "and you are refined."

"I've gone to school whenever I could," I said, "and I read everything."

Men have read and talked and written about women's love for the beautiful things of life. But they cannot really comprehend the depth of that longing. A girl who is growing and craving human attention and the nice things of life, does not get much comfort out of sand and scenery. I was eighteen. It was spring

"Good girl! You are clever as well as beautiful. You'll go far."

He told me I was to have the north bedroom. The Indian girl slept in a servant's room just off the kitchen.

"You must be tired after your ride," he said. "You better go to bed." He started to pat my arm, and I shied away as though accidentally; but he noticed it, and did not attempt to do it again.

For three weeks I lived in a sort of dream. The ranch house at first glance had appeared simply furnished. But Mr. Wigham's uncle had been rich when he came west, and articles that had at first looked to me plain, I later discovered were valuable and beautiful.

THERE were women's clothes in the dresser, cool linen and soft silk—Mr. Wigham said the things had been discarded by a cousin of his, and he insisted I must wear them. When I refused he offered to sell them to me, and take it out of my wages. The whole outfit, he declared, would not bring more than twenty-five dollars at a second-hand store. I doubted this; but agreed to buy them for half my first month's wages.

And my work was so light, I had to hunt for things to do. The Indian girl was fiercely industrious, and the more I let her do, the better she was pleased.

I knew she was having a love affair, for some time every day she slipped out to meet the young Yaqui. Sometimes I would see them by the willows down the creek, or under the cottonwoods beyond the corral. Occasionally he came to the kitchen door. Often from her looks after these meetings I guessed they quarreled.

One thing hurt me and made me angry and that was the attitude of the cowboys. They seldom came to the house, but when I met one of them or passed a group about the corral or grub shack, the looks they gave me and the sound of their voices, made my blood boil.

I knew what they thought, and it made me mad. Why should everybody think a girl bad merely because she worked in a man's house unprotected by the presence of some other woman? I resented it for Mr. Wigham as much as for myself. He had been a perfect gentleman and very kind. He was worlds better than these loutish cowboys who thought only evil of him.

Twice Colorado Slim had managed to meet me, always as if by accident. Once when I had gone out down by the creek and sat under a cottonwood tree on the bank, he had sauntered by as though looking for something.

He sat down ten feet away, his back against the tree, his hat on his knee. For quite a while he didn't say anything, but just sat still and looked at me.

"Why are you frowning?" I asked. [Continued on page 108]

More  
ADVENTURES  
of a  
GIRL  
Who Set Out  
to Find the  
PERILS  
of New York

# ALONE



I was happy as a waitress until the first night I served the rich Barry O'Brien. As I was laying the silver by his place he caught my hand and said, "You wait on me exclusively." Within a week he was asking for a date and when I went to meet him for the first time at his apartment I was too excited and eager to heed Minnie's advice to watch my step.



THE average girl in the average small town gets one of two things: she gets a husband or she gets a job. That is about all there is to her life. Once started on either line, being the average, she sticks to the end and in a mild, comfortable way makes good.

New York takes such simplicity away from life. There is no average in New York of girls, of jobs or of husbands and the unexpected is always happening.

During my two weeks in New York in search of the perils of a big city, I had been locked up eleven days, had four jobs, and been put out of a rooming house.

Exciting as that had been, none of it was exactly what I was looking for. In fact, after those two weeks I wasn't positive that I knew what I was looking for. Being only nineteen, I wanted romance, of course. And being a woman I wanted money. And being sensible I knew I had to find another job and another room. The latter two were the most important for the moment.

I literally didn't know which way to turn when I was put out of my furnished room. I was none too sure I could find my way around the teeming streets of the city.

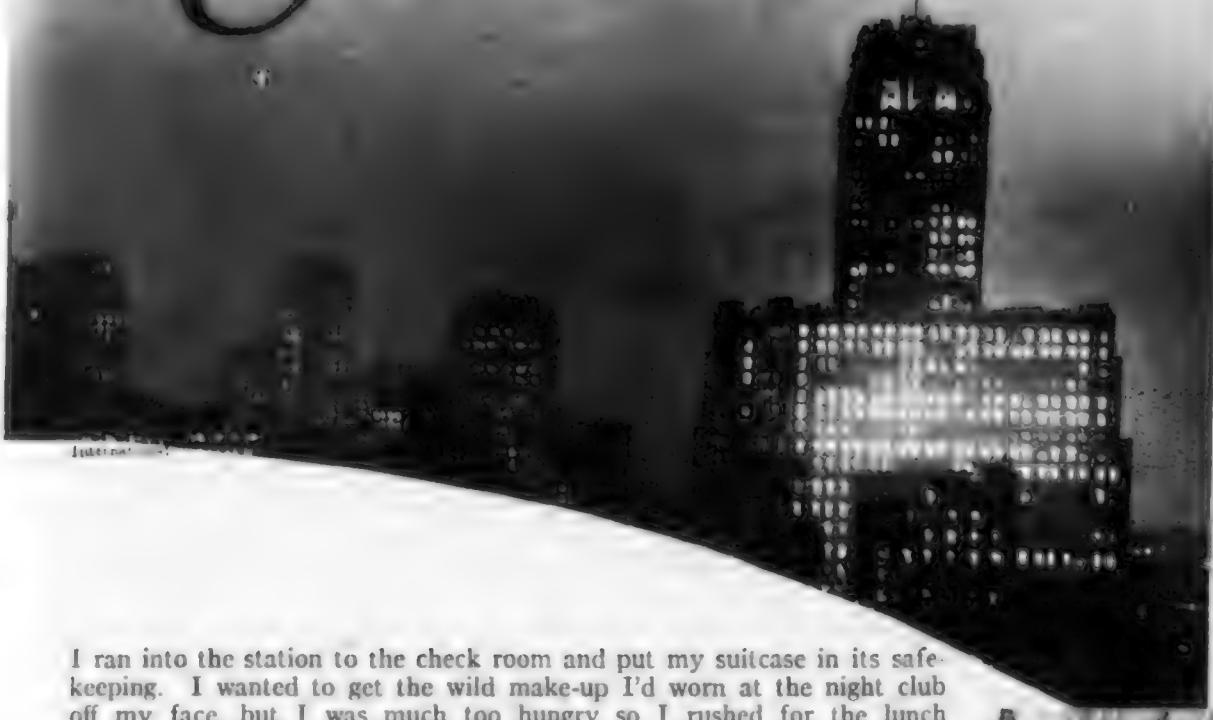
PUTTING my mind to it, I recalled that the club worker had put me on a trolley car and said it would go to Grand Central Station. I hadn't walked far from the car line when I picked out the rooming house that was now getting along without my presence. Thus, I must still be in the neighborhood of restaurants and hotels.

I had to rest. I had to eat. I had to look for work.

I retraced my steps and found the trolley line. I climbed on a car, so tired I thought I'd drop. Down through a tunnel we went and out at the railroad terminal.

The savory odor of food rose to my hungry nostrils. I found myself looking in the window of one of those one-arm restaurants.

# in a Great CITY



For the  
FIRST TIME  
You Can  
Read the  
TRUTH  
About a  
GIRL  
On Her Own

I ran into the station to the check room and put my suitcase in its safe-keeping. I wanted to get the wild make-up I'd worn at the night club off my face, but I was much too hungry so I rushed for the lunch room first.

Over my coffee and bacon and eggs I pondered. The experiences of one day had cost me almost ten dollars—five dollars fee to the employment office, four dollars advance room rent, fifty cents for a taxi, thirty-five for food at the cabaret, and all of the money was gone beyond recall. I had until four o'clock to make a decision. Should I go to the concessionaire's office at that hour to be routed to another night club for more floor work? Or should I find another job?

NEW YORK still lay before me with all its mystery and charm but now it was playing the Sphinx, staying as impersonal to my puny presence as were the high walls of its great buildings.

I didn't want to go back to the night clubs as a worker. A single attempt had convinced me I would be up against a grind that would finish me. I realized I would have to sell bags of nuts to men who didn't want them, eight hours a night, seven days a week, and at the end of the week, receive half the tips I had won as wages, probably fifteen or twenty dollars.

The more I thought about it the more it seemed to me that fifty-six hours of work ought to earn me more than that.

The food was restoring a lot of my courage and one of the counter girls told me I could hire a tiny cubicle of a private room in the station, equipped with running water, soap, towels, whisk brooms, mirrors and powder, all for a dime. New York is full of nice efficiencies like that.

So, refreshed and cleaned up, I went out into the crowds again. Taxis, limousines, heiresses and shopgirls, clerks and cor-



In a section of the East Side where ash cans sit out all day, I found the place Minnie had asked me to share with her. The job at which I went to work next day was demonstrating razor blades in a shop window. My smiles worked and the first night I earned nine dollars

*Would You Risk Your Reputation to Win the Man  
of Your Heart's Desire Even if You Had to Tell-*

# ALIE for Love

FROM the time of my birth my mother and I had never been able to reach a place of common feeling. Between us there had always been a smoldering hostility that each of us refused to acknowledge. While my father was alive we managed to hide it from each other, but we were not as successful after he died.

Mother was terribly set against the drinking and the "loose ways" of modern young people; and yet there was never a time when she could not find excuse for Murray Adams.

At any rate I found the excuses she made for him hard to reconcile with her attitude toward life. The history of Murray's family, she contended, was proof that he never had a real chance. There were those who insisted that but for the intervention of a more-or-less-lucky accident Murray's father would have finished drinking himself to death. And Murray's Uncle Tolbert had drunk all of his money away and himself into a state institution. It was in the blood and prohibition or no prohibition, Murray had no business flirting with alcohol. That was perhaps the one thing on which mother and I would have agreed without dissension.

One night I was dressing to go with Murray to Rosewood Plantation, where a party was scheduled to begin with a swim and a barbecue dinner, and end with a dance. That is, I was undressing. I was late, and to save time I planned to ride out in my bathing suit and a raincoat. I heard the blare of Murray's horn out front and as I raced down the stairs mother looked up from the book she was reading.

"Nina!" she said.

I knew by the tone of her voice what was coming and I would be the last to deny that my bathing suit was very modern.

"Do you think I'm going to let you exhibit yourself in public in that?"

"Why not?" I asked. I looked at my slim ankles that rounded up to soft knees and the generous expanse above. Them as has 'em, shows 'em—Mother!"

"Why wear anything at all, then?" Mother's tone was full of sarcasm.

"Sometimes I wonder," I said. I started again for the front door in answer to Murray's impatient honking.

"Nina Porterville!" mother said. "You shall not go out looking like that! Your old suit was disgraceful, but you shall not wear that thing!"

I LOOKED at her a long moment before I called from the window. "Be with you in a minute, Murray." Without another word I went upstairs. When I came down again I wore my old suit.

At the lake, however, Murray's eyes stood out in wonder. The others were already swimming when we arrived, and I flung off the raincoat and unbuttoned the strap of the old bathing suit that I wore.

"Nina! Don't!" Murray said. I calmly went on stripping the old bathing suit from me.

"Leave out the exclamation marks," I said. "See I'm wearing my new bathing suit under this old one."

"What's the idea?" he asked.

"Two bathing suits, Murray, are the costume of a diplomat and a pacifist."

When Murray and I started out to that party, the memory was still fresh upon me of an interview with him out behind the wisteria vines on our porch, during which Murray had shut his jaw tight and made a resolution.

I knew before the evening was half spent that he had not





*With Drawings*

*from Life*

*By T. D. SKIDMORE*

kept it. He was obviously not himself as he attempted to dance. He caught my eye and pretended not to see me. To punish him I promptly disappeared with Art Lecker who was always ready to come at my beck and call.

I knew what Murray thought of Art. He was not bad in his way. Very popular, in fact, with certain women. But I could not deny that Art was no ascetic. His color was just a bit too high. His neck was a trifle too full; his laugh too loud; and his jokes too frank.

Murray took two or three more drinks to show that he did not care before he lurched up to the car in which Art and I were spooning. He arrived at a rather awkward moment when Art was throwing both heavy arms about me. Murray flung himself unsteadily upon Art.

"You come out of this car, you!" he demanded. "I'll fix you! Why, it's my car!"

Art did not strike Murray. I would have felt better if he had. Instead, he put the flat of his hand in Murray's face and pushed. Murray staggered clownishly backward and sat down abruptly.

"**G**o away!" Art said. "Can't you see when you're buttin' in?"

I wanted to laugh and to weep. It would have been tragic if it had not been ridiculous; and ridiculous if there had not been so much of tragedy.

"You wait!" Murray said. "You wait!"

Art laughed heavily. "Any time you like," he said and turned back to me. I could feel my teeth biting into my lips.

"Art," I said, "get me my things from the house. Bring Murray's too. I'm going to take him home. I mean it."

Art protested but he did as I asked and with Murray slumped across the seat beside me I drove away.

I stopped at the first filling station. "Fill the tank up," I said, and when the cap had been screwed down I headed out on the paved road, away from town. I pretended to be oblivious of the attendant's curious stares.

The speedometer clicked off mile after mile and the minutes ran into hours. Still I drove on through alternating bands of moonlight and shadows.

It was late indeed when Murray first stirred, then sat upright in the car. "Oh!" he said. "I've been asleep!"

I neither affirmed nor denied. When Murray spoke again he was wide enough awake to realize what had happened.

"I'm sorry, Nina," he said.

The storm broke.

"Sorry!" I said. "How many

times have you said that before?

How many times have you and I

gone over this thing together, just

as you're paving the way to do again? And what's the use of doing the same futile thing over?"

He was silent a moment then he said:

"You're right, of course. There isn't any use but I am sorry, Nina."

After a long pause, he spoke again, without resentment, almost wonderingly, as if to himself.

"I don't know why I don't quit drinking, Nina," he said. "I know it's going to get me in the end. If I were in any doubt there's father and Uncle Tolbert! But somehow, when the strain comes nothing matters enough."

"I'll go along, Nina, for a week without taking a single drink and I don't miss it. God knows I don't even like the

**W**hat's the idea?" Murray asked as I flung off my raincoat and calmly went on stripping the old bathing suit from me. "I'm wearing my new bathing suit under this old one. Two bathing suits are the costume of a diplomat and a pacifist"

There came a sinking feeling within me. Somehow, even knowing what I did, I had not expected to find Murray like that. "Murray!" I said. "Murray I need you! I want you to—I've come out here to—I've got to get married, Murray," I said, and my eyes were fastened on his face in fear

taste of the stuff. Dr. Crumpton says I'd be free from it if I could go without it for two months. I go along until you and I have a row or you do something I don't like and after the first drink I can't stop."

I looked at Murray sharply, and I know my voice was curt as I said:

"You mean you think you can quit any time you want to, and that you just don't want to had enough?"

Murray shook his head.

"No, Nina, I know I can't."

"Time after time I've tried to hold out for ninety days, three short months out of a whole life, to test myself. Dr. Crumpton said two months! Ninety days I know would be enough, but I can't do it."

"I'VE tried. I've gone through hell every time I've slipped. I've started again the morning after. I've pinned little signs on the mirror and about the room where I had to see them constantly: 'Where is Uncle Tolbert now?' and 'What of the fortune and the life your father wasted?'

"And I don't believe it's in me to make the grade. Right now, disgusted as I am, I feel like—but what's the difference? When I saw you fooling with Art Lecker—somehow it doesn't seem unforgivable to do a thing because you're tempted beyond your strength, or in a spirit of sudden anger—but to do it in cold blood, just to get back at somebody! And with Art, Nina! He's just plain hog!"

I turned to look curiously toward Murray. "Murray," I told him, "won't you men ever learn? Five thousand years at least, you men have been saying and writing and even believing that you all were one kind of created being and that women were another, entirely different. When will you learn that men and women are really alike in their feelings and actions and desires?"

"You don't find it at all strange," I went on "that a man should have his moments when he wants to lie down in the mud with the hogs. Nobody thinks it strange. Why can't you realize that that is a human trait, not just a masculine one, that it is true of women, too?"

"They're human just like men. They have their impulses, too, toward the hogs, just as men do. But they conquer those impulses most of the time, and because they do you men have been saying for ages that they don't have them!"

Murray passed an uncertain hand over his forehead. "I don't get you, Nina," he said. "Maybe it's because I still feel groggy, but you don't mean what I think you mean, do you, Nina? You couldn't mean that!"

"I do if you're not dumb enough to miss it!" I said. "You said Art Lecker was a hog. I agree with you. But remember that for every woman, just as for every man, there are times when such things have their appeal!"

"But that's not what I brought you off to talk about," I said. "You and I have been pretty serious at times together, Murray. Getting right down to cases, what about this getting drunk stuff?"



Murray raised miserable eyes to mine in the dim light. "I don't know, Nina," he said. "We've never said the actual words, but you must have known I hoped you'd marry me some day. And yet, God knows I haven't the right to ask anybody to marry me. Certainly I won't ask you to. You'd grow to hate me before long."

"WITH my family history back of me," he said, "with what I'm doing right now to myself, it isn't a chance I'd ask you to take! It's certainty. Sort of like a fellow's asking a girl to marry him if he knew he was going insane in a couple of years." He shook his head.

"No! Now that I've put the thing into words for the first time I know better, Nina. When I've got liquor in me I've no regard for money or honor or anything else. The girl that



married me wouldn't be able to trust me with her money or her property or herself. And where you can't have trust, Nina, I know that you can't have love.

"Fine prospect, isn't it?" he asked at last. I held my reply, driving along in silence, watching the glow of false dawn in the east. "At any rate," I said finally, "you don't leave much for me to say, Murray."

I must have left the light burning in the living room. I thought, as I let myself in the front door and tiptoed toward the stairs. Halfway, I paused. From the depths of the big easy chair under the light, mother gazed at me. I stood, stock still.

"Is there any reason that can be given," she asked, "why I should not send you to a home for incorrigible girls in the morning?"

That, I knew from experience, was but the beginning. I tried to close my ears to the tirade.

JUDGED by mother's standards, I supposed I was terrible. But what was the use of that method of trying to change me? I was like a plank against a stone wall, the harder the pressure upon me, the more fixed I became. If mother would drop her antagonism just once and recognize me as a fellow human being, with rights, the same as hers! Why did parents think that merely bringing a child into the world gave them the right to live that child's life for it?

Mother continued to scold although I knew in advance every sentence, before it well began. Of a sudden the futility of it all came home to me. Where was the certainty of a continuation of this worse than what I would [Continued on page 142]

# Fingers of Scorn

*A True Story  
of a  
Woman*

*Exiled for Love*

**T**HAT'S the woman who ran away with Kirkwood Hutchins. Don't you remember that awful scandal a few years ago? I heard they were finally married, but—"

The woman didn't know I could hear every word she was saying. A great bank of palms concealed the fact that we had taken a tea table within earshot.

Kirk looked at me a bit uncertainly. I returned his look with a smile and a shrug. Once, those words would have cut like a two-edged sword. I would have fled hysterically from the place and for days would have nursed my fury and my bitterness. But this was now. Kirk and I are married and we are as ideally happy as any people could be. But we have both paid dearly for that happiness.

Less than a year ago I was a runaway wife, an exile, an outcast. I was miserable, humiliated, wishing most of the time I was dead. No friends, no home, instead, strange countries, alien tongues, uncongenial surroundings. That was my predicament, the inevitable predicament of a woman who thinks she has the right to live her own life."

I often wonder if we would have gone through all we did, Kirk and I, had we known at the beginning that five years of utter wretchedness lay ahead. I loved Kirk; he loved me. That, we told ourselves, was all that mattered. His wife, my husband—it was their misfortune to be in the way. Our cry was for freedom. We got it. And we paid!

Why am I writing this? Not because of any wish to exonerate myself, you may be sure. You do not know who I am; you will never know, although the real name of Kirkwood Hutchins is familiar to most of you. But I actually grow sick with horror when I think how I would feel now had I mistaken infatuation for love. It is so easy! Anyone can do it. And I want to spare someone, perhaps you, the lifetime of bitter remorse that might have been mine had I

not found real love. Kirkwood Hutchins was an artist. No baggy-trousered, unshaven bohemian, but a wholesome, successful, good-looking young man who danced divinely and flirted outrageously!

He was married, but it was generally known that his wife and he were more or less estranged. I felt a strange tug at my heart when I met Myra Hutchins. She had such a tired-of-life look in her eyes. One often finds sad women with happy,

carefree husbands and it is not hard to understand.

Reason, conscience, convention, all told me that it was madness to fall in love with such a man. But a small voice kept insisting that Kirkwood Hutchins was meant for me. He satisfied so completely my craving for romance; beside him all the other men in the world became vague, stupid creatures. Life was one dreary day after another, brightened only by those moments we spent together.

Please do not misunderstand me. I was no silly flapper-wife, no adventuress, no siren, luring married men from their wives. I was just a young wife, like thousands of others, craving romance and eternal adoration for breakfast, lunch and dinner. But I was married to an unemotional, easy going man much older than myself.

I knew, when I married Arthur, that there would be little fire and few thrills in our married life. He was never demonstrative, not even in the early days of our courtship. I guess I was blinded by his culture, his comfortable income and his secure social position.

Arthur showed me that he considered his attentiveness and consideration sufficient proof of his love and respect. I didn't want proof of his love; I wanted kisses and thrills and a bit of foolishness.

So our married life became exceedingly commonplace. He irritated me with his virtue and placidity. I grew to regard him as the captor of my soul.

Because of the conventional manner in which I had been brought up I loathed the woman who becomes involved in cheap affairs. This prevented me from finding an outlet in the flirtations that so many discontented wives resort to. Perhaps if I had, it might have silenced the small voice that kept goading me.

Our social life was only mildly exciting. Our friends were Arthur's friends, middle-aged, stupid and set. He took great pride in the fact that he was one of the substantial men in the community. An evening or two of bridge a week, and an occasional dinner-dance at the country club was the extent of our dissipation. For six years I accepted it outwardly but rebelled inwardly.

Then I met Kirkwood Hutchins. From the very beginning we were drawn to each other, although I think he was more flattered by my attention than he was actually in love with me. We met at the beginning of the Christmas holiday season when everyone was giving dinners and dances, [Continued on page 132]

## Is It Worth It?

IT is only natural that stories such as this one should come to the office of SMART SET. Thousands of them reach us every month. We publish only those we know to be real and sincere. The woman who tells this story believed her happiness lay in taking the husband of another. Any girl, single or married, who thinks the day has come when she can violate social conventions without having pointed at her "fingers of scorn," can read here the future she will inevitably face. This story is worth a thousand sermons.

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## *Learn from Her*

*During the interlude when I was neither maid nor wife, I learned many things. Most important, was that marriage — be it ever so humdrum and unemotional — is preferable to all the so-called "free love" in the world. No one is his own master in this world; no one is free. And as long as society demands certain obligations of us, we must obey. The price of defiance is too great.*

# My Dark Angel

Can  
A Woman  
Make  
Or  
Break  
A Man?

I WAS weary and worried that day in late August. My week-end guests had departed, and I was planning a two-weeks' solitude, alone with my books and my thoughts, for at times I love to be solitary. After the rush and pressure of business and pleasure, in the city, I love to get off where the only face I see is that of my man Tom, and that only when I want to. I love to enter the world of dreams, to bask on a hillside, to float in a canoe, to sit among my books, or pen idle thoughts in verse. For, strangely enough, I have always had an ambition, a secret one, to be a writer. Perhaps I might have been, who knows?

But I was worried that day in late August, for my dream of a two-weeks' solitude had been broken by a letter. It ran:

"Darling, in spite of everything, I must see you and be with you. You are mine; I am yours. I shall come up some day this week. Yours utterly, Valerie."

Valerie! How shall I speak delicately of an affair which I wanted to forget and which I truly regretted? What shall I say of the women in my past, Valerie the most dangerous of them all? I can perhaps say honestly that I was no better or worse than the run of men who seek their pleasure after hard work, and who find in women the wine-cup and the dance-step of life. But Valerie was different!

I used to go to the little old house in Greenwich Village where she lived, and sit in that low-ceilinged room, before the fire in the grate, and among her rugs, her books and her fantastic tapestries. She would lie on a tiger-skin before me, slow, lazy, languid, her white hands cupping her chin, her copper hair aflame about her white forehead.

MY business had been neglected, my friends had warned me. I had become haggard and feverish. Finally, I found that Valerie was a false woman. I had left her abruptly and come up to the mountains. But it had been weeks before I was healed again. Time and again I wanted to rush back to her. But slowly the strong health of the sun and the forest and the mighty mountains had brought me to myself, healthy again as a running dog, in love again with books and dreams.

And I was all set to stay another two weeks, again delighted with the simplest things, my mind at ease. Then Valerie's letter came. It was at once a blow and a temptation. If she could say that, in spite of everything, she must come to me, I could say that, in spite of everything, I remembered her. I fought it out all morning and then ordered Tom to pack. I would move on to some other place, bury myself completely



# And My Good Angel



"Valerie," I said, "you will leave at once." She laughed scornfully, and opened her cigarette case. I looked at Jocelyn and was amazed at the look of determination in her eyes and the menace in her bearing

*With Drawings  
from Life  
By HARVE STEIN*

in some spot where she could not find me, perhaps even in Canada. For of one thing I was sure; she and I must not meet again. It would be useless to telegraph her or try to bar her out. She was the kind who didn't mind making scenes in public; nothing ever stopped her when she was aroused.

But I was worried over having to leave my old haunts and disturbed at having Valerie thrust herself again into my life. Unable to sit quietly, I went out in the afternoon sunshine and began a long walk in the woods. As I went on, I felt better. The fragrance of the air, the smell of pines and mosses, the rapid song of the brook, the blueness of the sky all revived me. Valerie faded into the past; I was again free of her.

And then the path ended abruptly, and I was undecided whether to turn back or go on! I had plunged on, perhaps not more than a hundred yards, when I brought up, startled. In the silence of this unpathed wilderness, in a spot ages old, beside the deep pool of a brook, and full in the sun on the slope of grass, sat a young woman.

She wore only a slip of yellow silk, and her beauty was perfect as she dreamed in the sun. Her hair was a yellow cluster about her, her legs and arms were shapely and slender. She seemed to have sprung out of the water or the earth, she was so much a part of the mountains, the forest and the sunny, fragrant air.

A PEACE and wonder descended upon me, as, involuntarily, I gazed at her. The feeling I had was of some yellow revelation of the song and beauty of the earth; as if the forest had opened into this feminine and human flower. I could not stir, or turn, or think. But there flashed through me the sense of finding something I had been seeking, and a breathless glimpse of a world I had never known.

The sense of sudden glory held me a moment, and then she saw me. With deft motions she pulled a long cape about her, but her eyes did not leave mine. She was not startled, but rather amazed. I shook my head, advancing.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, "I didn't know a soul was in these parts."

She smiled, and at once I saw that her large blue eyes had a melting look in them, and that her smile was strangely sweet

above her quaintly pointed chin with its provoking dimple.

"I didn't know either," she said in the most natural way, ignoring the fact that I was an intruder, "you see I have been basking here for a month, recovering." She lifted up a walking stick. "I twisted a muscle out of place, but I'll soon be better again. I suppose in the woods we must be informal. Won't you sit down?"

She had put me completely at my ease. She was accustomed evidently to handling delicate situations. I laughed softly, and sat down on a rock. Then I handed her a cigarette, and we smoked.

"I'll introduce myself," I said. "I'm Malvern Kennerly, just a business man, and my lodge is about five miles that way, just under Mammoth Mountain. I've been recovering, too—from New York."

"You know," she laughed, "it's good to speak to a man again. I've been here a month, you know. Well, I'm Jocelyn Breen, a dancer."

I started. "The Jocelyn Breen?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I had a very bad fall six weeks ago on the stage of the Willis; and here I am with my maid and a cook, back in the clearing, in a place I've rented from an artist."

Well, then, I understood: a dancer, who appeared on the stage almost nude, could hardly be embarrassed when seen so in the woods. But that look of amazement? Her unconventionality and ease made me bold.

"Pardon me," I said, "but when you first saw me, there was a look of amazement on your face. Will you tell me what it meant?"

"Why yes," she replied. "You had such a look of wonder on your face, as if you saw something very marvellous."

She glanced at me sideways, with a curious twisted smile.

"I did see something marvellous," I said, and to my surprise my heart was pounding.

"Let it end there," she said. "Don't be like the rest."

She looked at her wrist-watch. "Good Gracious! That late!" she said and started to rise painfully.

"Can't I help?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "it's just the doing of it alone that helps. But you may walk back with me, Mr. Kennerly."

SHE smiled and I walked beside her. In spite of her limp, I had no doubt that she was a dancer. She moved in rhythm beside me, and I was charged with dreamy wonder and strange happiness. The path came out in a grassy clearing, sloping down toward a valley of forest; and in the clearing stood the rustic log-built house.

We stood a moment at the door, and our eyes met.

"May I come again?" I asked.

"Do," she said. "Come for supper tomorrow, at six. I believe I like you."

"I pass muster then?" I laughed.

"Oh, I know men," she said. "Good-by, Mr. Kennerly."

"Good-by, Miss Breen."

I went with mighty strides back through the woods. Bury myself in Canada? Flee from a woman? I laughed. No, I

would face the issue. And suddenly then I knew what the old phrase 'to stand between your dark angel and your good angel' meant.

The next day I was as eager as a young boy who knows his first love. All my dreams lay five miles away, near the pool, the grassy slope, the still forest, and Jocelyn, white and yellow in the sunlight. It was as if the air about me had turned



gold. Late in the afternoon I gathered wild flowers, and when I took the trail, I half-ran. I had to laugh at myself; and when at last the little house came into view, I knew I was too early. But I went up through the silence, whistling loudly.

Then I heard her voice, clear and bell-like.

She appeared in the doorway.

"Is that you, Mr. Kennerly?"

"It's me," I laughed, "I'm too early. But here!"

I handed her the flowers.

"How lovely," she said. "The darlings! Now, tell me you like my dress!"

I looked at it. I would have liked it if it had been a rag, instead of some strange affair in pale rose, offset by golden slippers and her yellow hair.

"I love it," I said.

"Goody!" she said. She was as gleeful as a child. "Oh, I do want to be admired again. A whole month, and no man. But the minute there's a man, then I feel like looking beautiful again."

"But you did yesterday," I said.

She laughed. "Do come in; Minnie's got a roast duck for us, and corn straight from a garden."

The great living room, with its deep hearth, its rafters, its hard floor covered here and there by small rugs, gleamed with the cheer of the dining table set at one side. Jocelyn was in wonderful humor and we laughed together like children.

"You really like my looks?" she asked, as we sat smoking after dinner before the fire.

"Don't you?" I asked. She did not ignore the challenge. She looked at me gravely, her forehead screwed up.

"You know, honestly, Mr. Kennerly," she said, "I don't know whether I'm beautiful or not. Every feature of mine is a little off, there's more to the left side of my nose than the right, the tip is a bit too high, one of my eyebrows is longer than the other, my chin is simply impossible, and my hair's too yellow."

THE tip of your nose, Miss Breen," I said, "is mad-dening."

She grew sober instantly.

"Don't be like that," she said.

"Like what?"

"Like the rest of them," she sighed. "I want to be admired, it's true; but I'm weary of foolishness. And I like you so

"Oh, in a way." And then she measured me with her eyes and said, "Concerning that, strangely enough, I want a bit of advice, and somehow I feel I can trust your judgment. May I ask you, Mr. Kennerly?"

"Certainly," I said.

"It's about my manager, Jack Harmon. Jack's been awfully good to me, and he's in love with me. He's a fine fellow. I'm very fond of Jack. He and I get along just right. Of course, he wants to marry me." She paused.

I knew she was telling me this to prevent me from caring too much for her. To my own astonishment, something I had never known before raged through me. It was blinding, devastating jealousy. So, there was another man, and she was very fond of him. How fond? But she was mine and no one else should have her. I tried to hide my emotion; I tried to speak naturally and to appear undisturbed and calm.

"Yes?" I said.

"Well, I've always said 'no' to him. But at the same time I've thought it would be peaceful to be married to Jack after all the storms I've been through. And besides, I don't love anyone else. So when he sent me up here, I told him I'd settle the matter once for all, and tell him when I got back."

"Well," I said, "what do you think?"

She looked puzzled. "I'm no further along than I was. What do you think?"

I rose abruptly.

"I think I'm a fool," I said, and looked at my watch. "It's time to go."

She stared at me, hurt. "Don't," she said, "please don't, Mr. Kennerly."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I won't do it again."

She laughed softly.

"So many men get a case on me; I know all the symptoms. And they all get over it. So, please don't be that way. It's such a joy to be with you."

She rose then, and I felt like a foolish boy. She had handled me superbly. I smiled, embarrassed, as she took my hand.

"YOU'LL be over tomorrow?" she asked. "And you'll behave?"

"Yes, I'll behave," I said.

"It was sweet of you to bring me the flowers," she said. "And I'm glad you liked my dress. I'll fix up again for you. Good night, Mr. Kennerly."

"Good night, Miss Breen."

No sooner had I left the house than the torments of jealousy overwhelmed me. I began to see a certain madness in this love that had begun so peacefully, a madness like a torrent pouring through a rocky

flume. Valerie! I had utterly forgotten her. And yet, I was conscious for a moment of the ominous threat in her letter. But I cursed under my breath. What did it matter? Let her come. Let anything come.

With my flash-light in my hand, I ran all the way home. I wanted to wear myself out, I wanted to numb my feelings, stop my thoughts. I arrived breath-

[Continued on page 130]

In the silence of this unpathed wilderness beside the deep pool sat a young woman. I could not stir, or turn, or think. She was not startled, but rather amazed. "Awfully sorry," I said, "I didn't know a soul was in these parts."

much! Oh, please, please don't spoil it by saying such things."

A forlorn feeling went through me, just a touch of hopelessness. I had a sense of being closer and closer to her, now that I seemed shut out. I looked at her:

"Don't you care for men? Have you never cared?"



# Find Your HEALTH and HAPPINESS in the Stars



Aries gives serenity and idealism. Hence Mary Pickford, under this sign, found happiness with Douglas Fairbanks, who as a Gemini, had to wed where he could also admire



Active brains and intense energy also come with Aries. Charles M. Schwab is proof of this



Ethel Barrymore's sign, Leo, stirs ambition and a love of praise



**H**OW can I be happy?" I should like to know the number of times that question has been asked me!

It has been asked in letters from far places of the world, it has been asked by elderly men and women who have come to me personally, men and women whose lives have been nearly lived. More seldom do young people ask me that. Perhaps very young people do not need to.

Yet I think that there is no one who has not paused long before thirty and wondered whether he or she were happy, and if not, why not. Psychology tells us that human life is driven by only two forces, hunger and love. But a yearning for the vague, mysterious thing called happiness cannot be ignored.

Only just what is happiness? Many great philosophers have tried to answer that question, and the result they find is pitiful. It is an indefinable personal thing after all, because there is no such thing as a universal happiness. What is happiness for one man is misery for his neighbor.

One woman finds her chief satisfaction in sacrifice and service. Equally satisfying to another woman, we must admit if we are to be fair, are luxury and adulmentation.

Is happiness a state of forgetfulness, a complete engrossment in something outside of oneself? For some people, yes; for others just as certainly, no!

There is no use in multiplying definitions and differences. Astrology seeks to point out to each individual how he or she can best gain happiness, and it gives therefore only individual rules.

But I am going to speak also about the planetary influences upon health, for if health does not make happiness, at least it is an essential part of it.

To know what ills to guard against, to know what goal to struggle for, should point the way as nearly as possible to a true happiness.

Some of us who seek money or power would find more joy in life if we sought peace and wisdom instead. Unhappiness, when it is not the result of malefic influences is to the astrologer largely a matter of misdirection.

I am going to describe the various temperaments that are ruled by the different signs of the Sun. Among them you will find yours.

As in my previous articles, I am forced to deal with generalities rather than the particular influences which may be

# By *BELLE BART*

## *Noted Astrologer*

charted from a knowledge of the year of your birth. Nor shall I set down the year of birth of such persons as I may name as examples, for this would prove a breach of professional confidence.

Let us begin with the native of Aries, which rules all those born between March twenty-first and April twentieth. These persons are full of energy and have active brains and natures that are the reverse of lazy. Perceptive and idealistic, they are sometimes inclined to dream, and they must encourage the practical sense which is latent in them. They overlook faults where they love and are loyal and courageous. They require friendship, but sometimes their honesty of speech and aggressive intelligence turn people away from them.

**P**ARTICULARLY do the natives of Aries require spacious living and working quarters. They must live in the light and the air, and find for themselves a congenial atmosphere.

The illnesses to which they are most susceptible are those which affect the nervous system. They may be subject to neuralgia, to stomach or kidney trouble. They must not over-work mentally, or surrender to dissipation. When worried or fatigued, they should go away alone and walk out of doors, even if only for a few moments. They will find this simple treatment a most helpful tonic as the sign under which they were born has affinity with the outdoors.

Charles M. Schwab is a native of Aries of whom everybody knows. His energies have found ample outlet, and it may be presumed that he is an essentially happy man, not because he has created an immense personal fortune, but because he has always had an intensely busy life. [Continued on page 123]



Tenacity and sensitiveness are two of the outstanding characteristics of people born under Cancer, the sign of the Prince of Wales



Belle Bart, President of the American Academy of Astrology, who reads in the stars the chart of life



Mental and physical activity are induced by Gemini. Madame Schumann-Heink gained this dual expression in her singing



These  
Closing Chapters  
Untangle  
a Wife's  
Tangled Web  
of Love



# HUSH MONEY

*With Drawings*

*From Life*

By AUGUST BLESER, JR.

ALL my life I had read about people being blackmailed. But I never thought for a moment that such a thing could happen to me.

Yet, as I sat there in our apartment, staring at that dreadful creature, George Novak, I knew that it had happened, like a dash of lightning, just when the future stretched out before me as bright as a June day!

I was absolutely stunned when I heard him say he would sell the bungalow for a hundred thousand dollars—a piece of property which he had just admitted was not worth over twenty-five thousand. He thought he could force me to pay that outrageous price because he had found two torn letters in the fireplace, one from Jimmy Saunders written a few days before his death, and the other, my answer which I had torn up when the news of his accident in San Francisco made it impossible for me to send it.

Novak had said that if I bought the place, I would find my letters in the fireplace where I had left them but if I turned to offer down, he would go and see my husband. I knew what he meant by that. He would show Bert the letters with their proof of my relations with Jimmy, destroy my whole future, and that of my husband and boy as well, just when I

was in a position to make them so happy with the money Jimmy had left.

I had allowed Bert to think that the money had been left to me, to us, as I put it, because Jimmy Saunders was such a dear friend of the family. My husband would never forgive me for that, I knew, even though it was perfectly true. Jimmy had been a friend of Bert's, a very real and sincere friend, but Bert would never believe it, if he read those letters.

OF COURSE, if I had not loved Bert and our boy, everything would have been simple enough. I could have laughed at Novak, told him to go ahead and do whatever he pleased. If I had been selfish, if my happiness had been the only thing I had to consider, there would be no reason for me to pay Novak a cent. But I loved Bert, deeply and sincerely, in spite of my affair with Jimmy, and I knew that, sensitive as he already was about spending what he called "his wife's money" it would take only a few words from Novak, and those terrible letters, to destroy every chance of happiness we had.

I hardly dared think of it. My whole life, for the past year had been spent in planning all sorts of nice things for Bert, and Bert Junior. A house in town, a place in the country,



We had walked along the sand dunes a mile at least since leaving the hotel, and neither of us had said a word. I couldn't stand it any longer. "I don't know what you want to say to me, Bert," I whispered, "but before you say it, would you mind kissing me? I've been so lonely without you."

clubs, schools, trips here and there, everything that would make their lives pleasant. And I had eight hundred thousand dollars to do it with. It might be better, I thought, to pay Novak what he asked and hush the matter up, rather than have all our lives spoiled.

These thoughts flashed through my mind very quickly, but other questions came with them. And because I could not answer those questions at the moment, I told Novak he would have to give me time to think matters over.

**H**E MUST have expected me to say that, for he took his hat and got up at once.

"Today is Tuesday," he said. "I will come on Thursday for my answer. If you are not ready to decide then, the price will go up."

When he had gone, I went into my room and threw myself on the bed. The other questions I have spoken of came thick and fast then, and the longer I thought about them, the harder

it seemed to find answers that would remove the obstacles.

The money Jimmy Saunders had left was all invested in government bonds. When Bert, as executor of the estate, turned those bonds over to me, he had rented a safe deposit box to keep them in, and I had insisted on his taking one of the keys.

I did this because I wanted my husband to feel that Jimmy had really intended the money for both of us. I did not want Bert to regard himself as a sort of pensioner, living on his wife. I wanted him to feel that the money was as much his as it was mine.

I even made the bank account a joint one, so that Bert could draw checks against it, the same as I did, and while he never took advantage of that, he kept my bank balance straight for me. So of course, even if I had had any such amount as Novak asked for in the bank, I could not have paid him without Bert knowing about it.

There was another way of course. I could go to the safe

deposit box and take out a hundred thousand dollars in bonds and give them to Novak in payment for the house. But how could I explain that to Bert? He would discover the next time he went to the box to clip the coupons, that the bonds were missing. And it would be ridiculous for me to say that I had paid a hundred thousand dollars for a piece of property that anybody could see was not worth more than a quarter that much. He would think I was crazy, or worse.

On the other hand, suppose I were to go to him and tell him that Jimmy had written me a wild and foolish letter, when he got to San Francisco, and that I had answered it, saying a lot of equally foolish things to cheer him up; that Novak had gotten possession of these letters and was trying to blackmail me

I FELT that was the right thing to do. But I shuddered when I tried to remember exactly what Jimmy had said in his letter. He had spoken of our evenings together at the bungalow, of kissing me as I lay in his arms, of our hopeless love for each other. And I had replied in the same foolish strain.

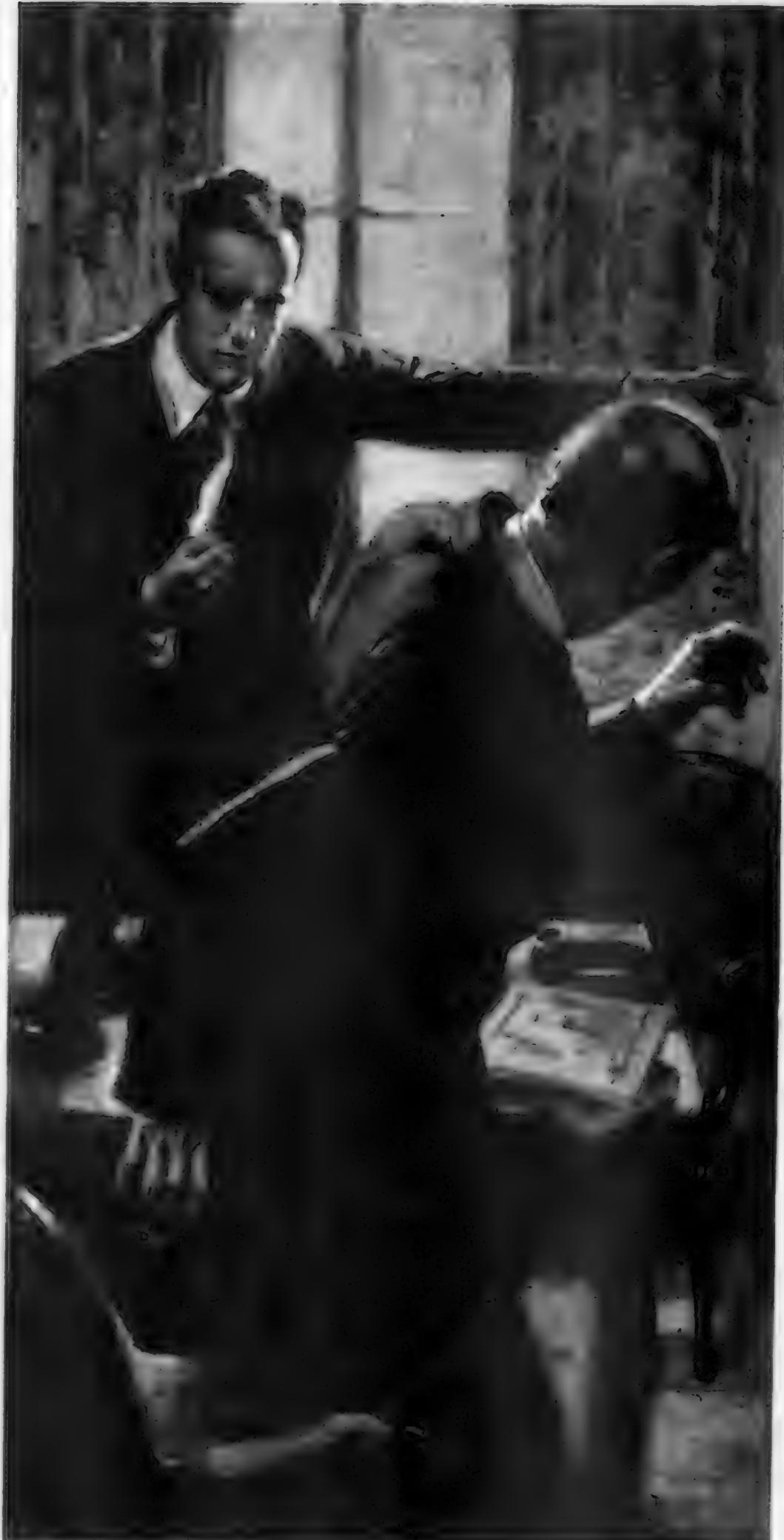
I knew very well Bert could take those things only one way. I dared not let him read those letters. I knew, if he read them, he would realize there had been more between Jimmy and me than just kisses. I wondered if I refused to let Novak blackmail me, and he went to my husband with those letters, if Bert would agree not to read them. There was a chance, but to ask such a thing was like admitting my guilt. I could not make up my mind what to do, but I realized that as long as Novak had those letters, I would never know a moment's peace.

I lay there in my room all the rest of the afternoon, trying to think things out. And every time I remembered the horrible, snaky way that Novak creature had looked at me, I decided never to give him a cent, no matter what happened.

But when the nurse brought little Bert in from the park, and big Bert came home, bubbling over with his plans for the new contracting company he was forming, I changed my mind. They were both so gay, so happy!

I COULD never bring myself to feel so terribly guilty about Jimmy anyway. He had loved me as sincerely as Bert, and I often wondered if it had been so very wrong for me to give him the few hours of happiness that had meant so much in his lonely life. Maybe that was a queer way to look at it, but just the same it was Jimmy's love for me that had made him leave me the money, in spite of what I told Bert, and it was that money I was now using to make my family happy.

It was a strange situation, and I could not seem to make it come out right, no



"You contemptible rascal," cried Bert, "trying to make  
he was in a terrible rage. "You want money, do  
her? You put those letters on the table and get out



trouble between me and my wife!" He started for Novak and I saw you, to give my wife back her own property after you've stolen it from inside of two minutes, or I'll see that your next stop is the hospital!"

matter what I thought, or did. I was so upset I could not eat any dinner, and had to tell Bert I had a sick headache.

What made matters worse was that Bert had gotten two other men from the old construction company—to go in with him in his new venture. Bert's share was to be fifty thousand dollars, and he had finally agreed, the week before to borrow the money from me. He hated to do it, he said, but I would be paid interest on my investment, at a better rate than I was getting from my bonds, and would have a share of the profits.

WHEN he told me everything was settled I knew I would have to make some sort of a deal with Novak. Bert was sensitive enough already about using my money in a business venture. He said it wasn't right, but I had insisted, because I wanted him to have a business of his own. I knew if he ever found out the truth, he'd refuse to touch a penny of it.

I hardly closed my eyes that night, but the next day I made up my mind what to do. On the steamer coming back from Europe we had met a man named Atkinson, a lawyer. He was about forty-five but lively and full of fun, and we had seen a great deal of him, during the trip. He had given me his card the day we landed, and said that if I ever got into legal difficulties, wanted a divorce or anything, to look him up. What he said about a divorce was a joke, of course, and I remember we all laughed, but now, when I had to ask advice from somebody, the first person I thought of was Mr. Atkinson.

HE WAS very busy, but after I had waited in his office for half an hour, he saw me. I told him the whole truth without trying to excuse myself, although I made it very clear that I loved Bert, and that my only object was to spare him any unhappiness.

Mr. Atkinson did not say a word while I was telling my story. When I had finished, he asked me a great many questions about just what Jimmy and I had said in our letters. I told him any man reading them would think the worst. Mr. Atkinson looked very grave.

"Ordinarily, Mrs. Graham," he said. "I would advise anyone to resist blackmail at all costs but your situation is peculiar. Your whole happiness is at stake. If we try to trap this man, to have him arrested for attempted blackmail, it will mean publicity, of course, and that is the very thing you wish to avoid. And if we refuse to deal with him at all he will undoubtedly go to your husband."

"It won't do him any good," I said. "Bert hasn't any money to pay him for the letters."

"I realize that, and if I can make Novak realize it, we shall be able to bring him to terms. When he comes tomorrow, don't let him see that you are frightened. Just send him to me."

"But," I said, "even if you are able to make him take [Continued on page 119]



DeALTON  
VALENTINE

*With Drawings*

*From Life*

by DE ALTON VALENTINE

"You have been between my eyes and my drawing-board continually, Miss Foster," Luther said. "How do you expect me to work when all the time I see your adorable face? Do you think that I should cause any comment if I were to grab you across the table and kiss that little curl by your left ear?"

AS I had been dancing with Luther Wade until all hours, I was fast asleep that morning at eleven, when the maid came to tell me that Aunt Natalie wanted to see me at once. I put on a negligee and hurried to her room.

I rarely called Natalie "Aunt," because she looked so absurdly young.

She was sitting up in bed, reading a letter when I went in and she looked as pretty as a picture.

"This is awful news, Marjorie!" she said and she handed me the letter. "I don't know what on earth we are going to do."

It was from a well known firm of lawyers announcing the death of Natalie's husband. The lawyers explained that it was at the dying man's request that they had refrained from cabling,

as my Uncle Dick had wished the news to be broken gently.

"I can't pretend to be terribly heartbroken," Natalie said. "Dick was dead to me, years ago, long before you came to live with me, Marjorie! I didn't divorce him because I don't believe in divorce, as you know. But read on. It's awful."

I read on and learned that Richard Hoget had been engaged in several disastrous speculations during the past three years, so that instead of millions, there was only a sum of fifty thousand dollars, which would be immediately forthcoming. The dying man's wishes had been followed, and he had been buried in England.

I glanced around the luxurious bedroom in that expensive little house on West Twelfth Street a few doors from Fifth Avenue. Then I looked at Aunt Natalie, who could not have



*There Is More than One Way for a Girl in Love  
to Avoid Marrying the Wrong Man—  
This One Said, Yes—*

# But No Kisses

*"I'm afraid, Mr. Wade," I said, "that someone might think you the least bit unconventional. But to go back to what I was saying before my curl annoyed you—"*

paid less than a hundred and fifty dollars for the negligée she was wearing. I glanced down at my own pajamas of black and silver satin, and I knew what I'd paid for them out of the generous allowance Natalie always made me.

"Do you know what fifty thousand dollars means if you invest it and live on the income?" Natalie asked. "It means about fifty dollars a week! Can you see me living at that rate, quite apart from you, you poor darling?"

She was not the least upset at the death of her husband. Considering the past, an extremely unpleasant past, why should she be? But the financial aspect was an entirely different matter. Natalie came from a class that regarded automobiles and country homes as a matter of course. To be left with fifty thousand dollars, which would spell riches for some people, seemed utterly impossible to her.

I DID what I could to console her, for I can never forget that when I had been a penniless orphan, Natalie had taken me in, and she had never made me feel like a poor relation.

After lunch Natalie was outwardly calmer, though I could see from the expression of her eyes that she was suffering. She decided on one thing, and that was that she would spend

her fifty thousand as income, and not regard it as capital.

"But what will you do when you come to the end of your money?" I asked.

"Arnold Doyle!" Natalie said. She tried to smile jauntily but her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Natalie! What do you mean?" I asked. "No, not that!"

NATALIE broke down and wept openly, and my heart ached for her.

Before Natalie had married the wealthy Dick Hoget, Arnold Doyle had been in love with her, and I think she had cared for him. Years had gone by, and Arnold Doyle had never married. He buried himself in his business, which was manufacturing automobile tires, and

was now worth, heaven knows how many millions.

But that wasn't all; it was only the beginning. About a month before, Arnold had met Natalie again during a visit to New York. He had seemed still in love with her, only Natalie was married and, of course, no one expected Uncle Dick would die.

Then Arnold had met me, and it wasn't my fault that the middle-aged millionaire seemed to forget the past and Natalie, to become deeply infatuated with me, or perhaps with my youth.

I had not taken the faintest interest in him, and when I thought of Natalie, I was indignant that Arnold should think twice about me, quite apart from my love for Luther Wade.

Arnold had proposed and I had sent him away, but he was always faking a business visit to New York, when he would call me up and send masses of flowers.

"We have to do something," Natalie said. "We must be practical, and if Arnold has ceased caring for me, and is crazy about you, well, Marjorie, darling, it is rather up to you to save us both financially by accepting him. Don't think about me at all."

She looked pathetically helpless as she said this, and I realized that Natalie had always depended on me for every-

thing except money. Though I was twenty and Natalie thirty-seven, I always seemed to run everything, and I was devoted to her, the darling! I just couldn't bear the thought of Natalie going without things. Money is terribly important.

But then there was Luther Wade, to whom I was secretly engaged. Luther just made a living and no more. How could I sacrifice Luther and my own life? Surely there must be some way out; some way that wouldn't break both our hearts. But how?

I forced myself to smile as I kissed Natalie. Then I rushed from the room before she could see the tears that were ready to come. It seemed that the only thing that would help me would be to call up Luther.

**N**OW Luther was just the sweetest thing in the world, very good-looking, with dark, rather untidy hair, and an out-of-door look about him. He vibrated that curious thing called "charm" or "It." He was a struggling caricaturist, always hoping one day to land a comic strip in the newspapers and mean-while making a rather precarious living by doing caricatures of prominent people.

"I haven't done a tap of work all day," he told me. "Just because you would come and disturb me!"

We were sitting in a quiet little restaurant that was a favorite of ours. A Russian orchestra was playing dreamily. Our table was in an alcove, so that we were more or less alone, and Luther sat openly adoring me. I didn't mind that a bit.

"I haven't been near your studio all day," I said, "and you know it."

"On the contrary, you have been between my eyes and my drawing-board continually, Miss Foster," Luther said. He managed to kiss my hand without the waiter seeing it. "How do you expect me to work when I see your adorable face all the time?"

I wanted to talk seriously, and give Luther some idea about what had happened, but he would not be serious.

"This place is torturing me," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because of my desire to kiss you, Miss Foster! Because you look so bewildering and altogether adorable, Miss Foster! And do you think, Miss Foster,

that I should cause any comment if I were to grab you across the table and kiss that curl by your left ear?"

"I'm afraid, Mr. Wade," I said, "that someone might think you the least bit unconventional. But to go back to what I was telling you before my curl annoyed you so much—"

"Annoyed me very much indeed, Miss Foster," he said.

I insisted on explaining to him about Arnold Doyle. I was about to take him into all my plans and tell him exactly what I hoped to do, when Luther made a mistake. He got very angry, and anger is catching.

"It isn't fair to me!" he said. "I mean, for you to flirt with this middle-aged millionaire."

"I haven't flirted with him yet!" I said. Luther did not heed that note of warning. He called me a worldly vamp and his tone irritated me and brought out all my worst side.

"I haven't said definitely that I am going to marry Arnold Doyle," I said, "but I am not going to be talked to in that tone by you, Luther, and if you distrust me and are jealous—well, we had better admit that we have made a mistake and

forget all about each other. I expected you to understand."

We argued the whole evening. I felt that Luther was unreasonable, and before he took me back to West Twelfth Street, there was an outward coldness between us, though I must admit that inwardly I loved him as much as I ever had and that secretly I respected his attitude.

**T**HE following morning Luther telephoned. He was going to Chicago on business connected with some drawings he was making for some advertising matter. His tone was still cold, and I was colder!

But when I hung up the receiver, my eyes were wet.

A few weeks later, on a hot Saturday afternoon, I was sitting on the terrace of Natalie's house overlooking the Sound.

"Don't look so worried, Natalie," I said. I knew what was going on in her mind. "What train does Arnold Doyle arrive on?"

"He is motoring out and said that he would be here early this afternoon," Natalie answered. "And he expects his answer, Marjorie. You can't make him wait any longer."

"He shall have his answer," I said. "I have firmly made up my mind to tell him that I don't care for him, but that if he wants to marry me, he can."

But I did not tell her of all the schemes I had in my head.

Natalie sighed. This was exactly the answer for which she had hoped, and yet she was not altogether pleased. She had to have money in large quantities, and she knew that would be taken care of forever once I had married Arnold. All the same, she had looked upon Arnold as her special property for many years, and it was not flattering to her vanity that the man who had wanted to marry her when she had been a young girl, should consider himself madly in love with her niece who didn't really appreciate him.

"I'm glad you are going to be sensible and practical," she said. "I should have expected, Marjorie, that a young girl like you would have a lot of sentimental objections. Thank heaven, you aren't in love with any young fool. That would have complicated matters."

**O**f course this was a mere bluff on Natalie's part. Poor darling. I knew that her heart was just aching for Arnold, and yet this was the only way out of her difficulty that she could see. I wondered what she would have thought if I had told her how much I cared for Luther!

"Yes, it is lucky, isn't it?" I replied. "I wonder how Arnold and I will make out! I think we oughtn't to rush anything, so I shall insist on a long engagement."

Suddenly Natalie got up and went into the house. I guessed that she was going up to her room, and I longed to run after her and comfort her, but if I did that I might spoil

Natalie to be unhappy for the time, if I could make things right for her later and I had worked out a plan that I was sure would make her happy eventually. I was still thinking these thoughts when Arnold Doyle drove up in an expensive car.

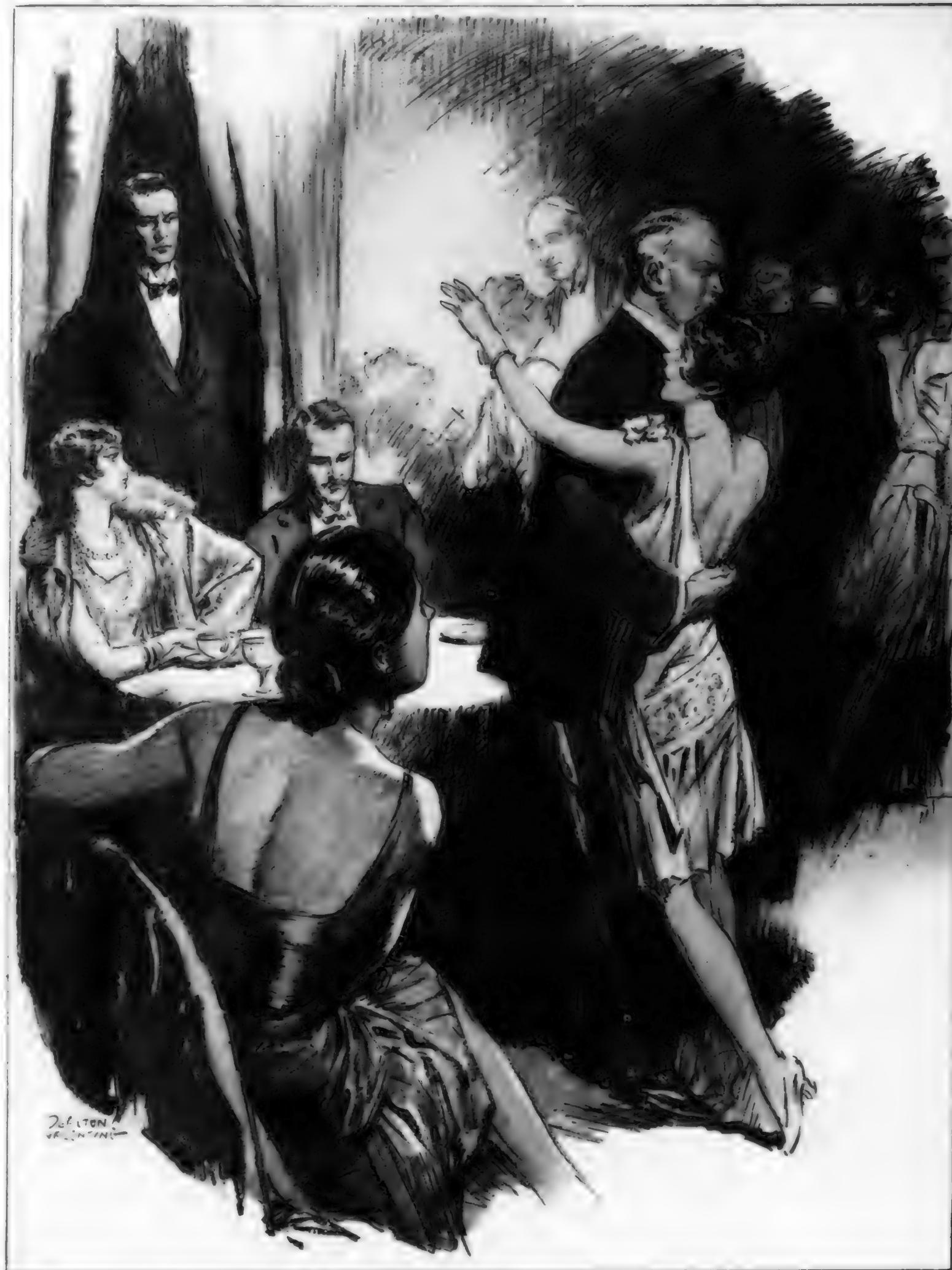
Arnold was distinctly forty-five. He was much too plump to please his doctor, and had that curious pink color peculiar to very rich men who eat three heavy meals a day and who do not have to worry about anything.

His clothes were really too youthfully cut for him. That afternoon he was in white flannels, and he was trying to look gay and young as he kissed my hand. He was not very tall, and was thickly set, with fair hair that had turned gray and was more than a little thin on the top. [Continued on page 127]



"Where's the chauffeur?" he growled. "I do hope, Arnold, you are not one of those men who want to be waited on all the time."

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On entering the ballroom, I held out my arms to Arnold and kept him dancing while he was secretly longing for an arm-chair. Suddenly I caught sight of Luther scowling and I knew he had guessed Arnold was the millionaire I was engaged to marry

# Mother May Know Best



THIS time I'm taking sides with papa and mama. It just happens to be Dotty's papa and mama. But what I have to say will, I believe, be of interest to a great many papas and mamas who have pretty, young, headstrong and marriageable daughters on their hands. What those same girls will think of it, I don't know. Your guess is as good as mine.

"I am in love with the sweetest man you ever saw," gushes Dotty, in a recent letter. "He's got beautiful brown eyes and beautiful wavy hair and the most gorgeous teeth, and he wears the swellest clothes. And oh, Martha, you should see him dance! He has such good manners, too. Always jumps to his feet the minute a lady enters the room, never fails to hold my coat for me or open the door. He's a perfect gentleman.

"Yes, there's a catch to it, and here it is. The family object. Eddie and I have known each other only about six months and he has asked me to marry him. When I told the family they threw a fit. Especially when I said we had our wedding date set for the first of March. At first they said flatly they wouldn't let me marry him, but when I reminded them that Eddie and I are both of age, I guess they realized it was hopeless to interfere.

OF COURSE, I believe a girl should show as much consideration and respect for her parents as she can, but when it comes to letting them pick her husband, I draw the line. It's Eddie's life and mine and what business is it of theirs?

"As far as I can see, their only objection to Eddie is that he has been married before, smokes a lot, and shares a bachelor apartment with another boy. And I guess they think he's too good looking to make a good husband. But I love him, and I know. You don't have to know a person for years and years before you know whether or not you love him. And isn't love the most important thing to think of when you're getting married?

"I'm not really asking for advice, Mrs. Madison, because I'm going to marry my Eddie if it's the last thing I do. I just thought maybe you could give me some good arguments

to put up the next time the family gets on my neck. Do you suppose you can? Your friend, Dotty."

You hope Dotty wins? You think she should be allowed to choose her own husband? You think long engagements are foolish? You believe Eddie and she are really, truly in love? You hope she marries him in spite of her family? Fine? So do I. IF—

From what you say, Dotty, this Eddie of yours sounds like the answer to the Maiden's Prayer. Gorgeous teeth. Beautiful hair. Soft brown eyes. A nifty dresser. A swell dancer. And a perfect gentleman. What more could a girl want?

What more? If there were such a thing as a husband market, Dotty, where a girl went and picked out her future husband for his physical beauty and his Terpsichorean agility and his Chesterfieldian manner—I'd say NOTHING!

BUT unfortunately there's a heap more to it than just that. There's such an awful lot of everyday living to be done—paying bills and having babies and getting sick and growing old and years and years to think of. And we lose our hair and our teeth fall out and if we have a run of hard luck our clothes get shabby and sometimes we're too dog-tired from the daily grind to remember our good manners. What's left to fall back on, then, Dotty?

But there now, you said quite bluntly that you weren't asking for advice, so I'm just going to ask you a few questions which I want you, in turn, to ask yourself. If the majority of your answers are what they should be you will have all the good arguments you need to lay before the family. And then I hope the very first thing you do will be to marry your Eddie. Not the last.

You mustn't get mad by the time you've reached my third question and throw SMART SET under the bed. And no matter how much you feel like it, you mustn't start calling me names. At least not until you've had time to cool off and think about it. Just try to remember that, personally it doesn't matter a whoop to me [Continued on page 97]



When the girl friend stands up  
on her toes, like this—  
Can you blame a man for try-  
ing to steal a kiss?



Guess her blow was pretty  
near!  
Knocked the caveman off his  
feet!



THE  
MAN

James Hall, Paramount



Is this how the picture ends?  
Are they going to part bad friends?



THE  
GIRL

Louise Brooks, Paramount

## Flirting Feet



No—the lady turns soft hearted.  
Says she's sorry that they parted



Then five reels of kisses tender.  
One foot lifted means "Surrender"



M-G-M.

Looks as if Louise Lorraine liked the idea of coming back to earth via a parachute. Anyway she landed on her feet!

## Fun from



Christie Comedies



Posed by  
Christie  
Comedies  
and  
Lina  
Marion,  
in their  
comics

MODERN ADAM:  
May I tempt you  
with an apple?  
MODERN EVE: Not  
unless you'll let me  
share the garden of  
Eden with you

If you should come  
upon Esther Ral-  
ston doing gym-  
nastics with her  
heels over her head  
wouldn't you fall  
head over heels in  
love with her?



Paramount

# the FILMS



M-G-M.

Jacqueline Gadsden seems to be getting a thrill out of the tricky cartoon on her bathing suit. Well, so are we!

M-G-M.



A kick improves most beverages but Sally O'Neil's "co-boss" isn't sure what effect it would have on a pail of milk

Christie Comedies



M-G-M.

Who can blame Billie Dooley for liking cocktails if he finds a sweet cherry like Helen Fairweather topping off every glass?

Gertrude Astor observes that when it comes to one more drink it often takes a weak minded woman to show a strong minded man how to take it or leave it alone



# Queens High

Vera Steadman has gone way up in the world and she evidently has no intention of coming down off her perch because she has her lunch and a dark lantern 'n' everything

Universal

Patsy Ruth Miller is all set to paint the town red. Well, Patsy, there's no fun like work!

Gwen Lee and John Mack Brown are finding it a real job to hold their present positions. If you don't believe it, try it!

M-G-M

# As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use  
Too Much Rouge"*



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal*.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world*. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

## Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word: for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to

**PRINCESS PAT**  
PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

**Wonderful New Color for Lips**  
Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

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This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance re-

sults from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

## Get This Week End Set —SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25¢ [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.



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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the  
Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print].....

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# This Funny World

As Seen by Aleck Smart



## A Flapper's Romance

*Take me at my word—  
Send me a postcard—  
Recollect all I said—  
Over and over.*



*O, it is painful,  
Summer is here—  
Here's a while it will—  
With I were dead—  
  
O, the world is a—  
Let and let there—  
Your name is a—O, thunder,  
Johnny or Phil?*

## This Is No Joke

You know you folks will have us off to jail. Then—*we* will chop off the limb. We asked you to write the best nice little letters to tell him how much you like his magazine. Did you do it? A few hundred of you did, but what's that out of so many? Now get busy. Take a post card and post card won't hurt any body—use it at a time. If just the boss is doing his best and his best is GOOD. Doubt it? Take a look at "The Secret Island." There's a thrill kind of startling romance in that story. Then there's "The Magic Key." Well, folks, they don't come any harder boiled than we are, but they sure put a kink in our throat. You get to do it, that's all. A post card on either of them and they wouldn't bust you—and maybe they would forget us for a while. Make it!

## Caught Him on the Run

"Where did you first meet your wife?" counsel asked the husband who was suing for divorce. "Meet her?" answered hubby. "I don't remember that I ever met her. She just sort of overtook me."

## More Poets Needed

*A portly old gent from the West,  
With butter and egg on his vest,  
Who looked about for me—  
And longed to be (—)*

Now poets, get busy. Give us that last line and be sure the last word of your line rhymes with vest. For the best line SMART SET will pay \$5 and \$1 for each of the next five best. Aleck Smart is judge and contest closes Nov. 30, 1927.

## First Turning to the Right

I have been reading Smart Set for two years and I just love to turn to the page that has those three words, "This Funny World."—MARGARET DECKENS, Galveston, Texas.

## It's a Gift

I have been a persistent reader of SMART SET for the past year and will be as long as I can buy it. Your funny page always gets my attention first. —CLYDE W. THOMPSON, Mission, Texa.

## No Sprouts on This Old Top

Now, old top, you can tell that blamed Editor that I think you sprout your carrots in grand shape all over your page.—MRS. RICHARD LEONARD, Silver City, N. M.

## Full and Overflowing

When you've finished a copy of Smart Set, and are waiting for the next, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling to know that the next copy will be brimming over with stories as good as the last one? —Katherine Jones, Greenville, N. C.

## Better Late Than Never

"I suppose," said grandma to the pale young man, "you have to stay up very late at college." "Well, yes, grandma," replied the p. y. m., "but," he added dreamily, "it's worth it."

## We Had 'Em Once

"Come on, sweetie," said the insistent girl, "let's do it again." "No, indeed," answered the dim-witted, "I've got teruples." "That's all right," was the quick reply, "I've had 'em twice."

## Come on Over and Make a Raise Here



A village in Spain is laying a tax on short skirts. The shorter the skirt the higher the tax. Skirts that reach to the ankles pay the least tax. Obviously the Spaniards think that a pretty girl should pay for the privilege of showing her legs. The tax hasn't lengthened the skirts. What a gold mine there'd be for our energetic government if it levied a tax of that sort in this country.

## Dumb But Honest

*The gink who lies here might have  
lived to be older,  
But "What's on your mind?" said  
his girl—and he told her.*

## Don't You Ever Tell

*Are you a baby  
are you a baby,  
Little Flapper?  
Are you sane or are you mad,  
Flapper dear?*



*All the world would like to know  
If you've any cuts to show . . .  
But we hasten to advise—  
That you never put them wise—*

## Rah! Rah! Rah!

The new version according to the Yale Record is: "Go see what baby's doing and tell her to stop mixing cocktails." . . . "Goodness only knows where Betty gets all her cute clothes," May says, according to the Tonie Kat, and Kate replies: "I bet goodness has nothing to do with it." . . . Colby White Mule thinks that the most economical girl it knows is the one who gave up her honeymoon so her husband could save for the alimony . . . The Virginia Reel pulls this one: "Did you fill your date last night?" And the answer is: "I hope so, she ate everything in sight." . . . According to the Missouri Outlaw the anxious mother asks: "Are his intentions honorable?" And the wise flapper answers: "I'm afraid so." . . . The Yale Record heard that when a co-ed was asked what course she was taking in college, she admitted: "The downward course, I'm afraid." . . . Any considerate motorist, according to Denison Flamingo, would give any woman half the road if he knew which half she wanted . . . My girl is so generous, declares the Lehigh Burr, that she gave me the powder off her face the last time I was out with her . . .

## Prize Winners

Did you know you could write poetry? SMART SET's limerick contests will reveal you to yourself. Take a try. Thousands of others have tried and—some have failed. Some succeeded. Mrs. Henry Le Febare, of New Orleans, headed the gang this month and got \$5 for "But his welcome was envied by none." The five one dollar winners are: Elizabeth King, Cincinnati, Ohio; Lucile D. Carr, Parkersburg, W. Va.; L. A. Wachlin, Sayville, N. Y.; Mrs. J. L. O'Connell, Washington, D. C.; Margaret Meyer, Bridgeport, Conn.

# You Can't Use Cold Cream Effectively

*Unless You Remove It Thoroughly*

NOW  
REDUCED  
IN PRICE

There are now one-third more 'Kerchiefs in the large package at 50c than formerly at 65c, a saving due to quantity production. Dealers now also have the new introductory 25c package for those who have not tried Kleenex

INTRODUCTORY  
PKG. (Generous Supply) . . 25c  
Big Box (230 Sheets) . . 50c  
*'Kerchiefs in Both Pkgs. 90 sq. inches*

PLEASE ACCEPT 7-DAY SUPPLY of this utterly NEW way to try. Costs less to use than soiling and laundering towels.

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up. That will correct oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. That will make your skin seem shades whiter instantly.

**I**F you are using towels, cloths or paper substitutes to remove cold cream, we urge you to accept the test offered below.

It is now known that the way you remove cold cream is far more important than the way you use it. Scores of skin disorders are traced now to wrong ways.

You must remove cold cream thoroughly; you must remove it completely from your skin. Old ways will not do it.

This new way does. Does what no other way has ever done. Removes all grease, grime and germ-laden matter from the pores. Skin specialists thus widely urge it.

The most prominent stars of stage and screen—almost without exception—employ it. Women are flocking to its use. Costs less to use than soiling towels—costs less than laundering them.

*Ends two beauty mistakes*

It ends the soiled towel method, judged dangerous to skin beauty. Too often you thus rub dirty cold cream back into the



skin. That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads. It is a prime cause of oily skin and nose conditions.

To use cold cream effectively, you must remove it all from the skin. Towels, cloths, paper substitutes, etc., won't do it.

It ends, too, the mistaken use of too harsh paper makeshifts; not sufficiently absorbent to cleanse thoroughly, too harsh for delicate skin fabric.

End those mistakes, and you'll note an amazing difference quickly in your skin.

Your make-up will hold hours longer than before. Your skin will lose its oily look. Your nose will seldom call for powder.

*Send coupon*

A few days' use will prove the results of the Kleenex 'Kerchief beyond all question or doubt. Mail the coupon. A full 7-day supply will be sent you.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer. In 2 size packages—  
Sheets 90 sq. inches  
Introductory . . 25c (Generous supply)  
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**KLEENEX**  
ABSORBENT  
**'KERCHIEFS**  
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary



83

## For COLDS

*Never Again Use Handkerchiefs*

*They Re-infect—Spread Germ Contagion*



**L**ARGELY on medical advice, thousands now use Kleenex 'Kerchiefs for colds. For thus one discards at once the excretions that spread—that re-infect as well.

Soiled, damp handkerchiefs are bad. They carry possible contagion—re-infection—with you. Remember this when you or your children have a cold.

Damp handkerchiefs, too, tend to chap and irritate the nostrils. Kleenex 'Kerchiefs are dry, fully absorbent and fresh every time you use them. Thus no chapping or skin irritation. You discard like paper. Next cold, try them.

## 7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO.,  
Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Big Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—as offered

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Bird of Paradise

[Continued from page 29]

exception here? Miss Somers is in the right and if she chooses to go to her counsel, and yours, there'll be the devil to pay. I suggest," Major Grimshaw went on, "that we don't talk about business until tomorrow. Let this be a festival. I invite Miss Helen Somers and you to a dinner at the Hotel Splendide. My remittance has arrived and I can do the thing in style. If you won't go, and you can't if you have sold your evening dress, perhaps Miss Somers will trust herself to me."

"She's a pretty poor judge of men if she does," cried Uncle Frank.

"I'd simply love to go," I said.

"You haven't any evening dresses," Uncle Frank said.

"On the contrary I have a duck of a dress by Moiret which I haven't even put on yet. Where did I get it? Naturally, out of the allowance you were kind enough to make."

"Got you there, old lad," Major Grimshaw said. "Rather neat, what?" He turned to me with a smile. "We shall have a delightful time, we two."

I HAD never been to a restaurant before. The only time I had seen men and women in evening dress was at Savernake Castle. The Splendide was a fine hotel and that meal was the most wonderful I had ever had. Major Grimshaw said I was the best dressed woman in the room.

I don't know what we had to eat or what wines there were. I remember Uncle Frank cautioning his friend as to the cost. Alan Grimshaw said he was launching a goddess on the world and that was no time to think of expense. I could see that the major was the sort of man I had met at Savernake Castle and I couldn't help wondering how he came to be so friendly with Uncle Frank who was always supposed to be the black sheep of the family.

Next day we moved from the third-rate Beau Sejour Hotel to the Hotel Splendide. The two men had looked over my wardrobe appraisingly. "I think we can do it, old radish," Alan Grimshaw had said when the inspection was over.

"What?" I asked.

"Demure and ravishing convent girls should not ask questions," the major answered. Then Uncle Frank asked me if I played tennis or golf.

"No," I answered, "that wasn't the sort of convent that taught games."

"Helen isn't the athletic type," the major said. "Her part is to be her quiet, fascinating unusual self with her long white hands and her maddening glances. We don't want father Sol playing the devil with that creamy white complexion."

"You don't want," I said. "What do you mean by that?"

"That's our secret," he said, "but your success is aimed at."

There followed a month of happiness. I danced. I dined. I went motoring through Normandy with all sorts of delightful people. I grew to see the importance of clothes. One day a girl I was talking to asked me when I was going to Paris or London for my autumn things. That question gave me a shock. What Joan had given me so generously were summer things. I had forgotten the autumn and the winter.

Major Grimshaw saw that I was troubled so I told him why. "I rather hoped that thought would force its way to your consciousness," he said. "You have the art, which can never be acquired, of making clothes grateful for being worn. They look their

best on your slim white body. You must always be well dressed."

"But how?" I asked.

"You don't suppose we moved into this extravagant hotel because Frank and I wanted to display your wardrobe, fair as it is?"

Uncle Frank interrupted him. I could see he was nervous. "Hold your horses," he said. "We moved here to give Helen a chance to see what high society was like."

Later, Uncle Frank warned me against Major Alan Grimshaw. "He's all right as my friend because I know men, but he's not safe for little girls to play with although he used to be an officer and a gentleman."

"What is he now?" I asked.

"A remittance man, which is a soft snap for him. I have to earn every cent I need."

"What do you do?" I asked.

"I'm a promoter," he said.

I learned a few weeks later that Uncle Frank and the major were two of the best poker players in Europe.

One of the poker games they arranged came off but the two best players in Europe lost everything they had. Uncle Frank forgot to shave next day and talked of suicide. The major was not a bit less jaunty than he always was.

"Don't keep talking of suicide, Frank, it will embarrass Helen so. I have determined to die."

"What'll I do then?" Uncle Frank asked anxiously.

The major addressed himself to me.

"Your uncle told you I was a black sheep and a scallywag, didn't he?"

"Gee, Alan," my uncle said, "I only did it to put her wise."

"Quite all right," said the major. "You don't offend me. I'd rather be a really black sheep than a half-black, half-white mongrel like you. Listen, my children, and I will describe my last moments."

He wrote out a telegram addressed to Sir Rupert Grimshaw, Bart.

"Regret to inform you Major Alan Grimshaw died today of heart failure during game of cards. Will you come over and take charge or shall I arrange matters? If the latter kindly wire expenses. I suggest five hundred pounds as there are many small debts to settle. Reverend Frank Powers, B. D., Chaplain, Harville, Normandy, France.

HE HANDED it to me to read. "I consider this a masterpiece," he said. "Rupert is my eldest brother. He hates me but he has a certain family feeling. If he comes over I shall say the whole thing is a hoax and touch him for my lost remittance. But the odds are he'll think God has done very handsomely by him in removing me and he'll send the cash."

"But I'm not a reverend or a B. D.," Uncle Frank objected.

"I know. I have ordained you because my brother will immediately think you are the English or American chaplain here. The degree of Bachelor of Divinity will soothe him. I know the way his mind works."

"When he finds it a fake you won't get another remittance. You'll be killing the goose that lays your golden eggs," Uncle Frank said.

"If my scheme works," said the major, "I shall depend not on geese but birds of paradise." He looked at me and bowed. "On five hundred pounds, which is probably more than Columbus had with him, we shall go to New York."

"What for?" I asked.

## Dream Moments

### "WISTERIA"

TWILIGHT . . . the day's work done . . . the room a soft blue dusk. Two . . . you and he . . . together . . . among the shadows. In the little Chinese Urn the slumberous glow of a tiny coal. Incense is burning. Silence . . . The slender smoke streams greyly upward . . . and then . . .

*Wisteria blossoms in a velvet darkness . . . faintly stirring at the breath of night . . . then . . . to him . . . to you . . . the dim sense of an old ecstasy . . . like the memory of a caress! . . . beside the tranquil Jade of a lily pool . . . strewn with the dust of stars.*

INCENSE summoned dreams, long centuries ago, to lovers in many a palace of the Orient. Its power is yours, to call the witchery of dreams around you at any moment you desire. Valentine's Temple Incense holds the old secret—and its nine delightful odors await you at any drug or department store.

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A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.  
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"Perhaps to call upon your young friend in the big, white steam yacht which sailed for Torquay yesterday. Look, Frank, the white cheek reddens."

I couldn't help blushing. Two days before Major Grimshaw had taken me out in a little motor boat he hired. He wouldn't take my uncle. He said he was bound on adventure and Uncle Frank's lack of social distinction might wreck it. I had no idea what he meant. We went in and out among the wonderful steam yachts and at last came to the biggest of them all.

SUDDENLY our little motor had died down and we stopped. We were under the stern of the big "White Heather" and the tide swung us around so a group of people on board saw us.

"I'm afraid I've fouled a mooring rope," the major called out. Looking down on us was the handsomest boy I had ever seen. He wore a blue reefer jacket and a yachting cap. He was tanned brown and had dark eyes and a very strong mouth and jaw. He didn't even look at the major. His eyes were simply glued on mine. He called to some men. Then he shouted to us.

"I'm sending some men to bring you off while they see what's wrong."

"Awfully good of you," the major shouted. Then he had turned to me and said.

"Hooked, fair Helen, securely gaffed! He won't even attempt to make a struggle."

"I don't understand," I said.

"You'd disappoint me if you did," he smiled.

We stayed to lunch on the yacht. The young man, I found out was the only son of the owner. He was Sefton Ferguson. The name meant absolutely nothing to me. I did not then know that his father, Robert Ferguson, was one of the richest men in the world and his mother a society leader. I just knew that I liked him more than anyone I had ever met. I could see that he was rather impressed by the major who chatted about all sorts of important people as if he knew them intimately. Perhaps, once, he had. Next day all three of us had dined on the "White Heather."

"You've got to be careful, Frank," the major told my uncle. "You can't swap families with this man Ferguson. He is absolutely it in your country. Make no pretenses with young Sefton Ferguson. He's keen as ginger. Talk as little as possible and eat carefully. Remember we are on trial!"

"What do you mean by saying we are on trial?" I asked.

"I mean that the high gods are giving us an opportunity. I have no instructions for you."

THE dinner was wonderful and after it we sat in deck chairs and looked at the lights of the Harville hotels. He had to go to Devonshire next day to get his parents who were then going back to America. He said he wished I would give him my address.

"No need," said the major who had strolled up unseen. "We shall probably be in the States within a month or so. Mr. Powers has to go over occasionally and see how his Texas ranch is being run."

Sefton reached down and took my hand in his. The major could not see it. "How wonderful," he said. "Promise to look me up, major."

"If I have time I certainly will."

Sefton kept begging him to promise, so at last the major did, but there was no eagerness in his voice.

I asked him when we got back to the hotel why he had acted as if he didn't want to know Sefton in his own country.

"My dear child," the major said, "if you knew how hard it was to refrain from letting out a whoop of joy when he asked me,



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Sincerely,

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"MAYBELLINE"—as though by magic, would make a wonderful difference in your attractiveness. Try it and see! Instantly, your lashes will appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant. And your eyes will become expressive deep shadowy pools of enchanting loveliness. Nothing else gives quite the same effect as "MAYBELLINE" because the formula of this wondrous beauty aid is secret.

Moreover, "MAYBELLINE" is perfectly harmless, having been used for many years by millions of beautiful women in all parts of the world. Obtain it in either the solid form or the waterproof liquid—Black or Brown—75c at all toilet goods counters.

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# Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier

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is the bloom of  
vigorous cleanliness

A CLEAR skin of natural rose and ivory is the evidence of healthful energetic cleanliness. No woman who is tired looks well, nor is there any need for anyone to stay tired—a soda bath is marvelously helpful in reviving that alluring look of vivid freshness.

To enjoy a refreshing and invigorating bath that will make you look and feel your best, dissolve half a pound to a pound of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda in a tub of water. Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is Bicarbonate of Soda of the highest test and purity, exceeding the U. S. P. standards, and a soda bath will bring you new life—get a package of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda at your grocer's today.

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you'd have as much admiration for my acting powers as I have myself. Considering I almost ruined my little motor boat for just this opportunity, you must admit that I have the right to be pleased."

So it wasn't an accident and Sefton was the fish he had hooked. I was sufficiently my mother's daughter to see that. Sefton hadn't actually made love to me but he said that all his life he had been waiting for his dream girl to appear and that at last she had come to him out of the sea. I was so thrilled I couldn't say a word, but he seemed to think I was used to talk like that. I remember he said, "I suppose hundreds of men have told you things like that."

"Men always try to be entertaining," I said.

"I wasn't," he said. "I was just telling you the truth which is quite a different thing."

It was because I was thinking of that I blushed when the major spoke of my friend who had sailed for Torquay. So I was to be the bird of paradise!

I began to feel angry and I said so.

"Helen," the major said very seriously. "We are not going to force you to do anything but follow the dictates of your own heart. You heard young Ferguson begging me to look him up. I promised reluctantly and as a man of my word I must do so. He will no doubt ask if he may see you. I shall have to refer him to your legal guardian. How about it, Frank?"

"You are not dead yet," Uncle Frank said. "Wait till I get the funeral expenses." He looked over the telegram. "There are a lot of words you can cut out. This reads more like a letter. It's just wasting money. Don't you realize that we are flat broke?"

"This is the sort of cable a reliable chaplain would send to a baronet. Nothing cheap or mean about it. Nothing to indicate that the sender is hard up and trying to economize. I won't cut out a single word. I know old Rupert like a book."

They send it off and waited eagerly for the money, which was wired immediately upon receipt of the news.

"Rupert always acts very quickly," the major said. "My second brother would have sent the wire to his lawyer and then there would be the devil to pay. Rupert will never forgive me and of course I won't get any more remittances."

"I told you you were a fool," Uncle Frank said.

"I was always a gambler," said the major, "and I'm going to play for a life of ease instead of one of semi-starvation. Don't crab! We'll put this over yet and earn the life long devotion of Helen and Sefton."

"You talk as if I were a pawn to be moved at your pleasure," I said.

"Not a pawn," the major said, "but a queen."

"I shall do as I please," I said.

"That's all we want you to," he answered.

WE LANDED in New York with plenty of money. Uncle Frank had a run of luck at auction bridge and the major had twice won the daily pool on the distance logged. I noticed I was never left alone. One of the two was always with me. I could see they were there to keep undesirables away. I didn't mind because not a man on board the huge liner was half as fascinating as Sefton Ferguson. Every day brought me nearer to him. I was never more surprised and delighted in my life than when I got a radiogram from Sefton welcoming me to America. Then I found that the major had sent him a wireless announcing our coming.

We hadn't been at the hotel an hour when Sefton was announced. He wanted to take me motoring to some celebrated restaurant on Long Island Sound. Major Grimshaw was not very anxious to let me go.

"My dear Sefton," he said. "Really I know very little about you. I admit you made a very favorable impression on us all in Europe, but we are all simple people a little overwhelmed by the tremendousness of New York." I could see Uncle Frank snicker at that one. As if the major had ever been simple! "I realize that a male chaperon would be a nuisance but if Helen goes with you, you must give me your word that you will be back no later than eleven."

"I certainly appreciate what you say, major," Sefton said, "and if most girls were brought up like Miss Helen, we men would have a whole lot more respect for them."

IT WAS the first time I had ever been motoring with a man alone. I had been warned by the Mother Superior that men were dreadful creatures and I ought to be very careful. I looked at Sefton's profile as he drove through the crowded streets. There was surely nothing to be frightened of. And his manner was almost too respectful. Major Grimshaw had certainly inspired him with the belief that I was a delicate flower, to be handled with care. He began to tell me about his parents and how ambitious they were for him.

"But I've always told them," he said, "that when I meet the girl I love I shall not care who her people are. Dad ran away with mother, you know."

"Mothers that run away hate to have their sons or daughters do so," I said.

"What a wordly-wise child you are," he said.

"When you got to Torquay you spoke to your mother about me and she was terribly alarmed."

He started. "Who could have told you that?" he demanded. "I told her and dad I had met the most fascinating girl in all the world. I realize mothers get frightened when their sons say anything like that but how did you know? I should have said you were a quiet, demure, home-loving girl."

"What did your father say?" I said.

"Dad leaves almost everything to mother. All he cares about is improving his golf now that he has retired from active affairs. Helen, have you ever been engaged?"

I glanced up at him and smiled a little. I was inexperienced but I had the natural coquetry of all women. I wouldn't tell him. I held out my hands. "There is no ring," I said.

"But that may be because you don't wear any jewels at all." Sefton did not know it was because I hadn't any. "You don't need jewels like other women to draw attention to your hands. They are the loveliest hands I ever saw. You haven't answered my question. Are you engaged?"

"What interest can you have in whether I'm engaged or not? I don't ask you."

"Because you know I'm not. What interest? Helen, I'm crazy about you and my people will be too. I want them to meet you tomorrow. Please, Helen, tell me. Is there any other man?"

"I'll tell you if you get me back to the Ritz exactly at eleven," I said.

I suppose every woman knows that her value and desirability increases if she is not too easily won. I was just as crazy about him as he was about me but I would not show it. We had a marvellous time and as I was walking through the hotel lobby the clock chimed eleven.

"I'm not engaged," I said.

I saw him stop suddenly and an anxious look came on his face. Walking toward us was a magnificently handsome woman dressed in my shade of blue, wearing a silk evening coat with border of ermine. She had violet eyes and long lashes. She was staring straight at me. Somebody once told me that red-headed women don't like one another, but her insolent look, contemptuous almost, made me suddenly furious.

"It's my mother, Helen," Sefton said.  
"You have not lost much time have you?"  
Mrs. Ferguson said to me. "I fear I have  
a singularly inflammable son. Sefton, I  
want you to come on with me to the  
Graeme Stuart's reception."

"Sorry, mother," he said, "but I'm other-  
wise engaged."

"I can very easily spare your inflammable  
son," I said.

"I've no doubt there are others," Mrs.  
Ferguson said. She bowed, ever so slightly  
and passed on.

"She's simply crazy about me," I said. "I  
thought she would be."

"The thing doesn't end here," he said.  
"Will you lunch with me tomorrow?"

"Telephone about eleven and I'll let you  
know. I've had a perfectly ripping time Mr.  
Ferguson."

I wouldn't let him come up in the eleva-  
tor. I left him there looking at me im-  
ploringly.

**A**LAN GRIMSHAW was most anxious  
to hear everything. I tried to be  
calm and cool but I didn't succeed very well.  
I felt I had lost Sefton forever. Major  
Grimshaw saw deeper than Uncle Frank.

"No," he said gently, "it isn't all over  
and love's young dream isn't blighted be-  
cause the great Mrs. Ferguson frowns upon  
you."

"I wish I had never seen him," I said. "It  
was your fault. I would rather be a nurse  
girl than lead this sort of life."

"Don't be silly," he answered, "we are  
looking out for your interests which most  
happily coincide with our own. You were  
not born to be poor and obscure. You  
need luxury and ever since I heard the  
family history of the Fergusons I selected  
Sefton. Sefton's grandfather was a bank  
clerk in London who ran off with a beauty  
who was betrothed to an Earl. She was as  
red-headed and violet-eyed as Sefton's  
mother and you. There's a mania in the  
dark Ferguson men for women of your  
coloring. I knew it directly Sefton looked at  
you."

"How dare you exploit me!" I cried.

Major Grimshaw smiled tolerantly. "My  
dear," he said, "I've paid a big price in order  
to know women as well as I do. If ever I  
saw love at first sight it was when you two  
met."

"If I hadn't liked him would you have  
tried to make me marry him all the same?"

"Yes," he admitted. "Your excellent  
uncle and I have been hard-up so long that  
we were desperate. Don't bear us malice  
on that account. It's a case of eat or be  
eaten and Frank and I are weary of being  
hungry. Don't frown, Helen! Remember I  
died for your fair sake. I don't expect  
you to reverence my character but I do want  
you to like me just a little bit. Be reason-  
able. Haven't I given you the best man  
in all the world? That's right. Smile.  
When you smile I could sell my soul to the  
devil for the chance of being Sefton's age."

"His mother will never let us meet," I  
said.

"Helen's right," Uncle Frank said. "Peo-  
ple with their millions can get detectives to  
look us up and then where would we be?"

"That takes time," the major said, "and  
this affair is to be taken in quick tempo.  
When are you seeing him again, Helen?"

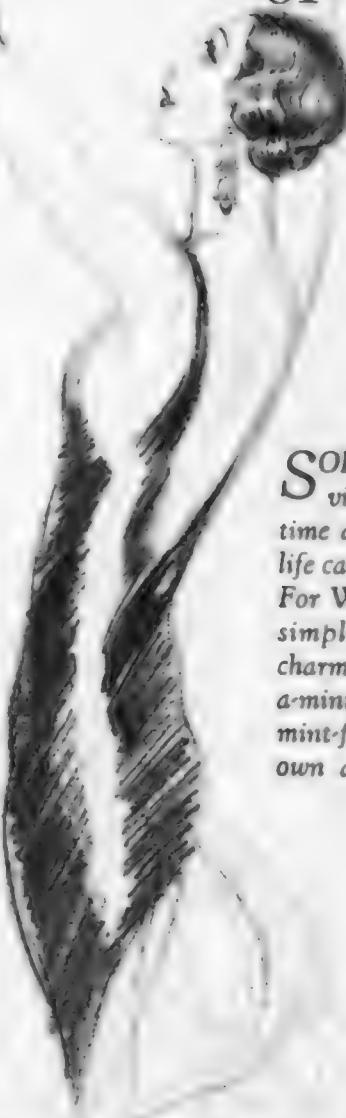
He looked pleased when I told him.

"I'll have a few words with him when he  
comes. I know the right tone to take."

I felt miserable. It seemed horrible to  
have to mix deception with what was the  
most lovely experience in my life.

**W**E HAD been at the Ritz ten days and  
we were about to move to a cheaper  
hotel when we were asked to dinner with  
the Fergusons. Sefton was terribly excited  
about it. He said it meant he had broken

# "Like a Rapier . . . or a Flame"



**S**OFTLY glowing, brightly in-  
vincible—even the rush of our  
time and space-devouring modern  
life cannot dim her tireless vitality.  
For Woman today has found a  
simple shortcut to the vibrant  
charm that is rightly hers. Feen-  
a-mint, apparently just a delicate,  
mint-flavored tablet. But read its  
own amazingly interesting story.

**A** COOL, mint-flavored tablet—appar-  
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you chew it for two or three minutes at  
bedtime, until the flavor is gone.

That is all. Yet notice how you feel  
next morning!

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gone. And gone with no violent "flush-  
ing" of the system—with no injury to  
the digestion—with none of the un-  
pleasant after-effects that ordinary laxa-  
tives may have for you.

This is Feen-a-mint—the answer  
of modern science to our com-  
monest physical problem.

Each tablet of Feen-a-  
mint consists of phe-  
nolphthalein (the

tasteless compound which is the "active  
principle") combined with a delicious  
mint chewing gum. This makes possible  
the advantage which experts have long  
striven for: thorough mixing of a laxative  
with the mouth fluids which aid digestion  
before it reaches the stomach.

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as serenely, scientifically efficient as a  
white-capped trained nurse—as modern  
as the day after tomorrow. Try Feen-a-  
mint tonight yourself. Your favorite  
druggist has it! Health Products

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in 30 days**

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I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

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down all his parents' objections to me.

The major didn't agree. He said red-haired women didn't give way like that. She had a trick up her sleeve and was going to play it then. He coached Uncle Frank and me in what we were to say and do. I was simply to tell the plain truth about myself. Uncle Frank was to do exactly the reverse.

The International Polo Match was to be played in the afternoon at Meadowbrook and we were to be the Fergusons' guests for that and the big dinner afterwards. Some of the players would be there, English cavalry officers and diplomats from Washington. The Ferguson place was at Old Westbury not far from Meadowbrook.

I sat in a box and watched the polo. I had seen it played in England so I was not a novice exactly. Sefton was at my side and I don't think we gave the game much attention.

Uncle Frank had said that we were walking into a trap when we accepted the invitation. He looked dismal and unhappy but the major was in his element. He was an old polo player.

Mrs. Ferguson had bowed to me at the same but it was not until after dinner that she said to me in a low voice:

"Of course you realize that we shall not allow Sefton to marry you. To put it baldly we regard all three of you as adventurers. I'd much rather not have a fuss here."

"I haven't any idea what you are talking about," I said.

"Then I'll explain. I want Sefton to marry a girl in his own set if possible. We shan't object if she is poor but we will not let him marry an adventuress. A girl as lovely as you must have met a great many men and must know a lot about the world."

I smiled. I would not lose my temper.

"Mother Superior or Sister Teresa would be amused to hear that."

"My dear," she said, "don't try that sort of talk with me. You may have been hired by those precious relatives of yours from a theatrical agency to make money for them by entrapping rich men, but you are not a convent girl. You are too demure, too quiet and well-bred to be the real article. My lawyer will be here soon. He will ask you how much you want. You are probably thinking you'd rather have Sefton but it simply can't be done."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because I shall expose you. This Major Grimshaw, for example: I find he was a private when the war began and ended as a sergeant-major in the Canadian Forces. And your uncle. His career had not been good, has it?"

Mrs. Ferguson smiled triumphantly.

"You wonder how I got to know this in a week? I didn't. When Sefton met us with the yacht in Torquay I knew he was desperately in love at last. I wasn't at all satisfied with his account of you. I have met so many such trios as yours. I thought you would probably come over to New York and started an investigation at once. Talk it over with your friends," she said, and stopped abruptly as her son came over to us.

"Some of the people are delayed by a motor breakdown," Sefton said. "They were coming up from Washington for the polo! Major Grimshaw may know some of them. One is secretary of the British Embassy and the other the Military attaché."

"I am quite sure the sergeant-major will

be delighted to meet Captain Dalrymple," Mrs. Ferguson said. "Sefton, I can promise you some delightful surprises presently."

"Sergeant-major?" Sefton said. "What do you mean?"

"My poor innocent boy," Mrs. Ferguson mocked. "Are you so blind as not to see you are being made the dupe of professional adventurers?"

Sefton's jaw set and his face was grim.

"Even you must not talk like that," he said. "If Miss Somers will have me, I want to make her my wife."

"Knowing she is a professional fascinator of rich men?"

He smiled and looked down at me. There was perfect trust in his eyes.

"Ah, but she isn't."

"If I could prove it would you still be fool enough to marry her?" Mrs. Ferguson was almost nervous. "Come, Sefton, if I could prove she wasn't what you thought would you still humiliate yourself and me?"

"If you could prove that, no."

The change in Mrs. Ferguson was remarkable. Her nervousness had gone. I could see she felt she had triumphed. She knew her son.

Just then the butler announced some newcomers. "Viscount Forestdean, Captain Dalrymple."

THEN amazing things began to happen. Viscount Forestdean of the British Diplomatic Service was Joan's brother, Hugh, who used to quote Greek to me when I stayed in his father's house.

He looked at me as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

"Helen," he said, "what gorgeous luck to find you here. And you are looking lovelier than ever."

Sefton slipped his arm into mine. Hugh looked at him, then he looked down at me and I blushed.

"So you're the lucky dog, Sefton," he said. "Treat her well or my self and my seven stout brothers who are all vowed to her service will make life a torment to you."

You never saw such a change in a woman as in Mrs. Ferguson. A moment before she had been regarding me as a sort of black-mailer and now she found I knew a Viscount and his family and that they were apparently fond of me. I saw her draw Lord Forestdean aside. I knew she was pumping him of all the information she could get.

Meanwhile Captain Dalrymple and Major Grimshaw had been introduced.

"I was a subaltern in the King's Dragoon Guards when your father commanded the regiment," said the major.

"Are you by any chance the Alan Grimshaw who used to ride over the sticks?" There was respect in his voice. Evidently the major had been a great rider.

But I was wanting to hear what Hugh was saying. It was while I was straining my ears that Joan burst on the scene. She had eyes only for me. "My precious, lovely Helen," she said, "how marvellous to find you here! You must come back to Washington and stay with Hughie and me. I'm keeping house for him."

When Mrs. Ferguson joined us Lady Joan said:

"So you know my dearest friend?"

"Not as well as I expect to," said Sefton's mother, "You see she is going to marry my boy."

WAS the course of your life ever changed by seemingly trivial things—the fact that the weather was bitterly cold or that you walked down one side of the street rather than the other? If it wasn't, let me tell you in January SMART SET how "A Fleeting Moment of Glory" made me want to climb heights I had never dreamed of—and how a headline in a newspaper sent me right about face down hill again

# Are You Your Wife's Keeper?

[Continued from page 31]

arrant hypocrite, an entirely different being than he pretended to be when he was wooing her.

Consider the fact that the average girl loves and respects the man she is going to marry above all other men or she would not join her life to his. As long as he holds her love and confidence her interest in him is not going to waver.

**A**CERTAIN young husband was suing his wife for divorce. It was a solution of their marital difficulties to which the wife did not object, except that she did not relish having the entire blame placed on her.

He had explained that their trouble was due to her frivolous nature. She had neglected him and their home, he said, running around to theaters and public dance places without him. He complained that she had various unworthy men as escorts, paying no heed whatever to his objections. In fact, he said, his reproofs only caused her to fight back at him, and say it was all his fault.

"It is all his fault," asserted the wife. "His fault from beginning to end."

In proof of this she explained in detail how they had first met at a public dance hall where she was engaged evenings as a hostess. She had told him that she did not do this to earn money, but because she loved the music, the life, the dancing. And he had pretended then to like the same things. He had presented himself there almost every evening, dancing with her constantly so that the other male patrons couldn't. Other evenings he had taken her to shows and various places of lively entertainment.

"But just as soon as we were married," she said, "he wanted to settle down. He said married people had no right to run around to dances and the like. He took a correspondence course in accounting and expected me to stay home with him every evening and discuss bookkeeping and how successful he was going to be in the future.

"I stood it as long as I could. I offered to stay home every other night if he would take me out alternate evenings. He refused and said I was frivolous. So I got some of my old boy friends to take me around. When he went too far with his accusations, I just naturally had to fight back. There's a limit to what a woman has to take even from her own husband. I never was unfaithful, Your Honor, though I've done silly things. But to tell the truth there have been times when I was so sore at him for his meanness that I felt like doing anything just to get square!"

Here was a very usual case, usual from every point of view, and from the woman's mental attitude, because there are wives beyond number who first betray their husbands because they "want to get square." These are the wives long smouldering with discontent, who, lashed to sudden rage by some special injustice, see in infidelity a fit punishment because it will strike most heavily at his ego.

This pair were mismates. Incompatibility was at the bottom of their troubles, as it is at the bottom of most marital troubles. Disaster had come for the reason it comes to most mismates. The husband had refused to compromise, as many husbands seem prone to do. Although he had married a girl unsuited to him in every respect, his opposite in every inclination, desire and idea, he had expected her to do all the yielding, demanded that she sink her personality beneath his.

It is strange that such men do not realize that they are thus hurling a challenge in the

face of human nature. Clearly when the tastes of a young married pair are widely different and they cannot come to a compromise they are going to drift apart.

And seeking outside interests a young wife is pretty certain to discover that temptation presses close on the heels of the wife estranged from her husband, temptation made acutely dangerous by reason of her pent up resentment at the marital failure. Fate has dealt her.

That strange phenomenon, the attraction of opposites, has a lot to answer for. It is on the one hand a lash to emotion, on the other, a blindfold which hides from infatuated lovers their incompatible characteristics.

The chief responsibility is usually that of the man in the end as it is in the beginning. I do not mean that he is blameworthy because he takes the initiative, seeking out the girl, catering to her whims, putting his own opinions aside for the time being. One expects a lover to try and put his best foot forward. The trouble is that once the man who does this is safely married, he undergoes a sudden metamorphosis. Yielding no longer enters into his scheme of living. He has "caught the car."

Back of it all is an inherent ego that seems to afflict many men, an ego probably rooted in the age-old idea of male superiority. It is an ego supplemented by a childlike faith in certain marital traditions for which long established social customs are responsible. This finds expression in the idea held by so many men that the marriage ceremony is a sort of magic charm that guarantees a wife's loyalty and absolutely blinds her to the attractions of other men.

The young benedict knows, of course, that some wives deceive their husbands but such a thing could never happen to him. Did he not prevail over all of his rivals? Did not his wife assure him that but one man like him had ever been created? Of course that's nonsense but she thinks it! At least he is irresistible as far as she is concerned. His romantic victory proved it. Naturally, she may kick up a row now and then if he does things to displease her; but that's as far as it could possibly go. In his mind marriage spells finality for a wife, and nothing he might do could possibly be construed by her as a reason for disloyalty.

If this husband has happened upon an old-fashioned girl imbued with conventional ideas things may work out as he thinks. But if the girl is distinctly up-to-date, convinced of the entire equality of the sexes, then they are headed for the divorce court unless he watches his step.

**A**ND in between these two women is another sort of woman, the wife balanced on the horns of a dilemma. Although she is utterly dissatisfied with her marital bargain, she does not rebel openly. Within her is a constant struggle between the desire for liberty and the instinctive submission to tradition. She yearns for self-expression and the finer things she expected of marriage, yet she submits to virtual slavery rather than undergo constant warfare.

This is the wife who plays the middle course. Outwardly she yields to suppression, inwardly she is a seething malcontent, ready and waiting for a strong enough temptation to topple over her restraint.

The average man who comes into court accusing his wife of infidelity seems surprised that such a thing could happen to him. When we dig into the facts it usually becomes apparent that it would have been much more surprising if it had not hap-



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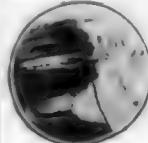
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pened sooner or later, the stage being set.

Many of these are what the world calls good husbands. They have been good providers, home loving men, often church members and seldom among them is one against whom a counter charge of adultery might justly be brought. Naturally the sympathy of the world is all with them. Yet, if the world but knew, they are partly to blame in spite of their righteousness, or perhaps because of their righteousness.

One such husband comes to mind. Not because he was unusual, because by all the earmarks he might have been struck from the same mould with droves of others. He was a consciously good husband. He was able to recite in detail all of his merits, so outstanding that it seemed incredible that any sane woman could willingly have parted with him.

He told of the struggle he had made to buy a good home and of the expensive furniture with which he had filled it. He dwelt on the generous allowance he made for household expenses, and in particular on the plentiful pin money he had allowed his wife. He described the expensive clothing he had bought for her and in spite of all this, he explained, she had listened to the empty flattery of a worthless man, one he had thought was a friend of his.

"I can't understand it. Your Honor," he concluded. "I gave her everything in the world."

The young wife who had been biting her lips nervously, could restrain herself no longer.

"Oh yes," she said, "he gave me everything in the world but appreciation.

"Judge," she said, "the things he's been telling you to prove how perfect he is I've had to listen to every time he disapproved of something I did, and that was all the time. Nothing I did was ever right. Even when I went out of my way to do something to please him and happened to hit it right, he took it as a matter of course.

"I was nothing but a housekeeper and he thought he was paying me with the things he bought. He really didn't spend the money on my account. He dressed me well for his own pride's sake, and he spent money on the house for his own selfish comfort. I don't owe him anything, not even fidelity.

"Judge, when a wife doesn't get a little appreciation at home you can't blame her if she goes outside and listens to someone who does appreciate her!"

THE world is filled with such husbands, blind to their own remissions, not legally responsible for the dereliction of their wives but nevertheless morally to blame. To blame not simply because of the aggravating things they do, nor yet because of the things they leave undone, but because they fail to understand that marriage carries with it a responsibility that reaches beyond measurable horizons and is not to be balanced by material payments.

Men of this sort never beat their wives with their fists; they flay them with recriminations and petty criticisms. They do not deny them adequate physical support but they starve their souls and affections. They are not disloyal physically but they flaunt their mental disloyalty by constantly contrasting their wives unfavorably with other women.

And what makes the situation more unbearable to a suffering wife is that in the eyes of the world the husband is always in the right and she is always in the wrong.

A wife will often stand neglect, ill treatment and abuse from a drunken husband, if during his decent moments he can convince her that she is still the one woman in the world for him, and that he truly appreciates her in spite of his lapses.

Appreciation is the food that keeps wed-

lock nourished. And sometimes appreciation for mythical qualities is more satisfying to a wife than appreciation of qualities that are actual. It makes a wife feel better to be assured that she is as pretty and fascinating as ever than it does to be told she is a good cook. The flattery is balm to her hungry soul because it radiates her man's state of mind. It shows her that in spite of all his shortcomings at least she is still enshrined in his heart as the queen of all women.

It is by appreciation, real or feigned, that the outside man wins his way into the favor of a wavering wife, especially the wife who has been starving for appreciation. Flattery is the open sesame to her imagination. His appreciation of her makes her appreciate him. Reciprocity is the secret of durable love, the one thing that always makes for lasting happiness in marriage.

It is strange how sometimes a sudden flash of rebellion will lay bare a woman's soul in a way that no lengthy analysis could ever do.

A HUSBAND I have in mind had concluded his whining tirade against his wife by saying, "Well, Judge, you can figure what kind of a woman she is to be untrue to the man she married."

She exploded like a bomb.

"The man I married!" she snapped. "Why you poor imitation of a man, you! Judge, he's not my husband! I didn't marry the poor thing he is. I married the man he pretended to be. So he's really not my husband. I promised to love, honor and obey a gentleman, a man who was kind, and sympathetic and honorable. And this man has been everything but that. He's a liar, a sneak, a chronic fault-finder, and too stingy to buy me proper food and clothes—a man who constantly sneers at me and my people and my religion!

"He married me under false pretenses. He said he'd always love and cherish me, and within two years I found there was another woman, a dozen other women. How would it be possible for me to be untrue to such a man? Is my promise more binding than his?"

In this case an unfaithful wife excused herself on the score of justifiable retaliation. And yet I do not think that was the real cause with her, at least not the whole cause. Nor is it the cause with the many other women who think it is.

The idea of retaliation is really only the final straw to influence a wife whose loyalty has already been worn threadbare by other abuses. As her mind becomes more receptive, her resistance is being weakened. Perhaps she is wavering, still holding the tempter at arms length. Faithfulness in wedlock depends upon the state of the soul, the mind, and the spirit. Until they are finally won over there will be no surrender. When such a wife discovers that her husband has taken his vows lightly, bringing marital loyalty into contempt with her, this final barrier of her resistance is swept away.

The old saying that "all is fair in love and war," certainly isn't in tune with modern conditions, so far as love is concerned. The false pretenses of courtship, for example, may seem fair to an infatuated swain, who little knows that he may be trifling with his entire marital future. The ordinary masquerade, which is only to make a good impression and does not concern important matters, is not dangerous. But when such pretenses are to conceal serious defects of character, which the pretender knows the other would never overlook, then he is guilty of an out and out betrayal of trust. And later on he will pay, because in the face of deep rooted incompatibility there is never any lasting compromise. In the case of a wife thus defrauded, physical infidelity is usually but the last act of a domestic drama

that has already been unfolded to the point where infidelity is the only logical conclusion.

"She cheated me from the day we were married," declared an embittered husband.

"And he cheated me before we were married!" cried the wife. "That's what is at the bottom of it all."

Then her story. There had been another suitor, a rival of this man she had married. And she favored him. And the man now her husband, unable to win her by fair tactics, had lied about the favored suitor, and finally to play upon her intense jealousy, had plotted to make it appear that the other chap was disloyal to her, that he was actually engaged to another girl. In her fury she had been gullible and under his urging she had entered into a hasty marriage.

Within a month she knew she had been cheated. Her natural resentment, instead of causing him to apply soothing tactics, angered him. She was married now, he contended, and if she was the right sort that would be the end of it. Of course this pair had drifted apart rapidly. And as his ardor diminished, jealous impatience took its place. He began to rail at her, to charge that she still cared for the other man, and finally as she began to fight back, he began to taunt her and tell her he was sick of her and that whenever she wished to do so she was welcome to go to this man she loved so much.

And that was what she had done. She had done it openly, making no pretense that she cared a rap what her husband might think. Divorce would be welcomed because it would enable her to marry the man she really loved.

And the husband, who could see no wrong in what he had done, was consumed with jealous rage. He was willing to set her free through divorce only because it would publicly disgrace and humiliate her and her respectable parents.

Men of this sort always think their jealousy is due to frustrated love, when actually it is due only to frustrated ego. They realize they have overreached themselves by their own cunning. Their sense of importance and dignity is endangered. They always think that their intense jealousy is a proof of their love. And it is, proof of love of self.

Because most wives eventually come to realize this they discount the jealousy of their husbands as proof of continued regard. They know the real concern is not for their spiritual morality and future happiness. Such a man's actions prove to his wife that his real thought is not to protect her honor for her benefit but only for his own. He is like the Turk guarding his harem, actuated only by a monopolistic purpose, not caring about her lapses from morality provided they are for his exclusive entertainment.

Apropos of this there was a certain husband who declared as proof of his wife's unworthiness, that she was in the habit of telling and listening to off-color stories.

A little digging disclosed that most of the stories she told she had learned from him. He told them to her in private and she told them in public when strange men were present. When they were first married she had objected to this practice and he had jeered at her. She was a married woman now, he said, and she mustn't be a prude. It was all right when he was around. Having thus undermined her modesty for his personal amusement, he held it as a griev-

ance that her modesty didn't remain intact for the world in general.

The husband who does this sort of thing isn't to be reasoned with. Those things are all right, he'll argue, provided she's with her husband. He doesn't seem to realize that he may be paving the road to his own betrayal.

Society is often amazed by the wife who deserts an "ideal" husband, a man prosperous, ambitious and good-looking, for a man his opposite, ugly perhaps, insignificant, poor. The explanation? The normal woman's insatiable hunger for romance.

"I cannot understand," said one husband, "why she should sacrifice everything for this other man. She was always so cold and unresponsive."

But she had not changed in this respect. As the evidence brought out she was just as unresponsive as she always had been.

Her hunger for romance and appreciation was at the bottom of it all. Her husband, too obsessed with his practical affairs, derided sentiment as ridiculous for "old married folk," and always repulsed her demonstrations of affection. The other man welcomed them. He stood for romance in her hungry soul. His adoration kept her upon the pinnacle she had attained in her early courtship and from which she had been toppled by her practical husband.

Few men, I believe, can ever hope to understand how big is the part that romance plays in the mind of the average woman. It is part of her very fiber. Instinct is its foundation and all her training places stress on this phase of existence. She acquires a romantic viewpoint with her first dolls and is still swayed by it when she enters so enthusiastically into the family plans which forward the marital arrangements of her grandchildren.

I do not mean to imply that every man is or should be his wife's keeper. That would be going entirely too far. One might as well suggest that every wife is responsible for her husband's conduct or that woman's moral fiber is inferior to man's.

But this much is certain, that, so far as it lies within his power, every husband is just as responsible for the spiritual and mental support of his wife as for her physical maintenance. It is so not only where he is aware of a weak character streak in his wife; it applies equally where divergent tastes, ideas, inclinations are driving them along different paths, each seeking diversion apart from the other.

I AM far from suggesting that a man should watch his wife, spy upon her, coddle her. But he should stand by her side, her protector before the world, ready to reassure her and sustain her when temptations press, a rod to lean upon whenever her steps seem to falter and she is about to stray from the path. And the vital essence of spiritual and mental support is understanding plus sympathy and tolerance.

So long as a wife finds romance and appreciation in her own home, even though there be differences, there is little likelihood that she will ever go outside in search of them. The husband who realizes this and spares no effort to convince his wife that he continues to love and appreciate her is not likely to discover that his wife is untrue. And if, in spite of his effort she strays afield, at least he is spared the added bitterness of knowing that he is as much to blame as she.

DO YOU think nobody loves a fat lady? Well, I thought so too once! And why not? Even my own husband, who had married me when I was sylph-like, no longer loved me. I tried every means of reducing I ever heard of but it was useless. And then I discovered how to get a lot of fun out of being a fat lady. I'll tell you the secret in January SMART SET

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# Crucible of Youth

(Continued from page 44)

columns at the main entrance to the building.

Zollinger lived some five blocks from school in the same direction as Paul's home. The place turned out to be a flat over a hardware store. He unlocked the door at the top of the steep steps with a key from his pocket and showed Paul into a low-ceilinged kitchen and dining room combined.

"Your folks home?" asked Paul.

Joe did not answer at once. He had picked up a bottle of milk which had been standing on the door sill. He carried it over to a battered ice-chest.

"My aunt is all the folks I've got," he said presently. "She works down at Germheim's department store." He gave Paul a queer, confiding glance. "My old woman skipped out when I was still a little brat, and my old man, they never did find him! He sure musta been a tough bat, all right. Anyway, me and Carrie hit if off O. K."

Paul hardly knew what to say or think so he did neither. He was getting quite used to these cross-sections of matrimonial deformities with which the confidential talks around the high school so depressingly abounded.

After pulling a card table and two chairs over toward a window, they sat down to work.

The two boys wrote laboriously as they wrested the plot from the Idyll. They argued; they left parts out; they made observations on the behavior of the characters so extremely high-schoolish as to be downright outrageous when applied to the high beauty of the poem.

During a lull in their collaboration, Paul's eyes fell upon the inside cover of Joe's English book. The name inscribed thereon was certainly not Joe Zollinger.

"Whose book?" asked Paul, with careful lightness.

The other boy hardly looked up: "Oh, I don't know. Somebody hooked mine, so I hooked somebody else's. Do unto others as they do unto you—that's my motto. I snaked it outa a locker down on the ground floor in noon period yesterday. Wasn't a very good lock on the locker, anyway."

Paul sucked in his lip slightly, then released it and frowned thoughtfully to himself. Why heck, after all, it was just kinda like trading—somebody took yours first—nothing 'specially wrong about it.

**AT FIVE-THIRTY** that afternoon Carrie dragged herself up the steep stairs and into the flat. She was a washed-out blonde presumably in her thirties, and of the type who make their supper dates across the gents' glove counter. Paul gathered up his papers, made a graceful exit and hurried home to get ready for his date with Verta.

His mother and father were at the table eating when he entered. He went directly to his place without a word or glance.

"Where have you been?" they wanted to know indifferently.

"I've been over at Joe Zollinger's gettin' school work!" His voice rang loud and clear. He felt exceedingly truthful and virtuous, and swept his parents with a large superior look before which they almost cringed. "I'm goin' back to his house this evening and finish it," he added.

While he was washing furiously his father passed before the open door of the bathroom and looking in, ventured, "Seems to me you're doing a lot of slicking up just to—"

"Well, you wouldn't want to have your son go dirty into another home, wouldja now? Wouldja?" Paul gave him a fierce look somewhat dimmed by stringing hair

and lather and then went on sprucing up.

Mr. Benton opened and closed his mouth twice, made a helpless gesture and passed on.

As he stepped from the street car to the lamp-blotted blackness of lower Vance Street, Paul began to feel as though he might be stooping a little. But then, heck—

**T**HE figure of a girl glided out from under a street light. It was Verta. She greeted him softly. "Hello, Paul."

"Why, hello! What—what—?" A hundred vague conjectures and several vaguer suspicions leaped into his mind as he recognized her.

"I thought maybe you wouldn't, oh—be able to find my address," she faltered, "so I thought I'd better meet you here." She came very close to him and did not look up.

"Yeah?" doubted Paul queerly, but her magic was instantly at work. It was dark along the squalid street. He put his arms about her shoulders and she slipped hers about his waist. In the dark spots—and there were quite a number of them—he kissed her.

"Where are we going?" she asked presently.

Paul came to his senses with a start. "Show, I guess, huh?"

"Oh, anything's all right with me."

They boarded a street car and went down town to one of the lesser motion picture houses. Paul chose seats towards the rear against the wall.

Some theaters frown on public demonstrations of affection, others are not so particular. Whenever Paul found himself growing interested in the picture he hastily turned back to Verta, and whenever he completely lost track of the events on the screen he would relinquish her for a few minutes. He made a fairly good job of dividing his time.

They had come late and consequently stayed over to "see" the first part of the picture. When familiar scenes began to flicker past, Paul waited for Verta to make some move towards leaving. She didn't.

They cuddled down through the entire second showing of the movie and this time Paul did not look once at the screen.

They rode back on a brilliantly lighted street car full of Vance Street scums and rough-necks. At the same lamp-blotted dark corner Verta's feet began to lag, but Paul was just sleepy enough to be a little cross. He insisted on seeing her all the way home.

"Oh—well," she said, and looked resigned.

Single file they ascended a shaky wooden stairway loosely tacked against a long frame tenement house. At the fourth floor Verta turned into a rat-hole of a hall. Paul followed. A door stood open. The place reeked of garlic. Someone was sleeping on a mat in the middle of a nearby room.

"Good night," murmured the girl. She stood among her squalid surroundings as a night-blooming water lily rides ghost-like on the surface of a stagnant pool.

Paul kissed her briefly and hurriedly descended the wobbly stairs to the sidewalk. He slumped in his seat on the street car, legs straight out in the aisle, hands in pockets, chin on the chest, jouncing terrifically as the motorman hurled the empty car over the uneven tracks with the headlong abandon of late hours and deserted streets.

He twisted; he agonized; he almost wept.

Ok, if he ONLY had a machine!

The young ex-service man who taught Paul's algebra class explained the bewildering subject so clearly and emphatically that a responsive person could hardly help ab-

sorbing it. At the beginning of the year Paul had quickly discovered there was no bluffing this particular teacher. Consequently, he had buckled down to work and really paid attention in class. After a month or so of it he suddenly "got the drift"—that is, began to understand the basic principles underlying algebra.

When a normal boy begins to master anything with which he has wrestled unsuccessfully for some time, his usual reaction is to pitch in and take his spite out on it. This was precisely what Paul did with his algebra. He began to get all his equations every day, and to get them correctly. His hand now went up voluntarily in class whenever a question was asked.

The mental gymnastics were good for him. The Palace-Fritzie-Strader glitter went out of his eyes and a keenly-intelligent sparkle came in as he stood at the black-board and recited off great strings of letters and figures.

Sergeant Fixly pointed Paul out with the remaining two joints of his right forefinger. "There," he declared, "is the only fellow in this class who had enough gray matter to work out that fourteenth equation on Page 158. All the rest of you master-minds either left it blank or messed it up horribly."

The class tittered drily. Paul blushed and wiggled. The boy behind him reached forward and patted him mockingly on the shoulder. Someone hissed: "Speech, speech!"

Then Paul saw his mistake. He realized that no Collegiate sheik dare be a star student in anything.

So Paul ceased to dazzle the ninth period algebra class as their star, relinquishing his place to one of those little foreign girls who always get A-plus in everything and go to work immediately upon graduation in a department store.

But still he took pains with his written work. He sat in the study hall one third period rapidly working out a page of equations. The pretty silver pencil which he had found lying in the hall skipped nimbly back and forth as it set down the angular hieroglyphics with a surprisingly artistic neatness. He slouched comfortably in his seat, his left elbow resting on the desk and his palm piloting his tilted jaw.

The hand with which he wrote was extended completely across the desk to a pad of ruled white paper. His algebra book was opened and propped up at a slight angle on the low front of his desk. Only his scampering, far-off fingers and his bright eyes, shifting from book to paper and back to book, seemed alive.

Before him, tantalizingly close, yet frostily distant, sat Doris. Both she and the sarcastic study teacher had long since made it clear that whispered conversations were not wanted, but Paul would not give up. He began a written campaign, tearing small rectangular scraps from his tablet and inscribing them with such sentiments as, "Look at Mr. S— all dressed up in his Sunday clothes. Bet he's got a date with the Old Hoss tonight."

These he would fold into tiny flat pellets and excitedly toss over Doris's shoulder into her lap when the sentry-like Mr. S— was not watching.

AT FIRST Doris carefully tore Paul's unopened notes into small shreds and piled them daintily on one corner of her desk. Later she began to read them, sometimes chuckling, and no longer destroying them. At last she answered in her rounded, spidery script:

"Mr. S— will change your seat if you don't quit writing so many notes."

Paul's heart leaped. She had answered him! And she had sweetly intimated that she didn't want his seat changed. Virtually admitting that she liked him and that she most certainly would give him a date right away, and —

"I'm sorry," she wrote prettily, "I have dates with one boy only, and very few with him. You don't want a date with me, anyway."

But her last sentence did not react on Paul. So dizzily and adolescently was he in love with her. He cherished her little notes in the upper left hand pocket of his Kampus Kutt coat and one night, sitting in his pajamas on the edge of his bed, he kissed those scraps of paper while a clear flame burnt in his heart.

IT WAS on the Monday following his rather unsatisfactory date with Vesta that he became really desperate. After his first pangs of jealousy at the sight of Markendorf, he had ceased to walk with Doris in the hall. But this morning he wrote a note which read:

"Please don't hurry out when the bell rings. Wait for me. I have something important to tell you. Please!"

When the bell finally rang, after several black eons of agonized suspense, there was a faint diffidence in Doris's movements as she gathered up her books and prepared to leave. Paul walked very close behind her up the aisle toward the front of the room, knees shaky, eyes squinty with emotion.

"Now listen, Doris," he began rapidly, backing her into a corner alongside a plaster bust of Edgar Allan Poe. "I can't stand this any longer. I just gotta—"

She laughed, perhaps a tiny bit strainedly. The talon hands of Paul's old demon, Self-Consciousness, grabbed his throat in a strangling grip. His carefully worded oration crumbled like a cracker in hot soup.

"Doris, I'm, I'm—crazy about you, honest I am! If you'd only tell me what—why—what I've done to make you sore at me, why then—"

He stepped close in front of her with impassioned gestures, blocking her escape. She was almost serious when she spoke.

"I'm not angry at you, Paul, but you just don't understand, that's all. Now please let me go, or I'll be late for Domestic Science."

Paul saw that he was making an ass of himself. So, with true sixteen-year-old instinct, he proceeded to change the ass to something worse. A snake, perhaps.

"Huh!" he snarled, "just because J. Winston Markendorf is captain of the football team and all that kinda bunk, why you think—" he should have stopped when he saw the look that sprang into her eyes, but he didn't. "And I guess if you knew as much about that big stiff as I do, you wouldn't think he was such a hot sheik! I guess I saw him up at the Palace the other night, drunker'n a hog, and chasin' around with a couple of old—"

Doris's blue-violet eyes blazed up like the head-lights on a patrol wagon. "I don't believe it!" she cried softly in a sword-like little voice. "Oh, I know Win drinks and I hate it, too, but as for the other— Well, my father and I saw you down on lower Vance Street late last Thursday night with one of your friends, and don't forget that, either!"

Paul gasped, "But, Doris—"

"Please don't speak to me again! And let me tell you something, Mr. Paul Benton of the Palace Dance Hall, nobody but the very lowest kind of cad and sneaking coward would slander another boy in hopes of influencing a girl!"

With a cold stomach and quivering lips Paul watched Doris, his dream-girl, go.

North, the ancient enemy of East, was scheduled to clash with the latter school Saturday afternoon.

Paul had been only to one of the previous games, played at the nearby park. He had teetered on quivering bleachers and cheered uncertainly when the fat boy who was so



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dumb in French blocked a drop-kick and did a number of clever things with the ball.

But now he donned his new topcoat, "bummed a dollar offa" his mother, and went to the game.

At the East-North fracas Paul acquired several more delightfully Collegiate whimsies, such as shrieking himself hoarse and jumping up and down on people's toes. His antics were really in earnest when the fat boy smashed through North's defense for those fifteen glorious yards and reeled across the line for that necessary touchdown. It mattered not that J. Winston Markendorf made a perfect place-kick high into a slanting, slashing wind and over the goal-bar for that extra point—East had won, and some two hundred youths were more or less delirious.

A big red-faced boy fell on Paul's neck and babbled wild things. Paul returned the embrace and by the end of the four remaining minutes of play they had become fast friends.

They hung on each other, bellowing for joy. Paul sniffed curiously the strange reek on the big boy's breath.

"Oh, gee! Isn't this woner-ful? Come on, Paul o'boy, le's find our wimmin!"

PAUL was fairly well acquainted with the fellow at Strader's, in the halls at East, and in the seventh period Physical Education class. He had heard him spoken of as an "all-right guy" and knew that he drove some sort of closed car—certainly sufficient credit ratings for East High circles. They called him Happy, Happy Watson.

So when Happy hauled Paul fraternally by the arm and suggested "wimmin," the boy did not resist. Happy singled a fluffy-headed little girl out of the crowd that streamed down off the stands. He held her happily by the arm as he turned to Paul.

"You gotta date here at the game?"

Paul shook his head sadly, regretfully, self-pityingly.

Happy addressed his companion. "Sweetheart, please go scare up a date for m' friend. We're all gonna have a celebration."

"All right, Hap, I'll try. Meet you boys at the machine." She skipped blithely away.

In some amazing manner Happy found his parked automobile without any difficulty. "D'you hasta be home for supper?" he inquired as they sat and waited for the girls, Happy in the front seat, Paul in back.

"No. But I guess I'll call 'em up."

"Awright then, we'll stop at the first drug store and you can call 'em up. That'll be just fine, o' boy."

Happy's girl arrived, bringing in tow a second young lady. "Where is all this manhood you want me to wreck?" was her first remark, to which she added: "Oh, is that him? Another infant!"

"Mr. Benton, Miss Taylor," mumbled Happy, waving his hand. "Paul, this is Bobbie."

Paul glared at her as she hopped into the back seat with him. She sat down heavily and crossed her long legs. "All right, let's have a cigarette, old tightwad!" she demanded scornfully.

Paul gave her a cigarette from his two-dollar case and lit one himself. Happy lurched the sedan out of its parking place and whirled recklessly through the tangled traffic towards the outlying districts.

"Let me at it!" shrieked Bobbie suddenly, leaping forward as if propelled by a steel spring. She half-fell over into the front seat, where Happy and his girl, Gwen, were being secretive over something. Snatching it from their hands, she plumped back beside Paul, clutching her prize.

It was a large, square-shouldered bottle less than half full of a colorless liquid. Bobbie jerked the cork and a little of it slopped out. Paul smelled the wet, pungent incense of synthetic juniper.

"That's all right!" laughed Happy loosely, "plenty more!" He produced another and smaller flask from a side pocket of the car.

Bobbie applied herself to the square bottle with an iron-throated belligerence, looking sideways at Paul as she drank.

"Here, gimme some of that!" he yelled, pouncing on her. It was her look that did it.

She shoved him heavily away and took the bottle from her lips.

"This stuff," she announced, "is not for children." She raised it for another drink, but the infuriated Paul leaned forward and snatched it out of her hands.

"Children, huh? What's the matter with you, anyway?" He thrust the whole neck of the bottle into his mouth and tilted it towards the top of the car with a sudden fierce movement.

So completely was the boy in earnest that a good stiff drink poured down his throat before he realized it. Spasmodically his esophagus contracted. His mouth was full of gin he could not swallow. His eyes seemed thickly sprinkled with red pepper. The awful shock of the undiluted stuff was almost too much for him.

With a gurgling cry of pain he tore the bottle away and thrust it blindly back towards Bobbie. His throat was scalded and his tongue was numb, but he would have died before he would have spewed out that great mouthful of precious gin. He saw through a scarlet swimming mist that the others were watching his sufferings with interest.

"You call up your folks; then we'll go get something to eat," said Happy, reaching forward to snap on the headlights into the growing dusk.

"You bet!" Paul loudly agreed. His mood was capable of putting through a long-distance call to China, collect.

The lights of the drug store blurred to form a dancing haze of brightness. Happy swerved in close along the curb and stopped.

"Make it snappy, Paul o'boy."

The o'boy fell across Bobbie's ball-bat legs to the door. Steadying himself, he opened it and placed one foot on the running board. With a Herculean effort of the will he started across the sidewalk, fully expecting to stagger or fall down in a fit at any moment.

INSIDE the door he paused. There were several persons in the store and each he inspected with an intense, wide-eyed glare. He stepped to the soda fountain, where the druggist was shaking nut powder on a sticky mess of ice cream and syrup.

"May I use your telephone?" Paul clipped each slow word carefully.

Without looking up the pharmacist motioned towards the rear of the store.

"Thanks," enunciated Paul. With a jaunty, springy step he walked to the instrument. "Wabash four-nine-nine-one!" he informed the cheery-voiced operator.

Hums and clicks sounded within the receiver he held brutally jammed to his left ear. At last the cheery voice sang a musical little phrase: "They do not answer."

"You bet!" agreed Paul, missing the hook completely on his first stab with the receiver.

Again that brisk, military step, the serious flashing eyes. "Thanks!" Paul told the druggist earnestly as he left.

He got into the machine fussily, taking great care to place his foot in the exact center of the grooved running-board pad. He felt exalted, kingly, far-removed.

As he sat down in the back seat he pulled Bobbie up on to his lap with a high air of authority. She sat there amazed, electrically-charged.

They finally stopped at a squat barbecue shack several miles north of the city in the main highway. The shack was much prettier inside than out; there was a wall of those inevitable booths in addition to a row of brightly-painted tables. The gang

from East High School, being Collegiate, chose the booths. In each booth there was a little electric lamp with a colored paper shade. The children amused themselves by turning their lamp on and off as though they had never seen such a thing before. "Extreme-ly pret-ty de-sign," pronounced Paul, inspecting the shade with an owlish intentness. When the waiter came three of them chorused that universal pass-word of alcoholism:

"Black coffee!"

The waiter nodded with the sage, melancholy air of having waited on many, many high school parties; so sage, in fact, that he brought four cups of coffee instead of three.

Paul, regarding the waiter with an I-don't-place-you look, had said nothing.

After Paul had drained a heavy mug of it, blisteringly hot and strong with the strength of many hours in a percolator, he realized the potency of caffeine. Before ten minutes had passed, all that remained of Paul's reactions was a comfortable buzzing in the ears, a warm internal glow and a pink external flush.

Paul felt genially generous and paid for the supper quite gracefully. It is possible that he was desirous of making a favorable impression on Happy (with the auto and the gin) and that he was still carrying on his childish demonstration of how emphatically he was not an infant.

They drove slowly away into the cold, windy night, Paul on his side of the seat, Bobbie on hers. Before they reached the city limits Happy turned off to the right on to the notorious River Road. The surface changed from the smoothness of the highway to the almost forgotten jolts of a gritty white pike . . .

When the time-honored ritual of over-into-grass-yank-on-brake-snap-off-lights was done, Paul turned a bit uncertainly to Bobbie.

He moved towards her gently, his arms outstretched, his lips pursed in what he intended to be a kiss-provoking manner. His fingers touched her hard shoulder, stroked lightly, closed lovingly . . .

"Aw, get away!" she cried roughly, planting her fist in the pit of Paul's flat stomach and pushing.

"Why, Bobbie!" Paul fairly oozed hurt affection. "What's the matter, honey?"

"Honey? Bah! You mushy mutts make me sick! Give me some more of that good gin!"

Within twenty minutes her objections to his love-making had disappeared . . .

**HAPPY WATSON** was giving a party. The word was spoken flatly, in a normal tone of voice. It was not prefixed by "licker," "poker" or "radio stag"; it was simply an ordinary boy-and-girl party, given in Happy's home supposedly under the chaperonage of his parents. The very fact that the modifying verb was "give" instead of "sling" was enough to cut the anticipatory glamour squarely in two.

Paul and Happy sprawled side by side in one of the Collegiate booths at Strader's, wolfing ha-dog sandwiches.

"Givin' a little party a week from Friday night," said Happy easily. "Can you come?"

"Sure—hope to shout!" Paul was genuinely pleased.

"That'll be fine. And who'll you bring?"

"Why—"

"—Fritzie!" interpolated a voice from above. Miss Frederica Wentgill stood on the seat of the next booth looking down over the partition at the boys.

"—yeah," finished Paul lamely.

Thereupon the subject of the party was quietly dropped until the morning of the appointed Friday. Then Happy, meeting Paul face to face at the door of the boys' lavatory, grunted:

"Bout eight o'clock or a little earlier.

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# Mother May Know Best

[Continued from page 76]

what you do with your life. It does matter that I be honest with you and help you to make your life as full and rich as possible.

Now, what do you actually know about this man to whom you would give your life and future? And what do you know about his family? Are they sensible and genial? Or are they the sort that would swoop down on you the minute they heard Eddie was married and try to tell Eddie how to "manage" you, and poison the air with their criticism? And would Eddie be strong enough to place you first?

**W**HAT about his health, Dotty? His heart and his digestion and his lungs? Is his heart strong? Or is it likely to give out just when he needs it most? Is his digestion healthy? Or can he eat only certain things? Has he stomach ulcers? Are his lungs strong? Or does he get winded quickly from too much smoking? And has he ever had his lungs tested?

Has he saved any money? Has he a bank account, or insurance? "But I love him," you say, "not his worldly possessions!" Fine, Dotty. You should. But you must protect that love in every possible way. More than once, "Love has flown out of the window when poverty came in at the door." And a bank account, even a very small one, would indicate thrift and an earnest desire for a home and family. So would insurance.

What sort of a "past" has he, if any? "It's none of my business," you retort, "so long as his future belongs to me." Why isn't it, Dotty? Part of your business as a wife is to bear children, and you want healthy children. Some past dissipation might have infected him with a poison that would doom your child before it ever was born. And you could never tell that by looking at him.

Speaking of pasts, has he ever been in jail? Now don't tell me Eddie just couldn't be a crook or a murderer or any kind of a miscreant. We're all potential lawbreakers. But even if Eddie's picture were in every rogue's gallery from coast to coast I wouldn't say: "Throw him over." Only, you ought to know.

Bigamists have been known to exist, too, and I'm wondering if Eddie has a final or only an interlocutory decree. For all you know he might not be free to marry you, and he might not know it himself. Yes, and before I married Eddie, I'd want to know why he and his former wife failed to get on.

And his mind? His ideals about life? His ambitions? Your whole future is going to depend on the caliber of that mind, Dotty, and on the strength and weakness of his character. A brilliant conversationalist doesn't necessarily mean a good husband. A young man with definite ambitions, a few high ideals, and the "guts" (pardon the word) to stand the gaff, is more apt to.

And now, what about Eddie, himself? His real, "under-the-skin" self? Forget the "perfect gentleman" manners for a minute. Is he honest, I mean? Fair? Reasonable? Truthful? Generous? Unselfish? I mean, of course, as nearly so as it is possible for a human being to be? Has he a good record and reputation in his trade or profession?

Of course, Dotty, you can't very well type out a questionnaire and ask Eddie to fill it out before you marry him although it ought to be possible for a girl to do that. But you can insist on a little more than mere face value!

You can see to it that he introduces you to his family and his old friends, and it wouldn't do any harm if your father made

some discreet investigations. It's perfectly ethical. Fundamentally there isn't much difference between a business partnership and a personal one, and each partner should take it as his right and make it his business to know all that is necessary about the other.

Please don't misunderstand, Dotty. I don't say that unless Eddie comes through one hundred percent he isn't a fit husband. We're full of faults, petty vices, stupidity, ignorance—every last one of us. But when we know the worst about the person we love we're more apt to appreciate the best. And we know what to expect. Not much chance of disillusionment then.

And all that I have said with regard to Eddie goes for you too, Dotty. You owe it to your future husband to go to him with your health as sound as it is possible to make it. If you have headaches and bilious spells and nerves find out why. Tears and pouts and tantrums aren't so cute and feminine after marriage.

And last of all: if there is anything about the relations between man and wife and keeping house and having babies that you are in doubt about, make it your business to find out now.

I nearly forgot. You don't want advice! But Dotty, won't you write me again, and tell me what you have done?

I wonder how many of you remember the rather lengthy letter I ran one month from Valerie on "The Danger Line"? It's all of six months ago and yet I am still getting letters on the subject. Valerie might be almost any modern girl, it seems, judging from the number of girls who find her problem theirs, and the following letter from "Tecla," out in Detroit, is only one of many:

"I am in the same boat as that girl, Valerie, you wrote about in the May number of SMART SET," she writes. "I am seventeen and 'he' is eighteen and anyone but you would say that we are too young for true love. My family says I'm boy crazy. For a year now we've been going together but lately I've been seeing him only once a week as he works in another city. He's perfect in my eyes, Mrs. Madison, but for one thing. He gets 'fresh,' if you know what I mean. Don't misunderstand. He loves me and respects me and wants to marry me, but I'm afraid. And we can't be married for a long time yet.

"He's my first beau, too, Mrs. Madison. And I'm a good girl and I'm going to stay good even if it means losing him. But I don't want to lose him so what must I do? It's not a crush and it's not puppy love. Oh, I guess you know what I mean, and I believe you can help me. TECLA."

**Y**ES, I do know what you mean, Tecla. It's not such an eternally long time since I was seventeen and hungry for love and yet afraid of it, too. I guess my mother and father walked the floor nights wondering what was going to become of me. The neighbors thought they knew.

The boy I loved was very much like your boy and I was just beginning to realize life and was dizzy with the mad beauty of it all. Miserable one day. Gloriously happy the next. Misunderstood, scolded, threatened, ridiculed. Boy crazy! Yes, they called me that, too, Tecla. And how it hurt!

Nobody seemed to understand, either, just as nobody seems to understand how you feel now, and I get cold all over even yet when I think of the risks they let me run. I had to find out things for myself, Tecla, about boys and how to manage them. And it didn't take me so very long to learn that some boys are more emotional, and more

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Strangest of all, you may have known some dangerously fascinating woman as a friend—known that she was willing to give you her secrets. But she could not. For Nature, most cleverly, has made her natural sirens blind to their own methods.

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affectionate than others. Promises to "be good," when made in the cold light of day are easily forgotten in the soft radiance of moonlight or the warm glow of a hearth fire. And that's been your experience, too, hasn't it?

So the boys I found I could "manage" I permitted myself to be alone with. Those I couldn't. I rarely saw alone, and then only where I knew I was safe. Certainly I didn't hold all of them. More than once my heart was broken because some boy lost interest in me but in the end I was glad.

And that is what you must do, Tecla. When this boy makes his weekly call, see him where there isn't too much privacy. It doesn't mean that you haven't his respect or that you are a weak-willed girl. It does mean that you have enough common sense not to fool with a stick of dynamite.

I wonder what would happen if we could command love, in whomever we chose, at will? I wonder if we would appreciate it, as we do now? And I'm wondering if Charles, whose honest and appealing letter follows, would be as crazy about his hard-hearted little school teacher if she once said, "I love you."

"There's a girl I love with all my heart," Charles tells me. "I have known her for three years but not until six months ago did I begin to love her. When I told her she said she didn't love me and thought she never could, although she admitted having loved me a long time ago for a little while. Her mother and sister want her to marry me but my only encouragement is that she doesn't love anyone else."

"On the other hand I know that when she says a thing she means it. She doesn't want me to quit going with her and I am willing to keep on for a long time if there is a chance of winning her. What do you think, Mrs. Madison? She says I ought to try and find some girl who can love me, and I know she hates to see me so unhappy. Can it be that she doubts my love for her?"

CHARLES. Sacramento, California."

I don't see how it could be that, Charles, in the face of your persistence and devotion and apparent unhappiness. I only wish I could tell you some magic secret that would show you the way to this girl's heart. But the reason why people fall in love is almost as great a mystery as the beginning and ending of life. It's beyond the reach of human power. It just happens.

But girls are queer creatures, Charles, as well as adorable. Most of them are so contrary, wanting what they can't have, spurning what they can!

I WONDER what would happen if you should suddenly cease being a mournful Romeo and should, instead, take this girl's advice and find another girl who can love you? Suppose she wasn't so cocksure of your love and knew that at any moment she might lose you? My guess is that it would do one of two things. Either she'd decide that after all, you meant more to her than she realized, and she'd ask you to come back. Or else she'd heave a sigh of relief and go on about her business and refuse to take you seriously ever again. Of course it's a risk, Charles, but "nothing ventured, nothing gained," and even for love's sake you don't want to grow old and lonely and bitter simply because one girl out of a million couldn't find it in her heart to love you.

I have often said that jealousy is a painful and terrible thing, made worse when there is justification. But when I read of a jealousy like that "Nell" writes about, I don't wonder that some men decide they might as well have the game as the name. I hope you'll never be guilty of a petty

jealousy like hers. It never helps matters.

"I am heartbroken," she begins. "I am engaged to a wonderful man who is very good-looking and is very prosperous. He owns three businesses, among them a big restaurant where he employs a lot of girls as waitresses.

"My fiancé loves me, I know, and he has proven his love in many ways, but I still have doubts about him because nearly every time I go down to the restaurant to see him there is one waitress who is always talking to him. The minute I come in she moves away. Several times when I have passed the place I've seen her leaning over the counter, smiling up at him, and while I don't like to think wrong of another girl, still I don't trust women. They are treacherous. What do you advise me to do about this girl?"

NELL, Gulport, Miss."

DO NOTHING, Nell, and you'll be acting like a wise little girl. It's the beginning of the end, the very minute you start meddling in your fiancé's business affairs. For a while you might get away with it, but the time would certainly come when his sense of justice and reason would make him rebel.

As a matter of fact, I think you're all wrong about this girl and your fiancé. Naturally it's to her advantage to keep on pleasant and friendly terms with her boss. You'd do the same if you were in her place. But I'll bet when she's smiling her sweetest, one of those sugary, melting smiles you see through the restaurant window, she's asking him for an extra afternoon off so that she and her own sweetie can go to a show. Maybe she leans on the counter because her feet ache and her back is tired. Can't you be human, Nell? Give the girl an even break. What would you expect her to do when you go into the restaurant? Stick around and wait to be introduced to her boss's future wife?

Isn't it funny how wrong families can be about girls, especially when the young man of the house falls in love? Now I don't know the girl who wrote this letter. She signs herself "Betty" and says she comes from Norfolk, Nebraska. And I believe her, just as I believe everything else she has said in her letter. She tells her unhappy little story in a simple and straightforward manner. It rings with honesty. And yet there are those who would add to her unhappy past if they could.

"When I was sixteen," she says, "I thought I was head over heels in love with a man thirty-one, so I married him. We lived together three years, but as I couldn't endure his drinking and unfaithfulness, I left him and got a divorce. In two months he came back and begged me to give him another chance, and we were married again. Inside of two months it was the same thing all over again and we separated for good."

"Since then I have met my ideal. I love him with all my heart and I know he loves me with a true, clean love. We want to get married, but this boy's folks don't approve of me because I've been divorced twice. So they are trying to part us with lies. They say I will ruin their boy's life if he marries me. How could I do that, Mrs. Madison, when I love him so? Shall I give him up to please them? Or shall I stick to him and think only of our future and our happiness?"

BETTY, Norfolk, Nebraska."

Much depends on the boy, little Betty and on whether he will be influenced by his family, or cling to you. But you mustn't try to force it. He must cast his lot and future with you of his own accord, if any permanent happiness is to come of it.

His family, of course, is dead wrong. I'm certain of that. But it's only misguided love that makes them over-anxious about the boy. And it's their stupidity and ignorance

that makes them tell him lies. This isn't offered in defense of them, Betty. I just thought it might help you to understand.

I wish they would look upon your two marriages to the same man as I do. I see not the weakness of a scatter-brain or the connivings of a treacherous woman. Instead, I see, the rather poor judgment of an impulsive, warm-hearted, generous and honest little girl, trying to make a success out of a hopeless failure. And your boy sees that, too, I'm sure. I only hope he'll love you the more for it, Betty.

THIS next letter hails from Orlando, Florida and was frantically penned by a young husband-to-be named Peter. That is, up to last week, Peter thought he was a "husband-to-be," but now he isn't quite so sure. And the reason is this:

"Violet and I have grown up together. She never had any other sweetheart but me and I never had any other girl but Violet. We just naturally fell in love, and we have been planning all winter on being married early in April.

"The other day, however, I happened to ask Violet what kind of a wedding she wanted and she startled me by saying 'None at all, Peter. You don't think I'm going to wear one of those silly, old-fashioned rings, do you? Don't be silly.'

"She has some idiotic notion that to wear a wedding ring is a badge of slavery, and while I'm willing to overlook her notions, I can't help wondering what chance we'd have of a happy marriage when she won't prove her love by wearing a ring? PETER."

I should think, Peter, that your chances are about as good as anybody's. What has a wedding ring to do with her love for you? It's only a relic of the days when a woman was actually her husband's property. Never has it been a sign of undying love or constancy. An iron band wouldn't keep a woman true if she wanted to be something else.

No, Peter, it's not the wedding ring or the lack of it that counts. What does count is what lies back of it—love and tender-

ness and generosity and honesty or deceit and selfishness and cruelty. Those are the things that make or break married life, Peter.

Every month I find myself wishing they would add a few more pages to SMART SET and then give them to me so that I could answer more letters in the magazine. It's always so hard to decide which are interesting and helpful enough to be published and which shall be answered by personal mail.

But time is flying and my allotted space is fast diminishing, so I must get on to my "tabloid" answers:

PERPLEXED: Persistence and propinquity are necessary in winning a girl's love.

BIG EYES: Marriage licenses are not issued on Sunday. Eighteen is legal age for the girl.

N. J. D.: I wouldn't worry. An honest flare of anger occasionally is not only natural but healthy.

HAZEL and BERNICE: Your mothers will do more for you than anybody else. I am too far away to help much, but they can.

BLUE EYES: Sorry, but I do not give legal advice and that is what you need.

WONDERING WHY: What you want, I believe, is a job with responsibility and a future.

PEGGY: Don't experiment with any new loves. And don't talk too seriously about life and love with "the one and only." It scares him.

EVELYN: Don't believe all you hear. Get the truth from Burrel.

ANNA: Time and the girl herself will disillusion him, if all is as you say. There is nothing you can do.

FOR those of you who may be readers of SMART SET, let me say again that I am here to help you, really help, not scold or criticize. It makes no difference what your heartache. It does not have to be an unfortunate love affair. The mere fact that you are a human being in some kind of trouble is enough to make me want to help you find happiness. Won't you let me?

YOUR Martha Madison is the only person writing on problems of human relationship, who seems to be old enough to have good sense, yet young enough to have understanding," writes one SMART SET reader. Perhaps that's why thousands of letters come to Mrs. Madison each month. If you have a problem, whether you are young or old, write Martha Madison. It will help just to write; she will help you more by sympathetic commonsense advice

## The Secret Island

[Continued from page 23]

"You've brought us to San Pedro in time."

Then, as if dismissing me, she turned away abruptly, and I stood there, puzzled and miserable. Evidently she was afraid to be alone with me any more. She didn't want me to tell her what she knew well enough already. But what did she mean about getting to San Pedro in time? In time for what?

I WENT back and took the wheel, guiding the yacht the rest of the way myself. My thoughts were gloomy. I wished now I'd taken advantage of the hours I'd had with her.

Why hadn't I caught her in my arms and told her how I loved her? She'd given me glances, done little things, showed me with the sound of her voice, that she liked being near me.

And somehow I couldn't help feeling that she was afraid to be with me.

So we came at last to the harbor of San

Pedro, the goal for which we had raced.

We slid through the green waters, past some three-masters, and I fetched the yacht well in towards the town before I gave orders to anchor.

Mr. Kent had come out of his cabin. He looked pale and sick in the glare of the sunlight. I'd not have changed places with him for all his millions. There was only one thing he had that I wanted, and wasn't I going to have her sooner or later?

We'd hardly swung at the chains before he had ordered the cutter out. I saw him exchange glances with Joyce

"You'll stay here until we can find someone to take us the rest of the voyage?" she said to me.

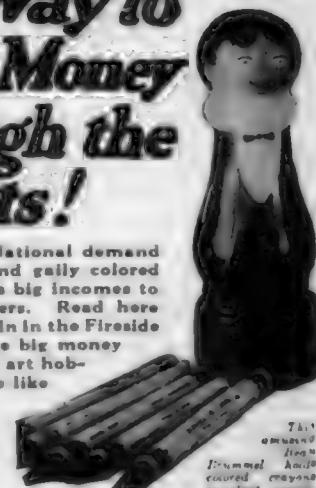
I didn't even answer. I didn't need to. I guess she knew I'd stay till the crack of doom if that was her wish.

I sat down and looked at the port. My skiff was somewhere westward, up the tide, under the care of old Juan.

## A Fascinating New Way to Make Money Through the Arts!

The startling National demand for giftwares and gaily colored art objects pays big incomes to Fireside Members. Read here how you may join in the Fireside Guild and make big money in a fascinating art hobby that is more like play.

By  
Natalie Adams



WHAT woman's heart hasn't fairly yearned to buy everything in sight in these little Giftware shops? It is the instant appeal of bright objects of art that pays such big profits to Fireside Members. New Memberships, now available, offer you an unusual opportunity to make a good income in this fascinating profession.

### The Fireside Idea

Fireside Industries is a Guild of men and women who decorate giftwares. Even wealthy members do it for a hobby, for the joy of expression, the satisfaction of creating something beautiful, for its educational and cultural advantages. Hundreds of others make from \$10 to \$25 a week, selling to friends or neighbors; supplying big stores; or opening gay little gift shops, either at home or in a store. When a new Member joins Fireside Industries, he or she is first given a complete course in Applied Arts. The course is prepared and directed by Gabriel Andre Petit, himself a prominent artist and recently a member of the U. S. Government Commission to the Paris Exposition.



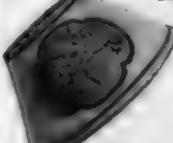
### New "Three Step" Method

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### Wholesale Buying Privileges

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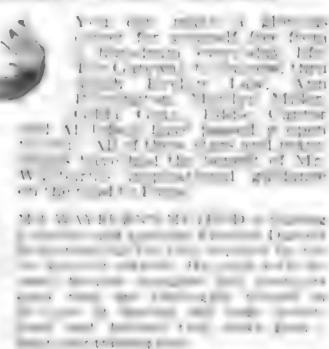
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I thought of how I had planned to sail off in it for Los Muertos, of my determination to turn out so many bags of sugar and sell them at such a big profit that in two years I'd have made my fortune.

But that plan would have to be delayed. I couldn't leave Joyce until I knew she loved me and would wait for me. To go away now, even if I had the luck to feather my nest in a couple of years, would mean coming back to find her married or loving someone else.

I hadn't an idea of what I was going to do. I've found that plans make themselves often as not. So I sat there, staring towards the town, wondering what Joyce was doing ashore.

ALL at once I saw a little commotion on the wharf and I thought I could make out Joyce and her father. They were returning, and there was someone else with them.

Ten minutes later the cutter slid up to the yacht's side, and I found myself peering down at Kent and his daughter and a young man.

He was in white flannels with a hard straw hat on his head. He had sandy hair, watery-looking eyes, and a little silly turned-up nose.

The next moment they were up the side, and I heard Bradford Kent's voice:

"This way, Clive. Joyce will show you over the yacht. Strange thing finding you down here! Of course you'll have luncheon with us."

I stared, with a sinking heart. Surely this couldn't have been the reason for their hurry to reach San Pedro! To see this young fellow with his insignificant face! Surely Joyce couldn't be interested in him!

At that moment she glanced towards the bridge. I thought her eyes looked desperate. Then all at once her expression changed. If I'd been asked, I'd have said she looked reckless. The next moment she beckoned me.

I went down, and she introduced me to the man at her side. His name was Clive Churchill. He gave me a cold, disagreeable nod, as if wondering whether or not to cut me on the spot. But I didn't mind that. I didn't mind anything, for Joyce gave me a wonderful radiant smile and slipped her hand into mine as if she wanted me to protect her and be kind to her!

I didn't try to analyze, or wonder about this sudden change. I was too happy to care. I was in the seventh heaven as the three of us sauntered over the yacht together. For Joyce gave me little intimate glances that made my heart mad with delight. There wasn't any mistaking her attitude. As for Churchill, he stared at me in a puzzled, annoyed way, and every once in a while tried to draw Joyce off, and leave me where I was. But she wouldn't leave until I did, and finally Churchill began making sarcastic comments.

I took them gladly. He mattered less to me than anything I could think of.

It was when we'd gone down into the little library with its soft rugs and snug comfort, that a sailor told me I was wanted on deck.

I went up to deal with the port-inspector and signed a paper he held out to me. I'd have signed anything without reading it at that moment.

I went back to find Joyce. The companionways of the Cormorant were all carpeted so that my steps made no sound. So it was that I came to the doorway of the library without being heard.

And there, with the little fool's arms around her, was Joyce Kent! She looked across his shoulder at me with inscrutable eyes. He was kissing her, making love to her, and she was letting him!

I got out of there somehow and went back to the bridge. I felt confused and sick.

Somehow I'd been dreaming so deeply, I'd thought she was mine. And that she could now go to the arms of another man, of a man like this insignificant little creature in striped flannels, was something incredible and hateful.

So she had just been flirting with me, amusing herself with me these last days and nights! If so, she probably despised me for not making love to her right away. I'd given her every scrap of devotion I had and she was willing to let a man like Churchill kiss her. I was raging one instant and miserable the next. I didn't know what to think or what to expect.

Maybe it was half an hour later when I saw her come on deck with Churchill and her father.

Bradford Kent was literally beaming as he said

"We'll have some champagne on this! I'm delighted, Clive, surprised and delighted!"

I didn't need any more than that to tell me that Joyce had not merely flirted with this man out of casual interest. He'd proposed to her, and she'd accepted him! I realized now that she really had come hurrying to San Pedro to meet this man. That must have been the sole purpose of the trip. I was sure of it, though I did not yet understand why haste had been so important.

I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of the earth. I felt dull and heavy, and everything stretched before me in blank monotony.

Then I saw that Joyce was talking to the two men, saying something I couldn't hear. Presently they went inside and left her. Then she walked straight up to where I was standing.

She held out her hand. Her eyes looked troubled, but her voice was steady.

"There's no need of thanking you again for everything," she said. "But Father has found a Captain to take us home. I'll pay you anything you ask and I want to wish you good luck."

As I looked at her I remembered her contemptuous air the day she had walked in One-Eye-Mary's. Suddenly it seemed to me she was more treacherous than anything else, and recalling how she had led me on to hope and dream, I felt a slow fury rise in me.

I said swiftly:

"Oh, I don't want your money. I'm a servant you can discharge without paying. The use I've been to you, you can have as a gift!"

"Please," she said. "Please! You don't understand."

"If it's been pleasant to you to make a fool of a man," I went on, "I'm glad I've been of that service, too."

SHE stiffened a little, and the familiar look of haughty pride came into her face.

"You've no right to speak to me like this," she said.

"No right? After the way you've let me think of you."

"I've said nothing to give you that right," she declared.

"No, you've said nothing in so many words, but you let me think as you did, out of sheer cruelty and vanity. Why, not half an hour ago, in front of that young fool who's on board, you gave me every sign of liking me! Do you deny that?"

"No," she said, "I don't deny it. And because we won't ever see each other again, I'll tell you the truth. I led you on deliberately to make him jealous! I tried to get to San Pedro before he sailed for Spain. And I made him jealous, by letting him think I liked you!"

"Very well," I said, "I'll be going now. But don't talk about owing me anything. I owe you something for teaching me a lesson. I thought you were different from the women I've associated with. You are. You're crueler and more heartless, and you pride yourself on it!"

Her face was quite pale. She thrust her hand into a bag she was carrying and took out some loose bills. "Here! Take this!" she said.

She pushed the money into my fingers. Hot and angry, I tore it into pieces and threw them into the water. She gave a scornful laugh, and turned on her heel, and there I was standing alone, desperate and unhappy.

I felt ashamed of myself, but I was angry still. I loved her and I hated her, all at the same time. But it was through, everything was over! I ordered a boat lowered and had myself rowed to the wharves.

I PASSED through the town, through the market, with unseeing eyes and presently I came to the tide-rips and old Juan's place. My skiff was moored in shallow water close to shore.

Somehow all incentive had been taken out of life for me. It didn't seem to matter now whether or not I joined Mathews at Los Muertos. But automatically, scarcely knowing what it was I planned, I began to make ready.

Perhaps I was trying to take my mind from my troubles. I know that all that day I worked as hard as I'd ever done, caulking my skiff and making her water-tight. I could hear the faint humming sounds of the town away to the left, but the harbor was hidden from my eyes. I was glad I couldn't see the Cormorant while I worked!

It was late afternoon before I was ready. Old Juan staked me to a few days' simple provisions. There was a fair wind rustling up from the south, and I decided to take advantage of it. But as I beat my way down to the harbor mouth, the soft tropic twilight began to fall.

I saw the lights of the town springing up, and the faint stars showed in the wide sky. Then I was sailing across the harbor. The Cormorant, still at her mooring, lay like a graceful white bird on the quiet water.

I don't know what instinct it was that seized me, that tore at me with a reckless determination. At the time I thought it was out of a sick and wounded heart and an angry desire to punish her for the wrong she'd done me. But was I lying to myself? I don't know. I only know that suddenly in that swiftly gathering darkness, a scheme leapt wildly into my head, and I went about on another tack, directly towards the Cormorant!

In less time than I can tell of it, the skiff grated along the side of the yacht. I caught at a rope and hauled my yard close. It flapped softly. No one hailed me. I fastened the skiff, and lifted myself like a cat to the yacht's deck.

At first glance it seemed deserted. The next instant I saw that luck was with me! Joyce Kent, her chin in her hand, was sitting, staring across the harbor towards the town.

I HAD not dared touch her before. Now I stole up behind her. She heard me and sprang to her feet but she did not utter a cry. The next moment I had lifted her in my arms, and with my hand over her mouth I managed to lower both of us into the skiff. I pulled the knot loose with one hand, let the sail go, and we dipped and flew across the dark water. At the same instant the girl broke from my arms and uttered a cry for help. I caught her almost violently and whipped a handkerchief around her mouth.

Half an hour later when the lights of the town were only the faintest glow, and the Cormorant was long since out of reach of the loudest hail, I unloosened the handkerchief.

In an icy voice, Joyce Kent asked: "Just what does this mean?"

"It means I'm taking you away with me.

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# The Magic Key

[Continued from page 35]

other for the run down to Gramercy Park, I found myself vainly trying to remember where I could have seen the little girl of my sketch outside of my dreams, and imagination.

Marcella was right. It was a peach of a place, with plenty of light. From the windows I could still see the red ball of sun skidding down the western sky. Some of the streets below me had purpled somewhat with the shadows of giant buildings, but the little gem-like square of Park was shadowless except for the blurs that its trees traced upon the ground.

IT TOOK my mind off of New York, and the present. The trees, leaves all red, russet, and yellow, and the grass that remained, sent me back over memory's roads to the open spaces, and the woods of my early youth on an old plantation in Georgia. In the hurly-burly of Manhattan I rarely ever let myself think of the old days or the old dreams. Somehow these things never seemed to fit into New York's scheme of things for me.

"Nothing takes a man's dreams away," I said to myself. "Not even New York. Not even disillusionment. Not even disappointment. We think we put them away. We think we're hard-boiled enough never to want them to come true. But, we're wrong. We keep them way down inside of us, away from the world we think does not understand them. I still want my dreams to come true. I still want to believe there's my kind of love left. I still want—"

My thoughts went back to the beauty cream sketch of a mother and her little girl, and I wished that my picture had been drawn true to life from Marcella, and our own child. But, it wasn't, and that was that. Yes, you had to try to be hard-boiled in New York with Marcella.

"But, the picture really isn't Marcella. It's somebody else. Another woman. A woman of your dreams, like the child must be. Somewhere. Somehow. Someday."

I stopped further speculation along such lines. It was becoming too much of a habit with me. A stroll in the Park might help. I took out the key that had intrigued Marcella so much. It was a large common looking key made to fit a big gate-lock. A key to a little square of exclusiveness, to a patch of open space that would stir my memories. But, that was all it seemed then. I had not the faintest premonition that it was a key destined to unlock the doors, and gates that led to a land where old dreams would promise anew to unfold.

A seedy looking man with a thin little boy tugging at his hands watched me unlock the Gramercy Park gate for the first time. The wistful-eyed kid spoke as I pulled back the iron gate:

"Let's go in, papa," he said. "I'm tired. There's benches."

"We can't Johnny. It's private for rich folks," the man answered.

My hands suddenly fumbled over the key, and I turned to the shabby pair:

"Come on in, Johnny," I said, and nodded to the father. He was a beaten looking fellow, but he smiled as he thanked me.

"I'm awfully much obliged, sir. My boy's sort of tuckered out. He's been tramping all day with me while I've been hunting a job."

I clanged the gate shut. "There's a good seat, Johnny," I said pointing to a green bench nearby. When the two were seated I gave the man my card, penciling the new

address on it while he watched me puzzled:

"Sometimes I have posing work. Look me up next week if nothing turns up for you, and here's some ice cream for you, Johnny."

I handed the boy a squeezed five dollar bill. He seemed dumbfounded, and it was all his father could do to stammer more thanks. But, I waved his words away, and strolled off.

Funny how a little experience like that lifts you up. By the time I was half-way around the Park I felt like a man walking on air. My own troubles had disappeared. Given to amateurish philosophizing, and psychologizing, I sat down on the next bench, and tried to figure out for the thousandth time why it was that we always feel so much better after doing somebody a good turn.

As I sat there a sweet childish voice drifted into my thoughts. I turned like a man in a dream. There was no one in sight, but the little voice came again. It seemed to be drifting to me from the thick evergreens at the turn of the walk.

"Boo. Boo. Peek-a-boo! I see you," said the little voice, and the golden air of Gramercy Park suddenly seemed filled with the happiest of happy music.

At that moment a little girl of about five came bobbing out of the evergreens toward me, her arms outstretched. She was dressed in blue, and golden curls fluttered around her rosy face that was set with two little sapphire lakes for eyes.

"Hello, little Blue Princess, how are you today?" I said, as I jumped up and held my arms out to her.

She bounded into my arms with golden laughter for an answer, and as her face smiled up into mine, my heart felt as if it would stop beating for the moment. I knew this little girl. I knew her! She was the little girl of my beauty cream sketch, the little girl I had drawn from my dreams, and imagination! Warmth such as I had never felt before surged through me like a fine, sweet flame. I hugged the child, and lifted her high.

"Oh!" she cried. "Do it again."

Again I lifted her high above my head, and again her excited little voice filled the air with happy music. "And, where did you come from little Blue Princess?" I asked putting her down reluctantly. For the first time in my life I had held a child who somehow seemed to belong in my arms. And putting her down was like losing touch with a wonderful dream.

"FROM home," she answered and she looked up into my eyes.

Here was no childish bashfulness. Here was a little girl who had inexplicably given me her confidence. This knowledge thrilled me.

"I came to the Park to play, but there isn't anybody to play with. Then I saw you sitting here, and I thought maybe you had a little girl, or a little boy for me to play with. Haven't you got one? You must, haven't you?" she insisted.

A strange indescribable feeling swept over me. I looked into the child's beautiful face, and a great throbbing wish possessed me. "I'm sorry," I said, "I wish I did have a little girl like you for you to play with or a little boy."

Suddenly I thought of the little fellow Johnny, whom I had let into the park. He had seemed such a cheated, wan little boy. No doubt he got very little playing in life. No doubt he'd be glad to play with this little girl in blue. But, I quickly realized



If You  
Want a Job



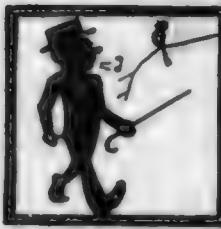
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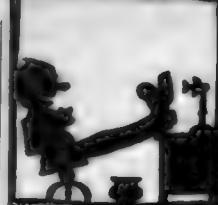


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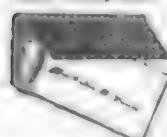
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that I mustn't bring the two together. The child before me was a little aristocrat. Johnny was only a poor, jobless, everyday man's son. Too bad! I thought, but it wouldn't do. And, queerly enough I found myself thinking of who, and what the little girl's mother might be. Someone very beautiful, and aristocratic, I was sure. Someone whom I strangely enough associated with my memories of our plantation down in Georgia, and with my most romantic dreams.

"Oh! I'm so sorry. I thought everybody had little girls like me. Mummy said they did," she said. "But, you'll play with me, won't you? Before nurse finds me. I ran off from her," she confided. "She's so old she can't run fast. But, she's a nice, good old Chinese lady. Her name's Ma-Foo."

"And, what's your name?" I asked.

"Soo-San," she said without hesitation.

**SUZANNE.**" I repeated, "what a pretty name!"

"No, not Suzanne. Soo-San," she said. "Wait, I can spell it for you. Mummy showed me how." She picked up a stick and wrote in bold capital letters of varying sizes in the sand.

Soo-San.

"Oh! I see," I said, and wondered why the child's name was so evidently of Chinese flavor. I looked at her closely. There was no hint of the Orient about her, except that possibly her eyes had just a hint of slant. Most likely my imagination was at work.

"Soo-San Chimmerly," she elaborated. "Let's play, please."

"Of course. What shall we play?"

"Hop, skip, and a jump," she cried, and enthusiastically went to work marking off a little court for this game.

But, before Soo-San was half-way finished, an old Chinese woman in green native costume came waddling around the turn of the road. Some of yellow savagery in her old Oriental face seemed to soften as she beheld Soo-San. A jargon of Chinese sounds burst from her cracked lips.

"I was only looking for somebody to play with. Ma-Foo," Soo-San said, "but, I didn't mean to scare you so much. Honest."

Again the savagery of the old face glowed with a look that momentarily stole away some of its animal craftiness, and cunning. Here was a heathen whose high altar of worship was a little golden-haired girl. "Allee right. No doee again," she said, and gave the child a fierce little hug.

"I'm sure she won't, Ma-Foo," I said.

Ma-Foo looked at me, then at the little girl. "Soo-San b'orn in Chinee," she said, proudly as if this fact settled everything.

Already the child had taken a strong hold upon my heart, and my imagination, and the fact that she had been born in that far away land of the rising sun loaned an air of mystery to her, and again I found myself wondering who, and what her mother was. Strangely enough it never once occurred to me to wonder about her father.

"We're going to play hop, skip, and jump, Ma-Foo. You watch us," Soo-San said, and I let the child gravely instruct me in a game that I had forgotten how to play.

The purple shadows had overflowed from the canyon-like streets, and were marching through the Park when we finished our game. In the purple shadows Soo-San seemed the body, and soul of the little girl in my sketch.

"Will you come, and play with me tomorrow, please?" Soo-San was asking.

"I'll try, little Blue Princess," I said, knowing that no power on earth could keep me away.

"H'mm! Lit Soo-San likee big Melican man muchee," grunted Ma-Foo.

"I'm glad, and you'll bring her back here

tomorrow. Ma-Foo?" I asked, watching the old heathen's face closely.

"Maybe come. Maybe not. Soo-San's mamma t'morrowee—"

"She means Mummy takes me out every Thursday. It's Ma-Foo's day off. She goes to see her friends in Chinatown. But, I'll make Mummy bring me. I'll tell her all about you," Soo-San said, and I wondered what the child would tell, and what the mother would think. Well, tomorrow, I might meet her! Queer again, I thought, that I should want to meet her! Why? I could not say.

"Good-by, Mister Playmate," whispered Soo-San, holding out her hands.

"Good-by, little Miss Blue Princess from Chink-Chink Chinaland," I said.

We walked to the south gate together, hand-in-hand. I took out my key, and turned it in the lock.

"Oh! look, Ma-Foo, he's got a key to the Park just like us," Soo-San said.

The key suddenly seemed to burn against my fingers, and then, for the first time, I felt that it was more than a metal key to a gate. I felt that it was the beginning of something in my life—something that had never been—something which only yesterday I had believed never would be.

Through dinner, and afterwards as I planned my work for the next day, I continued to ask myself what this something was. I knew the answer I wanted to give the question. But, I was afraid to give it. What I wanted, and what it might be, might be miles and miles apart.

The neat noon there was a telephone call from the art editor of the magazine that was going to use my beauty cream sketch. He wanted me to do a little girl cover. It was my first real big order. I'd been sticking to commercial work because it sold well. But, I'd always had cover ambitions.

"Any ideas along that line?" he asked.

All morning I had tried to keep Soo-San out of my thoughts so that I could get along with my work. Now, she came rushing back to my mind, a little picture in her blue dress—a picture of a little girl looking for someone to play with. "Yes, I've got an idea," I said, and I outlined it briefly.

He gave me the order. It was not until I hung up the receiver that I realized I'd promised to do it without knowing whether or not I could have Soo-San to pose for me. Suppose her mother wouldn't hear of such a thing?

"I don't think I could ever do another child's picture without Soo-San to pose for it. I'd make a botch of it," I said. I hoped time would fly toward four o'clock, and my visit to the Park.

I'D BEEN sitting on the Park bench about fifteen minutes when Soo-San led her mother around the turn of the road, calling out to me in a high-pitched, glad little voice, "Good afternoon, Mister Playmate."

"Hello little Miss Brown Princess," I said, seeing she was all in brown. I got up and bowed, and held my hands out to her. The next moment Soo-San was in my arms, and I was throwing her up and down.

I suppose first impressions are always the ones we remember. Surely I shall never forget my first impression of Soo-San's tall, beautiful mother as I saw her over Soo-San's shoulders and yet it was not her slender golden beauty that impressed me as much in that moment as did something else. That something else was the misty, tender light that peered from her warm blue eyes, and the look of almost infinite womanhood on her face, as she watched her little girl in my arms. The same light, the same look that I had painted into Marcella's eyes and face. Here was a woman who owned the beauty I had only loaned to my wife in a picture, a beauty of soul which must be felt to be apparent.

"Soo-San insisted on coming here to find her 'Mister Playmate.' I hope her enthusiasm for you will not be annoying," the golden-haired lady said, and her voice made the fall air murmurous with the strains of olden songs that I had heard in the plantation days.

"I came here just to see Soo-San again," I answered. "We became such good friends yesterday."

"Let's show Mummy how we play hop, skip, and jump," Soo-San said, and then without a moment's warning she turned to her mother, and said, "Isn't my Mister Playmate lovely and nice like I said he was, Mummy?"

My cheeks suddenly felt on fire, and I looked away from Soo-San's mother. Mrs. Chimmerly laughed softly:

"Yes, darling," she said. "But, you mustn't embarrass him by letting him know your feelings in a public place."

Somehow I had the feeling of being in a presence, a beautiful mysterious presence.

Soo-San's mother looked on as we played our game, and the lights in her eyes seemed to glow warmer, and more tender as she watched.

"You're awfully good to be so sweet to her," Mrs. Chimmerly said as we sat down beside her.

"You see Soo-San has no playmates in New York. We've only been here a short time. And my old friends have disappeared from this section. But for the Park, and a few of the houses Gramercy doesn't seem the same as it did when I went away."

A wistfulness came with these words, making her face more beautiful than ever.

"You mean when you went away to China?" I asked. I hesitated over the last word. Was it because I felt as if I might be prying into something she did not want me to pry in. Her past? Her present?

The answer she gave, made me think that this was the reason. Somehow, I caught a guardedness about her tones.

"Yes when I went away to China," she said, and there was a little silence, which even Soo-San did not break.

Then the silence was swept away on the music of Soo-San's voice, and soon we were talking just for Soo-San's benefit until the child asked me where I lived, and I pointed out my studio windows.

"Up there in all that glass?" asked the child incredulously.

"Yes," I said.

"You're an artist?" the mother inquired.

I went into a little story of my work. Somehow I mentioned my other place on Park Avenue, and it came out that I was married. I thought Mrs. Chimmerly gave me a queer little look when I spoke of Marcella, but I could not be sure. My imagination might be playing tricks again.

DURING the course of our talk I screwed up nerve enough to suggest that Soo-San be allowed to pose for me. Mrs. Chimmerly said she might.

"What's your name?" she asked frankly as Soo-San ran off to pick up a red stone from the grass.

"Stockton Lane," I said.

"The Georgia Lanes? You have something of a Southern accent."

"Yes."

"I've heard some Southern friends mention the name. Mine's Pamela Chimmerly."

"Pamela," I repeated softly, "It's a lovely name."

I looked at Pamela Chimmerly as I spoke, but her face had become a beautiful mask, and queerly enough I thought of Ma-Foo, and the mask she had put on when speaking of Soo-San's mother.

China! China! What was there about everything to make me feel that the mystery of China was in the New York air. Or was it mystery? Or just the fact that this woman

at my side made me feel that something had happened back there in that sun land which involved our destinies? Something she would try to keep from me.

"We must be going, Mr. Lane. I have a five o'clock tea engagement. When shall I send Soo-San to you?"

"Tomorrow, could you?"

"At ten," she promised.

Soo-San seemed reluctant to go until she was assured that she was going to see me in the big glass window place the very next morning.

WHEN she climbed into my arms to say good-by, I found myself holding her as if she had come to mean everything in the world to me.

I went back to the studio in a whirl of emotions, and thoughts. Everywhere Soo-San and her mother seemed to be. In all the night sounds of the city their voices drifted like a familiar song. When my phone rang briskly at five-thirty, I started at the inexplicable feeling that it was Pamela Chimmerly. Why should she be calling? I didn't stop to think. I just wanted it to be her.

But it was Marcella and if I am to be honest, I must admit that her voice was a rude jolt. We had been invited to the theater, and a night club afterwards. The Worthington's were entertaining. A popular musical comedy was the show. Did I feel up to it or should she call Mort? He was always so dependable and willing.

"I'm not up to it, Marcella," I said. "Go on with Mort."

"Good night, dear, and I'll be in so late maybe I'd wake you here. Better stay down in Gramercy. I'm coming down to do the Park with Peke in the morning. So long, Stocky."

And, that was that.

I was hungry but I couldn't seem to eat dinner in the club. I walked back to the studio. It was a fine crisp autumn night, and there was a new moon. It was an old habit of mine, making a wish on a new moon. A habit old Uncle Rememby, our ancient colored butler, had given me in Georgia. The wish that I made turning into Gramercy Park seemed to well right up out of all my past, and all my dreams. And, then, as if by magic it came true. For I saw a woman opening the gate to the Park, and I knew her a block away.

Pamela Chimmerly!

My pulses pounded, and my breath seemed to stick in my throat. Why had she come back to the Park? If I had only stopped to think I might have easily concluded that there were any one of a dozen reasons, especially the charm and beauty of the fall night with its new moon.

I hurried to the Park, and unlocked the south gate. Intuition sent me to the place of our meeting. She was sitting there on the bench, looking off into space. For moments I studied her beauty. Soo-San was of the same wonderful pattern, a pattern too exquisite to be copied. It had to be matched, or nothing!

She seemed startled when I came upon her and spoke. Not frightened, but a bit distressed and uncomfortable. I tried to make things easy.

"The beautiful night brought you out, I suppose," I said.

She shook her golden head.

"No, not that. I came out here to be alone. Oh! please, don't think me rude. But I wanted to think by myself," she said.

"Oh!" was all I said for a moment. I felt a little stunned. Then words slipped from my lips that I did not mean to say "You came to think of China?"

"Yes, of China," she said.

A strange silence fell between us, and I stood there hesitating over just what to do. She was probably looking upon me as an intruder, yet I didn't want to leave her after

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the thrill of finding her. I wanted to stay, and feel the fascination of her beauty, and come under the spell of her voice.

Moments slipped by, and still I could not make up my mind one way or the other. A limitless kind of force seemed to be holding me while another, equally strong, tried to tear me away. The thing that swung me against remaining longer was the fact that she made no effort to dispel my fear of intrusion. Pamela Chimmerly just sat there looking at the ground, seeing through the earth to China. I thought. Well, in that case I was intruding because I felt that I must be as far from her thoughts as China was from Gramercy Park.

"I must be going, now. I've got some planning to do, and, anyhow, you're busy with your own thoughts," I said. I was hoping against hope for encouragement.

**S**HE looked up at me, her blue eyes half veiled by her golden lashes, but she did not say what I wanted her to say. She didn't invite me to remain.

"So good night, Pamela," I said. I was half afraid my liberty with her name wouldn't be well received.

But, the warmth of her voice rewarded me!

"Oh! You're so wonderfully understanding with me. But, I should have known you would be after the way you are with Soo-San. Thank you so much. I'll send Soo-San to you in the morning, and good-night, Stockton," she said.

The lights of the Square whirled, and ran happily together as I left her. All the way to the studio my name, as she had spoken it, followed me. For hours before I finally fell asleep I kept repeating, "Stockton," trying to make it sound as she had.

Ma-Foo brought Soo-San to me at ten. We had a lot of fun for a little while showing her around the place, then we went to work. Soo-San proved to be a good little poser, and the sketching went along very well.

At two o'clock the poor little kiddie was nodding on the dais. She was so tired and sleepy from holding the pose. I put down my brushes, and took her in my arms. The north light could all waste away for all I cared then.

"Sing me a song," she said.

Her request stumped me for the moment. For years I had wanted to sing a child to sleep. Here was my chance, and yet I could not come through. I couldn't seem to think of any song that would do. A low croony sound came from the other side of the studio. I looked up, and saw old Ma-Foo rocking slightly in her chair. All the savagery of Mongolia was gone from her face. It seemed a mother face. Her crooning made me think of the way old colored mammys crooned to the children down in Georgia. And, then Aunt Caroline's favorite lullaby magically ran through my mind. It was "Slumber Boat." A few of the words came to my lips. I sang them:

"Baby's boat is a silver star,

"Sailing o'er the sea.

"Please don't sail away too far,

"But sail back home to me."

Ma-Foo took Soo-San home for her nap after she had arranged to bring her back the next afternoon.

A night and morning can take years to pass sometimes. The next day certainly was long for me. But when there was a timid little knock on my door at one o'clock, all the hours of waiting seemed swept away.

"Hello, Soo-San, you all alone? Where's Ma-Foo?" I asked. Before she could answer there were swift light steps on the stairway and Pamela Chimmerly's beautiful face, crowned by a little black toque, appeared.

"Ma-Foo's busy today. I brought her. I

hope you will not mind so very much."

"Mind!" I blurted, "I'm so glad you came, too."

My hands were not steady setting up the easel, and they trembled as I posed little Soo-San. My heart felt as if it would beat its way from beneath my black smock, and I wondered if Soo-San's mother noticed all this.

At last when I was sufficiently in command of myself I went to work. Although my consciousness seemed afire with the knowledge that Pamela was there in the room with us, I did not dare admit that she was. I worked on, forcing myself to believe that her presence was only in my imagination. So hard did I try to concentrate that I quite forgot to give Soo-San enough rest periods, and at a quarter to three she was nodding again on the dais.

I took her in my arms, feeling like a brute.

"Sing to me again," she said.

And for once I forgot Pamela was there, and sang the words I remembered of "Slumber Boat." But, when I finished she had risen, and was standing over us, her red lips quivering, her blue eyes brimming with tears. Suddenly her hands covered her face, and she turned away from me. I lifted little Soo-San to the divan, and went over to her mother, taking her hands away from her beautiful, tortured face. We were standing by the windows.

"What's the matter, please? Can't I do something to help?" I asked. It was all I could do to keep myself from taking her in my arms. For I knew I loved Pamela Chimmerly. She was the woman of my dreams.

"I will be all right in a moment. It was just seeing her there in your arms like that, hearing you sing to her. Oh!" her voice broke off for a moment, and my hands gripped hers tighter.

A clock struck three but I barely heard it, much less remembered that Marcella was coming at three.

"I knew I should not have come here today. Oh! I knew it. I decided not to come. But I came anyhow."

"Pamela I'm so glad you came. I'm so glad." My arms went around her, and drew her close. "Pamela, I love you. I love you. I love you," I said.

She stirred slightly in my arms. It was like a weak force fighting against a strong force. Defeat against triumph. Her voice, sunken to a whisper reached me. "No. No. It's madness. We mustn't. You're married. I'm—"

BUT I would not let her go on. I poured my heart to her; my dreams; my longings; my unhappiness; my yearning for such love as she could give me.

"Oh! Pamela, I've been cheated by life. Don't you cheat me now. I've wanted all you and Soo-San can give, so long, so hard. Pamela."

"Ssh! Stockton, my darling, don't break my heart any more. I can't give you what I want to give you," she said. "You're married. And I'm going back to China tomorrow. I've got to go. This is good-bye. That's why I came. For good-bye. Oh! don't you understand?"

"You are going tomorrow? Back to China? Because he's there? Her father?" I asked. I pointed at Soo-San.

She nodded her head like a stricken woman.

"Then you'll have to do the going. I won't give you up until you tear yourself away. Oh! Pamela, sweetheart, I can't. I mustn't lose you now. I can't go on with-out—"

I was standing near the window and the rest of my words stuck in my throat at what I saw happening in the street below.

A gorgeous automobile drove up in front

of my house and deposited Marcella. She got out and leaning across the front of the beautiful car, kissed the man at the wheel. The man was Mortimer Ladd! I lost control of myself for a moment, then Pamela Chimmerly's lovely voice whispered in my ears, and I got the kind of grip on myself I needed.

"Stockton, you mustn't talk that way. You make it too hard for me to go," she was saying.

But with the knowledge of the kiss between my wife and Ladd, I wanted to make it hard for Pamela to leave me. Why should we part now? Marcella must care a lot for Ladd to kiss him in public. She rarely kissed me even in private!

"I'M NOT going to let you go now," I cried, and held her closer.

She might have remained that way forever if footsteps on the stairs had not suddenly drummed into my consciousness. Marcella was coming. I couldn't embarrass the woman I loved by letting my wife catch her in my arms. Against my own will power I released Pamela, and we stood staring at each other as Marcella opened the door and came in.

"Oh! pardon me, I didn't mean to intrude," she exclaimed. She looked at us for just the ghost of a moment. Then a look came into her eyes, and I knew that she knew the truth about Pamela and me. I guess it was written all over my face. But I knew too that she was secretly glad she had discovered us.

"You're not intruding at all Marcella. We're through work. I would like you to know Mrs. Chimmerly, whose little daughter has posed for my first big cover sketch. Mrs. Chimmerly, my wife," I said.

Soo-San awakened at this moment and Pamela seized upon this as a means to make her exit. As she insisted on leaving, my heart sank into my shoes. If she got away now I would lose her, perhaps for ever. She was going to China tomorrow!

"Won't you stay and have some tea?" I asked.

But Pamela insisted she must be going. She had so much to do. There were things to be packed. I loved her poise. She was such a thoroughbred. Yet it broke my heart to have her go this way, without a word or a look that would have meant everything to me.

"By-by, Soo-San," I said. I realized the child had not been told she was never coming back, that she was going to China on the morrow. And another part of my heart broke. I loved Soo-San. She was my dream child come to life. Must I lose her, too, as I was losing her lovely mother?

"By-by, Mister Playmate," she said and a moment later she was pattering through the door with her beautiful mother.

Then Marcella turned to me, saying almost softly for Marcella:

"Oh! Stocky, I know. I understand. You love her."

"Yes," I admitted.

"Stockton Lane, you've been terribly cheated by life and by me. I've known it sometime now. I'm just a butterfly woman. You want marriage to mean love and children. I've failed as your wife, but let's be sensible. It's not too late. There's still time for both of us to try again."

"IT'S too late for me. She's gone forever. She sails for China tomorrow, but it's not too late for you. I know what you want. I saw you kiss Ladd just now. You'll be happier with him."

"You're right, Stocky. I'm sure I will. Mort's my kind, a butterfly man, and he's just begging me to death to marry him. I've held off on account of you."

"Marcella, we're all privileged to find, and take our happiness. Please forget me."

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in the kitchen made us both leap up. I ran out and found the Indian girl lying on the floor with blood trickling from a cut on her left temple.

"What's the matter, Wassa?" I asked. She only shook her head, but her eyes went to the open kitchen door, and I guessed the Yaqui was the trouble.

The girl was not badly hurt, and after I had put her to bed, I started to my room. Mr. Wigham was still in the living room. Through the open door of the dining room I could see the lighted cigar moving about in the dark as though he was walking restlessly. I had thought it rather callous that he had not followed me to the kitchen to see what was the matter with Wassa, but supposed it was part of his eastern training to ignore what went on among the servants.

I slipped toward my door, hoping to dodge any further visit with him that night. For the first time since I had come, I realized with sharp clearness that I was in danger.

**Y**EAT I was not afraid. That was the queer part of it. The danger I knew was not from violence, but the far greater danger within myself, the danger of yielding to persuasion. Starved always for comfort and luxury and praise, for a month I had had all three. Mr. Wigham had praised me and flattered me, but had not overdone it.

Just that afternoon he had snapped a bracelet that had belonged to his cousin on my arm.

"What a lovely, slender wrist," he said. "Isn't it queer that working as you have, you should have such aristocratic hands and feet? You must have come of a good family to be so lovely."

"My mother's grandfather," I said, "was a slave-holder in Virginia."

"And his great-granddaughter," he said, "is a slave-holder in Arizona."

Inexperienced as I was, I knew as I sat there on the edge of the bed thinking it out, that a decision would have to be made soon.

I crossed the room and stood before the open casement window. After the heat of the day, the night wind from the mountain felt cool and sweet.

But again I was saved a decision. Voices outside aroused me from my dreaming. I peered into the starlight, and saw two figures walking toward the corral, one of them a woman. I listened intently. I could not catch a word, but I recognized the voices. It was Wassa, whom I had left in her room, and Colorado Slim.

My reaction was the greatest surprise in my life. Instantly I was blazing mad. Slim believed, or at least half believed what the other cowboys said of me. And now he was out there in the night with that thick-lipped, flat-faced Indian servant girl!

All the next day I was angry at Colorado Slim, at Wassa, at Mr. Wigham and the world in general. Everything was so unfair and unjust.

By the middle of the afternoon I was so restless I could not stay in the house. I went out wearing a broad straw hat and turned up the creek. I followed it for a while, finally stopping under a big cottonwood tree that leaned from the bank over the water. I sat down on the bent trunk and fanned myself with the hat. I became aware that some one was watching me and looking up I saw Slim not twenty steps above, looking down at me with a friendly grin.

I felt my face burn with anger, and without a word I got up and turned back down to the ranch. I did not even look back to see whether he followed me or not.

When I got back I found a bunch of fragrant wild flowers on the dresser in my bedroom.

I did not see Mr. Wigham until supper time. Neither of us ate more than a few bites, but we lingered at the table until

Wassa had cleared it. Wassa and I had scarcely spoken all day. She had hated me from the first, and I hated her since last night.

"Like the flowers?" Mr. Wigham said at last.

"They were lovely," I said. I knew he had gathered them himself for me.

"You love nice things, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You are always going to have nice things," he said.

We got up and moved toward the living room. The lamps were not lighted. We did not sit down but crossed the room to the open south windows.

His arm slipped cautiously around my waist and I never stirred!

Little things are always happening. I suppose it is for that reason that some little thing is pretty sure to play a part in our most important decision. Right at the parting of the ways some little thing happens and we turn to the right or left. We are apt to think afterwards that little interference was the hand of Fate or Providence. Perhaps it was, who knows.

As Mr. Wigham took a handkerchief from his pocket, something white dropped. He did not stoop for it, but let it lay there on the floor.

"Merely a letter from my wife," he said. "She has a fool notion she wants to come and spend the summer on the ranch, but I don't think we are going to need her. Do you, sweetheart?"

I drew away from him.

"Don't get huffy, dear," he said. "The bonds of matrimony these days are as easily untied as shoe strings."

When he put his arm around me again I merely stood there, thinking, thinking.

A man's footstep sounded on the veranda. Then a knock!

Somehow I knew it was Slim!

I scooted hurriedly across the living room and into my own bedroom. I stood inside, the door open, listening.

I heard voices at the front door—Slim's and Mr. Wigham's. Only a few words were spoken. Then steps crossed the veranda.

I darted back into the living room, and stood inside the screen door. Mr. Wigham had not struck a light. The house was still dark.

Across the open space between the house and the creek, two figures walked side by side. They were talking; there was no sign of conflict between them. Just two men walking in the starlight and yet my heart crowded into my throat until I gasped for breath. I wanted to scream, to run after them, and yet I dared not.

**I** WENT out on the veranda and stood peering into the dim starlight in the direction they had gone, listening, listening. The night was perfectly still save for the occasional stamping of a horse in the corral. The light was out in the cook shack. The cowboys apparently were all in bed.

But the very stillness of it frightened me. I left the veranda and went down the path toward the creek, in the direction the two men had taken. I told myself over and over again that I was a fool. There was nothing wrong.

Following them, I would only make myself ridiculous. Yet I could not help it.

I reached the clump of cottonwood down by the creek, and stood leaning against one of the trees, weak and shaken with fright.

Then a low, still voice filled with the cool hatred reached me. Just beyond the clump of mesquite not thirty steps away, the two men were talking.

The voice was Slim's and the words were clear.

"Do as I say," he said. "Take that horse and ride. Either you are off this ranch in an hour, or you are a dead man."

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The men started to move. I whirled and ran back to the house, dodging behind the cottonwoods. Instinct warned that any interference from me would be but a match to powder.

Inside my room I stood shaking like an aspen. My lungs were cramped for breath, my hands were cold, my head burning.

Through moments that stretched out forever and ever I listened. Would Mr. Wigham go? It seemed unlikely that he could be ordered off his own ranch by a mere cowboy. Yet there had been deadly menace in Slim's threat. What would happen if he did not go?

about the corral doing the futile little things men do to keep themselves busy in the presence of a tragedy. Slim was saddling a black horse. I went straight up to him.

"Slim," I said. "I heard things last night. They'll swear me when the coroner comes, and I'll have to tell. I want to get away."

Slim straightened up and looked off toward the creek, his eyes never meeting mine, and shook his head.

"It can't be done. They would get you. Tell them the truth, every bit of it."

"But Slim they'll arrest you."

"Tell them the truth," he said. "It's my only chance."

The inquest was held in the grub shack. There was more room out there. The board tables were removed and benches set against the walls. The coroner, the county attorney and the sheriff had come out from town. All the rest were from neighboring ranches.

I sat at the end of a bench in the far corner of the room, praying I would not be called. But, of course, I would. I had been fighting it out all day as to what I should do. I had been told to tell the truth, yet I think I would have sworn a lie for Slim if it had not been for his emphatic warning that the truth was his only chance.

The court was called. A jury of cowboys and ranchers sat on a bench, facing the coroner. I could see their faces; grim rough men used to the stark realities of life. Yet even they were touched with the awe men feel in the presence of death.

Slim stood in the corner opposite me, leaning against the wall, his face a still, cold mask. Only his eyes moved, and they were unreadable.

My eyes had scarcely left his since he had come in. I tried to imagine how it felt to have killed a man. I tried to think out a justification for his act, but gave it up. Yet I was sorry for him: sorrier than I had ever been for any one else in my whole life. I wanted to speak to him, to touch his hand, to let him know that I suffered too.

Slim was the best cowboy on the ranch. Yet I knew he had never quite been one with the rest. He had always been a little aloof. There was something about him they did not understand; and men, like a horse in the night, shy from the unknown.

Most of them liked him; but Bandy, the foreman did not, and I knew Red was a secret enemy.

Bandy was the first witness to be called. After several questions that did not seem to count, the coroner asked:

"Did you ever hear anyone threaten the life of Mr. Wigham?"

"Yes."  
"Who?"

"COLORADO SLIM." He nodded toward the corner where Slim still leaned against the wall, watching, listening.

"What was the threat about?"

"A girl."

"Who was the girl?"

"Nan Harley, the housekeeper."

"What did this cowboy, Colorado Slim, say?"

"That if any harm came to the girl, he'd kill the damned leech."

"Were you in the bunk house the night of the shooting?"

"Yes."

"Did you see any of the cowboys leave?"

"Yes. About ten o'clock I woke up at some noise, and saw one of the boys slipping out. It was Slim, and I asked him where he was going. He said he was going to the house. I told him to go back to bed, but he paid no attention. I saw him go to the house and come away directly with Mr. Wigham. They went down toward the creek. A few minutes later the girl followed them."

"Why didn't you interfere?" asked the lawyer.

"We don't interfere out here with men's

private quarrels at all," Bandy answered.

"What happened then?"

"I must have gone to sleep, for I did not hear the shot, nor see Slim return."

Red was called next. He swore that he too had heard Slim threaten the boss. Also he had heard the shot in the night; and about thirty minutes, later he saw Slim come back to the bunk house. He knew it was Slim for his cot was just beyond his own, and Slim had hit his shin against the corner and swore.

There was a pause. The coroner looked over at me. Everybody turned and stared.

"Miss Harley, will you take the witness chair?" said the coroner.

As I started across the room my eyes once more went to Slim. His met mine straight, and he gave his head a short, emphatic nod. It was the final command for me to tell the truth.

"You knew the deceased, P. J. Wigham?" was the first question.

I nodded, gulping to get control of my voice.

"What was your position at the ranch?"

"Housekeeper." The word came huskily.

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"How did you happen to be employed as cook and housekeeper," put in the attorney, "when Mr. Wigham already had a housekeeper and cook?"

"I don't know," I answered weakly.

"Did he make love to you?"

"Y-e-s."

Everyone in the room was looking at me, but I felt only Slim's eyes.

"Was this cowboy, Colorado Slim, jealous of Wigham?"

I hesitated, and replied lamely, "I never heard him say anything about it."

"But you know," said the attorney. "Girls have a way of knowing those things without being told. Do you think he was jealous of Wigham?"

Again I hesitated, but replied truthfully.

"I think he was."

"What happened the night of the murder?" The coroner put this question.

"Do I have to tell?" I asked desperately.

"Yes," replied the coroner.

My eyes went hesitatingly to Slim who still stood in the corner with that cool, deadly indifference upon his face. His eyes met mine for only a fraction of a second, and once more he nodded commandingly.

"MR. WIGHAM and I were in the living room," I said. "Some one came to the door and Mr. Wigham went away with him. I watched them in the starlight. I'm sure it was Slim. I was afraid something would happen, and followed. I heard Slim say: 'If you are not off the ranch in an hour, you'll be a dead man.'

"I ran back to the house. In about an hour I heard a shot. That was all."

"That's enough," said the county attorney decisively. "Sheriff, put Colorado Slim under arrest."

I slipped out of the witness chair, and went back to the bench in the corner, crushed. I had put him in handcuffs. My testimony in the final trial would put him on the gallows. And it was because he loved me. Every figure in the room faded out.

Everything was blurred for a moment. There was confusion in the room. Then as my vision cleared, the people were settling back into their seats. Three others had entered the room and were standing inside the

door—Hartman, the cowboy, who was Slim's best friend, and Wassa and her Yaqui sweetheart.

"Your honor," said Hartman, "here are a couple of birds I caught on the wing. I think they know something about this here murder."

Wassa looked sullen and defiant. But the Yaqui stood up straight and indifferent, his black coarse hair rising in a pompadour from his forehead.

The coroner signaled him to come to the witness chair. He stood up before the jury, refused to sit down.

"DO YOU know who shot Mr. Wigham?" the coroner asked slowly, distinctly.

"Si." The Yaqui preferred Spanish to English.

"Who?"

The reply came without a shadow of evasion.

"Me."

"You!" The county attorney was on his feet. "You mean you killed Wigham?"

The Yaqui nodded. Then his sombre black eyes glancing at Wassa by the door, he added:

"He make her love him. I keel him."

Weeks later, Slim and I galloped across the wide mesa. The setting sun left a filigree of gold along Rimrock. The soft shadows of coming twilight filled the canyon to the east. The fragrant desert wind stirred my loose, flying hair. Never had I seen anything so beautiful and lovely as that wide-flung mesa, rimmed about by sun-tipped mountains.

I drew my horse alongside of his, and touched his arm with my right hand.

"Slim," I said, "what did you mean by those words to Mr. Wigham that night?"

Slim had avoided the remotest reference to those tragic days.

"I had talked with Wassa the night before," he said. "She told me the Yaqui was going to kill Wigham. The night it happened I saw the Yaqui slip out with a gun—and I knew he would get him before morning. Wigham had it coming to him, but I couldn't stand by if I could stop it. That is why I came to the house, got him away, and warned him to leave the ranch."

"Did he start?" I asked.

"Yes, but he was too slow about it. The Yaqui got him just as he was leaving the corral."

"But why," I persisted, "did you ask me to tell what I heard? You said it would help you. How could it?"

He turned and looked at me with his slow, adorable grin.

"It always does me good to see a woman tell the truth—and it's a good habit for a wife to get into."

I flushed with happiness instead of embarrassment. This was Slim's proposal.

"But why didn't you tell the truth yourself? They might have hanged you if that Yaqui had not confessed."

He shrugged. "I wanted to give the poor devil a chance to get away," he said.

That was Slim!

Then turning in a moment, he leaned over quite close to me and smiled.

"I've given you several chances to get away, but they are all gone. You're mine now for keeps." He put his arm about my waist, lifted me out of my saddle on to his horse.

"Yes, Slim, yours for keeps," I said happily as he hugged me close.

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## Alone in a Great City

[Continued from page 55]

poration heads! The sight thrilled me anew! Here everything was possible.

I set out resolutely to find a job before four o'clock and a room for the night.

I joined a crowd gathered about the window of a drug store. There in the window, demonstrating razor blades, sat a pretty girl. She wasn't any prettier than I was, and I couldn't see any particular stunt to what she was doing. But she was packing the boys in. It gave me an inspiration. It was the kind of a job I could do, and which would bring me into the spotlight.

Giving a little tilt to her skirts, the girl stood up, motioned the crowd into the store, and left the window. I tagged in after the men. But I saw in a glance that her gesture was only a come-on game, for the girl herself was standing a little out of sight behind a pile of boxes while a male clerk sold the blades.

I GOT my nerve up and strolled in back of the boxes to speak to the girl.

"I need work," I said. "I think I could do what you're doing there in the window. Would it be asking too much for you to tell me where I could get in touch with such a job?"

"Not a bit," she said. "Our firm always needs new girls. I don't just know why. The work's easy enough if you've got the personality. No experience necessary and the pay's good. It must be girls don't think this line is refined, but there's really nothing the matter with it. Look here. Go down to this address and ask to see Mr. Osborne. Tell him Minnie at the Forty-second Street store sent you, and don't forget to smile at him."

The office she sent me to was a busy one down among the canyons of lower Broadway. The firm was putting a dollar razor strop on the market, and as a razor strop is something no man really wants in this day of safety razors, girl power was necessary to sell the thing.

I smiled as Minnie had directed me and the smile worked.

"You can begin tomorrow morning at the Woolworth Building store," Mr. Osborne told me. "You get no salary but make fifteen cents commission on every sale. You don't do the selling, unless you are especially called by the store clerk. Your real job is just to drag the boobs in."

"Be there by eight A. M. tomorrow. I'll meet you and rehearse you in your act. If you're as good as I think you are, there's no reason why you can't earn as high as thirty-five a week."

It sounded fine. I'd be my own boss. I certainly could flirt to much better advantage in a drug-store window than I could in a night club when the men were drunk and I was dead tired and the hour was a pallid six A. M.

I went back uptown and revisited Minnie. "I'll quit bothering you pretty soon," I said, "but now that I have the job do you know where I could find a room?"

She looked sharply at me before she spoke. "You're a funny one," she said finally, "but I'll gamble on you. I've got an apartment with two other girls. We could manage better with one more girl sharing our rent, so you can live with us if you want to. I'll see that you get your own bedroom for six dollars a month. That's cheaper than any room you can get. You've got to pay your share of the food cost and do the housework and the cooking for the gang every fourth day. We three will each have our individual days for doing this work, too.

The place is way over on the East Side, not so neat as to location and old-fashioned as to convenience, but the apartment itself is clean as a new church. Do you want to come?"

I liked her square shooting manner.

"You bet I want to come," I said and so it was arranged.

Minnie trusted me enough to give me the key and directions for getting to the house I collected that eternal suitcase of mine and walked along the East Side, not in the section that is social and exclusive, but in the section where ash cans sit out all day and crying babies scream from doorsteps.

I felt the small town's revulsion at the sight. This was what a big city did to the poor. I would have turned back, save for my weariness and the key in my hand. I came to the block Minnie had indicated. In the general squalor one apartment house gleamed with a certain cleanliness. It was the number I was seeking. Its hall was small and dark but it smelled of soapsuds. I climbed up to the fifth floor back, unlocked the door and almost as soon as I was inside I curled up in the center of the first bed I saw and went to sleep.

It was the sleep of sheer exhaustion. I never heard the girls come in. I knew nothing until Minnie woke me up to tell me supper was ready. Then I saw two new girls gazing down at me and smiling kindly. Bertha was black eyed and slender, a script girl at a movie studio in Long Island. Linda was long-limbed and blonde and earned her living by teaching aesthetic dancing at a settlement house.

No ordinary girls these! There was a flash about them, a liveliness that small town girls rarely exhibit. Their silk stockings were of the sheerest chiffon, their dresses were fatally simple, their coats were of the finest furs. They looked like millionaires' daughters.

"It's the New York rule," Linda explained. "Keep up the appearances, no matter what the sacrifices necessary to it. Diet when you're by yourself. Eat when some man is footing the bill. Give up anything to retain your schoolgirl complexion and keep everlastingly on the lookout for a live wire husband."

"Somehow," Bertha said, "you can tell the girls who are going to get on in this town. Now anybody looking at you, Betty, can tell you are a country cousin but also they can tell you'll get over it. All you need is simpler clothes, better haircuts, manicures and a different shade of rouge."

"KEEP still, you two," Minnie said. "Betty's still tired out. That's easy to see and she starts a new racket tomorrow at eight. Press that little black dress of yours, Betty, to wear in the window. That'll pull the boys. When you get through with that home work, you go back to sleep, and don't worry about being late in the morning. I'll call you in plenty of time."

Perhaps the friendliness of these three girls was due to the fact that they had left home, too, and fought their way up. But certainly they were wonderful to me. Minnie got me up. Linda saw me through my dressing and loaned me a fur scarf to make my costume smarter. Bertha saw me safely to the right subway. Dependence they wouldn't have. That was plain. But their true kindness was even more apparent.

I found the act I had to do in the window amazingly simple.

In the corner window, draped with yellow crêpe paper, I was given a little stool,

a set of props and three lettered cards. The first thing I had to learn to do was to hold a razor blade without cutting myself. In case you want to know, here's the way. You hold the sharpened edges and not the rounded ones at the ends of the blade. That sounds contrary to sense, I know, but here's the reason. A razor can't cut into things. It must cut across. Holding on the curved edges, your fingers are apt to slip, so that the blade goes across and you get cut. You simply can't press the sharpened edges into your fingertips enough to scratch them, unless you draw the edge across them first.

That was the first of my window tricks, and holding the blade by the edges fooled the crowd into thinking the edge was dull. It was nothing of the sort.

**T**RICK two was to hack a piece of wood with the blade for the ostensible purpose of dulling it further. More acting. I never hacked the wood, but drew the blade sharply through it. Chips would fall, but such action instead of dulling the blade actually sharpened it. In order to put over my fake, I'd demonstrate by constantly touching the edges how dull they were. The first card called attention to this dullness.

Then I'd pull out the strop and work busily. This was, of course, sharpening the blade further. A card said so, and then I'd pretend I could hardly hold it at all, which, of course, was largely acting. I could hold it just as well then as I could in the first place. Finally I'd take a hair from a switch hanging close to my chair and without an instant's hesitation, cut the hair in two.

After that the inference, and the announcement on the third card were obvious. Every man must have one of these wonderful stoppers. The price was on the card and statistics to prove the saving he'd make in old blades, and I exhibited all this with my best smile and my knees showing.

At first I was flustered and self-conscious. I was aware of my legs and I felt as though my smile were painted on. I knew I would get no money except as commissions on sales and there was not a soul in sight. How on earth was I going to pull the necessary crowd?

I saw a lone man watching me from across the street. How was I going to get him over to my window? I looked him directly in the eye. To my astonishment, he came over as swiftly as though I'd pulled him on a string. I tried the same trick with another man who appeared on the opposite corner. It worked with him, too. I attracted three or four more the same way, and I must say that in all the time I spent demonstrating I never knew that method to fail. I don't attempt to explain it. It just was. After the first six the crowd gathered automatically.

Then I discovered new difficulties. Each man, coming up, wanted to flirt. He'd start to pull a line and then realize there was a plate glass window between us. Because this made him feel foolish, he'd try to make me look foolish to the crowd. He'd begin to mimic my actions. The crowd would laugh, and begin to dissolve.

**I** SOON knew enough to use the come-hither look only when I wanted to corral them to the window and push them into the store. Once gathered into the crowd, I'd keep my face impersonal with only a promising half smile on my lips, as though any moment my iciness might melt. Only when they came out of the store, bearing boxes would I smile at them openly for the benefit of those who were still hesitating.

The smiles worked so well that the first night I'd earned nine dollars and forty-five cents at the rate of fifteen cents a sale. Mr. Osborne was enthusiastic.

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"You're a wonder," he said. "Stick around and we'll put you on regular salary besides the commission."

I was permitted to come out of the window each hour for a ten minute rest and during one of these periods a tall, dark man entered and asked the clerk if he could speak with me.

"I've been watching you pull that crowd for days," he said. "That's too good work to be wasted on razor strops. I run a restaurant down in Greenwich Village. I use six girls as hostesses and waitresses. They must be young and pretty and be able to bring in the boys. The hours are easy, from eleven to two for luncheon, from five to ten for dinner. After ten the law forbids girls working, but you can stay in the restaurant as a guest just the same. I'll pay you ten dollars a week, your meals, and you keep your tips. A girl like you ought to knock down eighty a week when you once get acquainted. Will you try it?"

"Let's see the place first?" I said.

"Be my guest at dinner tonight," he answered and gave me the address.

I found Mr. Burton's restaurant a typical setting for city romance.

Candles cast lingering shadows on the dark walls. Open fires lighted two great fireplaces. The tables were of rough boards without cloths. The napkins were paper and the silver was nickel. A boy strummed incessantly on a piano in one corner. The food was excellent.

I looked at the girls with whom I should have to work. They were, like the three girls with whom I was living, perfectly able to take care of themselves. Yet each of them was a distinct type. I looked back at the bland Mr. Burton. Like the concessionaires of the cabarets, like the razor strop people, he was selling feminine charm. The food he passed over his tables was incidental.

"I'll join on with you," I told Mr. Burton.

Being the newest girl I got the poorest tables the first night, the one in the most brightly lighted corners and farthest away from the kitchen. The trays were heavy and my trade mostly women. They were put at my table just because I was so new I couldn't kick and within an hour I knew why waitresses hate to wait on their own sex. Women either don't tip at all or give only dimes. During lunch time my tips amounted only to forty cents.

By the second night I'd learned the worst restaurant earning hours for service are one and seven. The people who really want to eat are present then. We girls had to hustle. Before and after those hours the lonely and the romantic wandered in. Then the tips were worth the getting.

THE first week I earned thirty-six dollars and gained two regular customers. The second I had four and fifty-two dollars. The third I made sixty odd and my clientele was growing. Before long I was sure of my ground and the weeks spread themselves into months and the months into nearly a year.

I grew to know much about men. It is so trite to say they are like children, but they are—always wanting something different, even from the same girl, always capricious, always wanting praise, exactly as children do.

Some men came in who liked to regard me as dependent, despite the obvious fact that I was self supporting. For them I played the little girl, even as I put roast beef and potatoes before them. They'd tip heavily.

So many wanted to tell me their ambitions, it was funny. Night after night I had to reassure them they could do some wild, nutty thing they believed they wanted to do, and would never in this world attempt. Being in the Village, our place was full of dreamers who expected to burst forth in novels and bronze fountains and master-

pieces on canvas and all sorts of things.

Back in the apartment with the three girls I grew into a New Yorker. My hair took on a sleeker sheen, my lips a rosier rouge. I worked for tips, and everything I earned went into clothes and more clothes. I learned to love the bustle and roar of the city. I loved its shining towers and its throngs. At last I belonged!

I BECAME actually fond of the restaurant. Mr. Burton, who was as impersonal as a bank, cautioned me against making dates outside the shop, so I didn't. He scorned Rita, the prettiest girl he employed, because she was engaged to an adoring shoe clerk. He mocked Emily, who was married.

So I felt serene and safe and happy until the night Barry O'Brien came in.

His was plainly a slumming party. The girls were in evening gowns, the men in dinner clothes. Their very presence changed the atmosphere of the whole place. The girls ran around whispering to each other.

"That's O'Brien, the movie producer," Mr. Burton said to me. "Only thirty-eight and worth millions and a widower. Watch your step. I'm putting him at your table."

As I started to lay the silver by Barry O'Brien's place, he caught my hand. "You wait on me exclusively," he ordered. My heart beat faster. Here was the best looking man I had seen since I came to New York.

I gave him my best service. I gave him my best smiles. Rita waited on the table opposite me but when another man of the party insisted upon paying the check, Barry slipped me a ten dollar bill. I curtsied at him. "Cunning kid," he said to me as he went out.

The next night at ten just as we girls went off duty and became guests, a long car drew up at the curb outside.

"Betty, O'Brien's after you," Rita said. "What a chance!"

Ambition was in my blood. Be second rate and you either die in New York, or go back home. Only the strong survive, but how they do triumph! I knew Barry O'Brien was the biggest chance that had come my way so far. A widower, rich, handsome and charming.

I knew Barry liked me. I was a new plaything to him. But I wanted to shift myself to a better position in his mind.

I liked his hair, which was graying a little at the temples. I liked his large, strong hands and the star sapphire on his left little finger. I liked his direct gray eyes. So when he asked me later in the week to go to a night club with him, I put all the money I had into a scrap of an evening dress, as pink as a sunset cloud.

For the first time, I drank champagne but Barry's glances were more intoxicating. For the first time I ate French chocolates but Barry's kisses were sweeter. "This is New York," I said.

"This is Broadway," Barry corrected me quietly. "Come to my apartment for dinner and see the real New York."

"Just ask me," I said.

A week later we made the date. I phoned the restaurant I was ill, and went out shopping for a new dinner dress, a green one this time with silver, like a very young ocean wave.

Minnie watched me dressing and shook her head with disapproval. I was shining like a Christmas tree. My hair was freshly waved, my nails were pink pearls, my slippers were like slim, silver knives against the black carpet.

"Gee, honey," Minnie said. "I wish you wouldn't go. This guy sounds too slick. We talk a lot about independence but really no girl's got any. Don't go to his place alone for dinner. He's too rich. You're too beautiful."

I was too mad with excitement to heed

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such advice. "Don't worry about me," I said. "I'm Houdini's little sister and nobody can get me into anything that I can't wiggle out of." With that I rushed down the stairs and out to a passing taxi.

The taxi swung into Park Avenue. Barry was following the New York custom and letting me come to our rendezvous alone. New York men let you mind your own business in exchange for the same courtesy, and I, on my part, had no wish to have him see how humbly I lived. But I was consumed with eagerness for a sight of his place. I hoped his rooms wouldn't be too dimly lighted or furnished with that typical masculine disregard for line and color.

MY MEDITATIONS were cut short by the stopping of the cab before an especially large apartment building. A blank faced starter opened the cab door. I stepped out and into the lobby. Carpets crushed beneath my heels. Bits of color darted about the black walnut paneling from a dozen crystal sconces.

Yet this was the atmosphere of wealth. The quietness, the expressionlessness, the efficiency all shouted money. The very elevator slid silently up the shaft. "Mr. O'Brien," said the operator and pushed back the heavy steel door.

I gasped at the beauty that met my startled eyes. There I was nineteen stories above the street, in the heart of New York, city of stone and granite. But a garden lay before me, a garden riotous with color and perfume and a fountain tossed a spray of water about in the air. The little pebbles that marked the paths back to a tiny house with windows glowing with golden lights twinkled like diamonds.

I stood quite still drinking it in. I felt unnerved. I had never expected this. Kisses I could repulse. Money I could resist if I thought it expedient, but beauty made me weak. Standing there I knew fear of something too big, too powerful, quite too wonderful for me.

A burning cigarette described an arc against the sky and I saw a dark figure move out of the shadows behind the pots of flowering azaleas.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" Barry said.

I ignored the obvious symbolism of the nursery rhyme about the spider and the fly. "I must go home at once," I said.

"But my dear," Barry said, "you promised to come for dinner. Everything's ready and you're here and I'm here. What's the matter?"

"I'm afraid," I said. "Afraid of you and this beauty you've created. It proves how monstrously clever you are. No dull man could think this out. I'm afraid of what such a setting may do to me. You shouldn't have brought me here and made me feel so shabby, like a grubby little excitement-eater who has suddenly walked into the king's palace."

He was looking at me curiously, sharply.

"You belong to this, Barry O'Brien, and I never shall," I said. I wasn't weighing my words but speaking straight from my troubled mind, struggling with this new idea that had come to me while I tried to rid my throat of the great aching lump there was in it. "I live in a drab apartment building in the wrong section of the East Side. I come from a mean little town. A few weeks ago I told you a fine sounding story about my distinguished ancestry. It was all bunk, Barry. I was trying to make an impression on you. I'm all alone in the world except for my Aunt Ida and she's a spinster, whose last name is Murphy."

"It's a fine Irish name, Murphy."

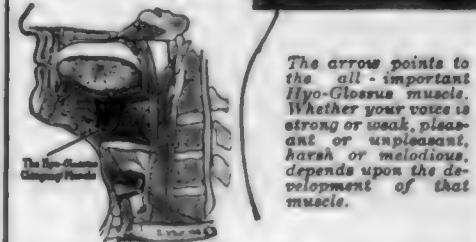
"Yes, I know, but Murphys are always poor and pinched. That's why I came to New York, to get away from the poverty, but all this beauty makes me see that I am

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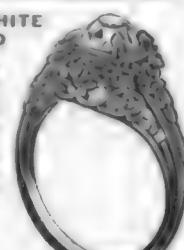
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only a little country girl, despite my new hair-cut, and you're a city man, Barry."

"If you leave now," Barry said, "you may never see me again. Do you want to give up all our parties together?"

"I loved them," I told him, "but, oh, Barry, don't you see that I, too, can see that this is something real. There must be something in you that demands perfection and not the mere frosting on the cake that night life is? You just make me feel stupid, that's all. Looking for thrills, when by achievement you can get hold of something like this. Barry, it's something inside. I think it's this sort of thing that makes big cities, something real inside them, hidden away, that's bigger than anything to be found in petty minds and localities. You've made this, Barry! Where do I come in, except the back door way that I'm not quite shabby enough for? So good-by and thanks for this."

I turned back toward the elevator door.

"Wait a minute," Barry said. "I want to look at you. Is it possible that a kid like you gets the real feel of this place? Why, Betty, in a way I'm ashamed of what it means to me. It's everything to me. I climbed up from the slums myself. My mother was a laundress. I fought and kicked my way to the top and it made me pretty hard-boiled. The richer a man gets the more he meets women of one type, the gold-diggers.

"Some girls try to play two games at once, to be a gold-digger and a good child. None of them can do it for long but every man tries to find out which class they really

are members of. This has always been my test for a girl I became interested in. I've brought a dozen or more up here, Betty, but you're the first that's seen the flowers before you saw the silver service plates on the dining room table. I've reached the age of discretion, my dear, where I know a good thing when it's handed to me. Will you marry me, Betty Murphy, as soon as you get Aunt Ida's consent?"

THE tears spilled out of my eyes then. "I love you, Barry," I said.

"Now that that's settled," said Barry, "come on and eat. I'm starving." I put my hand in his and we walked down one of the paths.

"Listen, infant," he said. "Human nature doesn't change because it moves to town and I figure you knew darned well that dewy-eyed maiden act of yours was going to get me. But I'm so glad you pulled it on me. I've been wanting to love you for a long time now. New York and Oshkosh are sisters under the skin. Only New York's got more business sense. There's fifty-thousand fools come into New York every day just for a visit. They are scouting for thrills, looking for perils. So the city stages a good show for them. But we're all hicks underneath and there's only one real peril in this whole town."

"What's that?" I asked.

"The peril that because of the crowds a man like me might not find a little girl like you to love," Barry said and he kissed me softly.

**C**AN you imagine an attractive woman who frankly admits she'd like to marry, turning down one eligible suitor after another—deliberately choosing single blessedness as the lesser of two evils? Fussy? No! A bit cynical perhaps, but not without reason as you'll see when you read May Cerf's article "No Wedding Bells for Me" in January SMART SET

## We Are Good

[Continued from page 24]

that her attire was perfectly brazen.

But then, Doris wasn't as good as she might have been. I'd heard the Ladies' Aid Society say so many times. At that time I didn't realize that none of us is as good as he might be. I thought they meant she wasn't good at all.

We were a little bit jealous. You know how it would be. She was the life of the party and everybody had a perfect wheeze of a time whenever Doris took part. She was very popular with boys and wore her laurels lightly. I could never see that she was really bad in public, but of course, the Ladies' Aid had never said anything about her public conduct, except that she was too bold and loud.

**W**E HAD great sport for some time revelling in the gossip we heard about Doris and her intimate girl friends who had shortened their dresses to match hers and were included in the verdict of the elders.

Gradually, my chum and I began to hear remarks about the rest of the girls in our crowd. Nothing direct, just little rumors of unconventional behavior. After a time we were forced to conclude that we were the only nice girls left in the bunch. Remembering the old story of how one bad apple spoils a barrel of good ones, I wanted to stop going with the other girls but Jean hated to tell them about the stories that were afloat and so we satisfied ourselves by the knowledge of our superiority.

A week or so later, I was terribly insulted when my parents suggested that Jean wasn't

the sort of girl with whom a daughter of theirs should be associating. She was being "talked about" mother told me. I was indignant and demanded proof. They promptly related certain incidents they had heard about, and pointed out that where there was so much smoke there must be a blaze. I thought over their statements and having no reason to doubt their word, I began to think they might be right. I had just decided to cut the whole crowd when the epidemic entered my own back yard.

George had brought me home from church one evening in his big roadster. We didn't go straight home. Instead, we went the long way around which gave us about an eight mile drive. It was almost ten o'clock when we arrived, but the moon was wonderful and my parents hadn't gone to bed yet so we sat down on the steps to talk. George had some string in his pocket and we began to play "cat's cradle." I don't know how long we had been sitting there playing without saying anything when the door was yanked open and my mother came out.

"It's high time you were in bed," she said to me. She ignored George entirely. He got up, said "Good night" ultra-politely, and left. Mother scarcely noticed his farewell. Her attitude angered me. I wasn't used to having my friends snubbed and asked her why she did it. She told me.

People were talking already, she said, and sitting out on the porch with the boys wouldn't help matters any. Of course, I was shocked. One always is shocked to find one's own character assailed. The worst of it was that mother believed what they

were saying. She didn't admit it, but I knew she wouldn't have given it a second thought if she hadn't.

After a wakeful night, I invited my chum to go for a walk and had a long talk with her.

"Jean," I said, "I s'pose you've been hearing stories about me all the time I've been hearing them about you." She admitted that she had.

She agreed to exchange stories with me. We sat down along the road and told each other gossip about ourselves. It took quite awhile to finish, but at last, try as we would, neither of us could think of anything else we had heard. Each of us was angry and hurt.

"There isn't a bit of truth in those lies," I told her.

"Nor in those about me," she said.

We sat for some time brooding over the revelations. Presently, she turned toward me.

"You know, I wonder if the stories about Doris and the other girls are false too?" That was something I hadn't thought of before, but the more I pondered, the more certain I became that they must be. Finally, we decided we'd call a meeting and find out what they had to say about it.

We discovered that three fourths of the gossip could be proved false. Only about five per cent had any basis whatsoever, and that was horribly mangled and exaggerated in the telling.

By this time I was thoroughly exasperated. It seemed to me that our mothers ought to have found out the truth, or at least have given us a chance to exonerate ourselves, before judging us. Since they hadn't, there seemed only one thing to do and that was to live up to the reputation they had set for us. We felt dreadfully abused and experienced a maniacal delight in imagining the sorrow of our elders when they found what they had driven us to do. I had no doubt but that I would turn out to be a second Jesse James.

The only difficulty was that we didn't know how to begin. We finally decided to follow as nearly as possible the escapades attributed to us by the village gossips. In reading current literature, we soon discovered what outsiders had to say about it. By following them, we reasoned, we could develop just the right amount of devility. Therefore, we spent hours perusing the recent publications for a tip on how to be what people think you are. Most of our findings dealt with what they thought of us, not how to become it. It was clear that they, too, had it in for the younger set.

"What does your daughter think about?" queried one magazine, and we read in open mouthed wonder the ideas that the author declared existed in the minds of modern girls.

"**Y**OUTH and morals," another said, "are directly antagonistic if statistics are any indication. Court records show that the crime wave follows the rebellion of our boys and girls from the conventions established by society."

Down through four years of high school we went, looking right and left for "tips" on how to live up to our reputation and just what our reputation was. We didn't make a great deal of progress.

When I was a junior, I couldn't trust myself to swear out loud without blushing. As for cigarettes, I coughed if I looked at one, though we'd spent hours down by the bridge practising whenever we could mouch one from somebody. To make it worse, just when we thought we had acquired ultra-sophistication and were actually modern, we read that synthetic gin and strip poker were coming in.

We almost gave up at that. There wasn't any synthetic gin or any other brand anywhere that we knew of. None of our friends ever got drunk or carried flasks and tried

to get us girls to drink with them as the stories said boys of this generation did. It was some time before I was set right about strip poker. I thought it was played with strips instead of chips.

For several months we let our efforts lag, but before long conscience got the best of us. No one can listen to himself branded as a jazz-mad dare devil and a menace to society, know it is all "pooh-bah," and not feel like an imposter.

Our parents disapproved of card playing. Many of the magazines carried articles that declared it was not right. One of the ministers in town had called the cards of a euchre deck "passports to hell." Obviously, it was necessary to learn to play cards. We got hold of an old, well frayed deck and spent Sunday afternoons for several weeks down by the river learning how to shuffle them. There's an art to it. Not everyone can do it creditably and we wanted to appear hardened card sharks when we began playing. Sunday was chosen, of course, because it made the deed seem darker.

**I**N SPITE of our efforts, we hadn't even got a good start when we were graduated. The worst card game I had been in was rummy when the loser had to treat the crowd to ice cream cones. With cigarettes, we were more successful. Jean could balance them between thumb and forefinger as artistically as any movie vamp, and if I was very careful, sometimes I could inhale a bit without choking.

In appearance, we had succeeded quite admirably. Our hair was short by that time and our dresses as much so as our mothers allowed. Neither Jean nor I used rouge then, but I got a big kick out of watching the other girls apply it. Lip stick was lovely to dress up in, but in public, it was too gooey for me. Later, I managed to acquire a taste for it.

One thing we had learned from our elders and our study of the magazines and papers; colleges are institutions where perverted youth gathers under the guise of education and flaps its wings to the screech of the saxophone, drinks its boot-legged whiskey, and spoons from dawn to dawn. Undoubtedly, that was the place to learn the things that we had read that modern youth knows, and do the things that modern youth does. We had to work two years for the money, and then we came to college.

Our arrival was rather a disappointment. I had expected to find the station full of hilarity and good will. I had even rather expected the returning students to be celebrating the occasion. I had expected to find drunken gaiety among the more daring. If it was there, I missed seeing it. The platform was covered with youth. Cries of greeting rose above the general babble. There was much clapping of shoulders, boisterous laughter, hasty introductions, and shuffling back and forth. A murmur of exuberant welcomes and the general clamor of crowds followed us as the taxi left the depot.

The first night was rather tame, but we had our bags to unpack and didn't mind particularly. We hadn't expected the fun to begin in reality until after registration. Next morning we hurried down to sign admittance blanks. This was a long drawn out formality required by the academic side of college life. Sort of a blind to the public, which, as we knew from reading, didn't fool anybody.

There was a long line of jostling men and women—women whose skirts barely cleared their knees. My own skirt was pretty short but I didn't notice it at all because everyone's was equally abbreviated. Only a few who wore long dresses were conspicuous. Nobody stared at my legs. No one was interested in anyone's legs as far as I could detect; and search as I would,



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder  
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling,"  
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### You'll Be a He-Man From Now On!

And it's no temporary layer of muscle I put on you. It's there to stay! With those newly broadened shoulders, that perfect neck and great, manly chest, you can maintain your self respect in any society. Every woman will know that you are what every man should be—a forceful, red-blooded he-man.

### I Want You For 90 Days

If at the end of 30 days you think you have improved, wait till you see yourself at the end of 90 days. Then the friends you thought were strong will seem like children by comparison. I'm not called the Muscle Builder for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined.

### Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. *And you can be that man.* Remember, I not only promise it, I GUARANTEE IT.

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i could not find one girl in all the line, only two blocks long, who was smoking.

After lunch, tired but exhilarated, we went home to find half a yard of rules and regulations pasted up on one side of the hall. We read them over carefully and were dismayed to find that they practically forbid everything we'd expected to find being done. No smoking, it stated. No dates on week nights and only until eleven o'clock on week ends. Lights out at ten o'clock. Heavens! Jean suggested that probably no one obeyed them. Of course, that must be it.

Later in the evening, we were sitting around the room talking with the other girls, in the house and I mentioned it. "What are the rules in the hall for?" I said. "Do they really think we'll obey them?"

"They're not so bad," said one of the older girls. "You really have to, you know, if you're going to get any studying done."

"Imagine that! Come to college to study!"

Naturally, coming from an upper classman, the remark shocked me. But it was nothing like the surprise I got two weeks later when I had my first date. One of the girls in the house had a boy friend who had asked her to get dates for two others. She asked Jean and me if we would care to go, and we accepted eagerly. At last we were to see what real college men were like.

It turned out to be a picnic date with a canoe ride up the river followed by a steak fry. Loaded with packages, pans, and blankets, the three boys called for us late in the afternoon and we went down to the boat house for canoes. With all our stirvings after modernity, neither Jean nor I could swim. Imagine the trepidation with which we stepped into such easily capsized boats with strangers, especially college men. If I'd been a cat, I'm sure my hair would have stood on end. The least I expected was a ducking, and if I escaped without it, I intended to congratulate myself the rest of my days. I was prepared for anything and nothing but that which did happen could have taken me by surprise.

It had been Jean's idea that in order to appear sophisticated and collegiate, we should take cigarettes along. When we were nicely started up the river, the boys paddled in toward the shore to wait for the other canoe to catch up with us, and Jean took the cigarettes out of her pocket and started to pass them to me. Before I could either accept or refuse them, her blond escort leaned forward and said sternly, "Do you smoke?"

WITH a nonchalance that was really a masterpiece, Jean said, "Don't you?"

"No," he said. "I don't. I used to but there's nothing to it. It's expensive and all you get is a stain on your finger. I may be all wet, but that's the way I feel about it. Of course, it's your own business, but it always hurts me to see my girl friends smoking. It makes them look cheap."

For cryin' out loud! A regular man with plus fours, geometric sweaters, and a face like Apollo, who seriously disapproved of women smoking. At first, I thought it was just his line, but it wasn't. He meant every word of it. And yet, so far as I could see, he didn't have his ear peeled for curfew and apparently wasn't afraid of the dark. And he was certainly a college man.

In spite of having to admit that the boys were gentlemen in the old sense of the word,

and the lack of anything really wild happening, we did have a good time. Ellen and her boy friend wrapped blankets around themselves and did an Indian dance about the campfire. The boys put olives on top of pop bottles and pretended that they were playing golf. And the fellow who had so emphatically disapproved of cigarettes, recited humorous doggerel until the tears ran down my cheeks. And at least we were unchaperoned, dating on a week night, and didn't get back until after the doors were locked.

According to the law of averages, we were sure to run across some of the sort of college life we had come to find. It happened one night when a girl who sat next to me in class came to get us to go with her and some friends of hers to the apartment of some city people who were having an impromptu party. Always looking for a chance to get into the inner circle of college life, we were glad to go. I didn't like the girl who invited us, and I didn't like the fellows with whom we went, and when we arrived at the apartment, I didn't like the couples who were already there.

Before we had been there half an hour, we were scared to death. The fellows who had brought us were beginning to get boisterous and insistent in their invitations to drink with them, and the girl who brought us was more than giddy. The adventure had nothing of the thrill publicity had led us to expect of it. It wasn't exciting nor funny. It was only sordid.

While they were out in the kitchen mixing new drinks, we slipped out and took a taxi home. Neither of us mentioned the affair again but I heard later that the four students who had taken us over were expelled from school. The others in the party evidently were city people not attending the university.

We made just one other attempt to live up to the supposed reputation of university life. The men with whom we had been dating for some time, had gone home over the week-end and were returning on the train which arrived at two o'clock in the morning. Just before they left they suggested that we come down and meet the train. During the course of the conversation, one of them playfully dared us to do it. Naturally, if we wanted to retain even a shred of reputation for devility, we couldn't pass up a dare.

WE TURNED out the lights at ten o'clock as the rules required, and snored realistically until we thought everyone was assured that we were asleep. Then we lay on the bed giggling and thrilling at the daring escapade we were about to pull. At one-thirty we crawled out of the window on to the porch and slid down the porch post. We met the boys and enjoyed their admiration while they escorted us home. Then puffing and panting from the strain, we struggled back up the post and into our room. Just as I was inside and had turned to help Jean in, someone turned on the light. Startled, we both stared at the intruder and were temporarily relieved to see the girl from the next room—the one who had come to college to study.

"Don't tell the landlady," we begged.

Until the following evening, we thought we'd been quite collegiate. True to her word, our neighbor had not told the landlady, but she had told the rest of the girls. Now you'd think a bunch of college girls such as magazines and papers describe,

would have complimented us upon our daring, wouldn't you? But they most certainly did not.

After a solemn meeting in which we found ourselves being violently discussed, we were informed that we would not be reported to the student council on the condition that we conduct ourselves faultlessly in the future and break not even the tiniest rule of the social committee. The rules, we were told, were made by the students themselves, and every self-respecting student was expected to keep them.

Alone in our room, we gazed at each other in dismay. "Jean," I said, "we must be in with an awful bunch of lemons."

"No," she said. "we've been 'hooked.' Colleges are over advertised. Everyone is here for an education."

It seemed too appalling to be true. "But surely not all of them!" I said.

"DIDN'T you hear them say that the students themselves made those fool rules?" was her reply.

It was true. The college had gone moral on us. With the exception of a fraction of a per cent of the student body, the man-eating shebas and the bun busting sheiks turned out to be a mythical picture of earnest, mischievous, fun-loving youth, made by moss-backed pen pushers and loose tongued alarmists.

However, having unwittingly registered for an education, we stood by. Before the end of the first half year, we had learned to wear an air of reckless abandon without demonstrating our diabolical abilities. We could appear bored or totally unconscious during lectures or intelligent conversations and at the same time never miss a word of it.

We discovered that above all things one must never admit having opened the text book in any course. We learned how to give the impression to gullible persons that we were cigarette fiends without smoking. We put aside our painfully acquired profane collection and adopted campus slang.

Among other things we discovered that the college man is far more polite and respectful to women than the high school boy. Co-eds do not live with cigarettes in their mouths. Most of them do not smoke at all, though nearly all of them have at some time tried it. The college student does not neglect his studies for his "collitch edification." There are some wild parties. There are some who get drunk habitually or occasionally but they are few, a lesser per cent than among the townsmen back home. However, college men and women because they are so reputed pretend that they care nothing about erudition and are here only for the social life. They give the public exactly what it expects and then lean back and chuckle while the bait disappears down gaping throats.

The college boy and girl no longer try to live up to their reputation. They have discovered that it does not pay. Besides, it is not necessary, the reputation is staunch enough to stick anyway. Like a snow ball, once started, it gains velocity with its own weight, gathering size as it rolls. If you are young, you can never live up to your reputation.

In spite of the accusations of the older generation, youth is honest and loyal to its best nature. There is no time to tell lies. Frankness predominates. Youth could not lead the life attributed to it and keep its health, and such vivaciousness as is found among boys and girls today proves that health is theirs.

DID cave men and women worry about their children running wild? Hasn't each successive younger generation since time began been wept over as heading straight for the bow wows? And still the world goes on! Meredith Nicholson, the famous novelist, has decided to quit worrying about wild young people and in an early issue of SMART SET he will tell you why

# Hush Money

[Continued from page 71]

less than the hundred thousand how am I ever going to explain to my husband that I have paid more for the bungalow than it is worth?"

Mr. Atkinson said he thought he could arrange that. The bill of sale, he said, would have to be made out at a reasonable figure. The difference I would have to tell Bert I had used for a speculation of some sort, that I couldn't explain until later. Mr. Atkinson thought there would be no difficulty on that score.

The next day when Novak arrived I told him he would have to see my lawyer, as I had put everything in his hands. The fellow got very angry and spoke of going to Bert at once. I soon got that idea out of his head by explaining that Bert had no money of his own, and that I certainly did not intend to give him any for the purpose of being blackmailed. Novak quieted down, after that, and said he would go and have a talk with Mr. Atkinson.

I HEARD all about it an hour later over the telephone. He refused to say anything about the letters, but pretended that the bungalow was worth a hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Atkinson offered him ten thousand dollars for the letters and said I didn't want the bungalow at all. Novak went away without committing himself.

The next two weeks were terrible. Novak knew he couldn't get any money out of Bert, but he also knew that it would ruin me, not to get my letters back. So he kept repeating that he wanted to sell me the bungalow at a big price, and when he finally came down to seventy-five thousand, he stuck there, and Mr. Atkinson couldn't budge him.

Meanwhile Bert was so happy, and so busy with the plans for his new company that he did not notice how pale and upset I was. Novak kept coming to see me, making all sorts of threats, until I thought I would go mad. He was trying to wear me out, of course, and finally he succeeded. I went to see Mr. Atkinson again.

"I can't stand it any longer," I said. "You might as well tell him I'll pay his price."

Mr. Atkinson thought I was making a mistake to give it to the man.

"He won't dare tell your husband," he said. "The moment he does, his hold over you is gone. Don't you see that? If Mr. Graham knew, the game would be up. Novak wants to be paid for his silence. If you simply refuse to see him, he'll get tired, after a while, and be willing to talk sense. Try it for another week."

That night I told the hall-boy at our apartment that I would not be in, no matter when Mr. Novak called. I instructed my maid to answer all telephone calls, and if Novak asked for me, to say I was not at home. He kept hanging about the place, however, to waylay me whenever I went in and out, and his persistence made me so nervous and ill that Bert finally noticed it. He also noticed Novak, once or twice, waiting in the hall downstairs, and asked me, at last what the fellow wanted.

"He's determined," I explained, "to have me buy his bungalow. I can't get rid of him."

"I'll get rid of him," Bert said. He was very angry, and said if I'd give the word he'd knock the fellow's head off.

The thought of their meeting made me more nervous than ever, so I asked him not to do anything, and said I would tell Novak, once and for all, the next time he came, that I had decided not to buy the place. I didn't really mean to tell him that, but I

had decided, in spite of what Mr. Atkinson said, to get back those letters, no matter what it cost.

I went shopping a day or two later, and as it was raining, I came home in a cab. When I entered the lobby of the apartment, there was Novak waiting for me, like some ugly black crow. I went up to him.

"Please come up to the apartment," I said. "I want to talk to you."

When we reached the living room, I turned on him. The strain of the past few weeks had torn my nerves to pieces.

"I'm not going to buy the house," I said, and I must have spoken very loud, because I was so upset.

"If you want to take twenty-five thousand dollars for those letters, I'll give it to you. Not a cent more. This is the last time I'm going to talk to you. If you bother me again, I'll go to my husband and tell him the truth."

I was standing with my back to the door that led to the bedroom which was mine and Bert's. I did not know that Bert had suddenly appeared in the doorway. I found out afterwards that he had come home two hours earlier than usual because he had been caught in the rain and had gotten soaked. He had just finished putting on dry things when Novak and I came in and of course he had heard what I said.

Novak, who was facing me, was also facing the door. When he saw Bert, a frightened look came into his eyes, and his mouth hung open. I suppose he realized then that by his persecution of me he had lost everything, but he tried to smooth matters over.

"It's a nice place, Mrs. Graham," he whined. "And cheap, at thirty-five thousand," he was trying to tell me he would take that sum for the letters, but it was too late! Bert had heard everything.

I saw the frightened look in Novak's eyes and turned around. The expression on Bert's face made my heart stand still. He wasn't looking at Novak but at me.

"What's this about letters?" he asked. "And paying money for them? And what are you going to tell me the truth about, in case this man bothers you any further?"

I couldn't speak for a moment, and Novak babbled something to the effect that he didn't know anything about any letters, that all he was trying to do was sell me the place. He had two reasons for saying that, of course. One was that he didn't want Bert to know about the letters, as that would have ended all chances of his getting any money for them. And the other was the fear that, with Bert present as a witness, I might have him arrested for blackmail. But Bert didn't let him go on.

"SHUT UP, you!" he said. "I'm talking to my wife." Then he asked me again what I had meant by offering to pay Novak twenty-five thousand dollars for some letters.

I decided, then and there, to tell him the truth. There really wasn't anything else I could do. If I had attempted to lie, Bert would not have believed me. And by lying I was only playing Novak's game.

"It's very simple, Bert," I said. "When Jimmy went to San Francisco, because he had found out he cared so much for me, he wrote me a love letter. I had just answered it, when you came in that day with the news of the accident. I tore both letters up and threw them into the fireplace before we left the bungalow. This man found them, and has been trying to blackmail me."

"But how could he?" Bert asked. "I've always known you and Jimmy cared about each other a lot. What difference could a

## The CRIMES WOMEN COMMIT against themselves

By Annette Kellermann

  
NOT long ago a woman came to me for advice. She had been a robust young lady full of strength and vitality, cheerful, charming and tireless. Her bank of health seemed to be so full that she little dreamed it could ever be exhausted. One morning she woke up tired. Something seemed to have left her. Day after day she grew weaker, took less interest in her surroundings and then withered like a faded flower. She began to take pills and powders. She began to use creams and lotions, skin tonics and rouges. But she never could find her lost health in a bottle, and she never could get back her natural strength out of a box. She had to lean on tonics and treatments to keep going. Artificial stimulation whipped her into some semblance of activity. Pepsi digested her food; laxatives took the place of Nature. But after a while she realized the hopelessness and the foolishness of attempting to gain real health, real vitality and rich red blood out of a store. So she came to me for advice. Today she gets more out of life than she ever did before. She builds strength into her system, so that, drawing upon it, she does not bankrupt her body.

The crime most women commit against themselves is to let themselves go. If you suffer from headaches, are weak, run-down, anemic, tired and worn out, if your nerves are ragged, your digestion weak, if you are gaining weight too rapidly or losing it beyond reason, if you shuffle and slouch along instead of having the springy step of youth, you are dangerously near the breaking point. If your complexion is pimply, blotchy, sallow, if your eyes are baggy, your hair straggly, you are committing the crime of losing your own birthright, beauty and charm.

Few women understand how to avoid this crime. That is why I have made it my life work to teach them. As a child I was puny, weak, bowlegged, almost a cripple. For years I had to struggle against becoming an invalid. Finally I conquered my defects. Since then I have bestowed renewed health and beauty upon thousands of other women by means of the simple, natural methods that I discovered in my own case. I want to help all women, who are willing to give up their pills, powders and tonics, to become as perfect in every way, as healthy, as vigorous, as beautiful and as happy as Nature meant them to be.

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more unjust that point of view seemed. Not to me. I didn't try to excuse myself. But to little Bert. I went and stood by his bed for a long time, watching him in his sleep. And as I stood there I pictured two different futures for him.

One, the way things had been, before Jimmy came back from Texas with his money. A cheap little Brooklyn flat. Public schools. Just the usual run of boys to play with—nice enough, but not likely to be of any help to him in the world. No summer vacations in the country, to build up his health. A job later on, as a clerk or something of the sort. We would never have enough to send him to college. Just one of millions, white-collar workers, struggling along, doing the same sort of thing his father had done.

THEN I thought of the other picture. The lovely home, the summers in the country I had planned. A fine private school, with nice boy friends about him, and then Yale, or Harvard. A brilliant future, with money to provide him with leisure to do what he pleased. Not live in idleness, but work to become a famous lawyer, or doctor, or scientist maybe, or a writer, or artist.

No mother could ever have had more up-to-date plans for her child than I had. I meant to devote my life to him, to use Jimmy's money to bring him success. And having been poor for a long time, I knew what our sort of poverty meant. I wanted to spare him the suffering and the heart-breaks that lack of money brings, to give him a chance to make the best of his life, his talents. And now Bert, because his pride and vanity were hurt, was willing to rob his son of all those things just for the sake of an idea. It didn't seem fair.

Of course I knew he could not take little Bert away from me, at least not without getting a divorce. And I doubted that he would try that, even if the letters he had read would give him grounds. I felt sure he would not want to blacken my name, no matter how bitter he felt. So I said to myself:

"Why not keep my boy, and the money, too, to spend on him? If Bert insists on leaving me, let him go."

But while I thought that, I did not really mean it. I loved Bert. I have tried to make that clear. Even during my foolish affair with Jimmy, I loved him. It is hard for a man to believe a thing like that, particularly a man of Bert's type, sensitive, proud. It almost killed him, I knew, to think that Jimmy and I—well, to think of my having been untrue to him. The money Jimmy had left seemed to him the price of my wrongdoing.

I tried to talk to Bert, in the morning, but he wouldn't listen to me. He just put on his things, kissed Bert Junior a couple of times and left without any breakfast. He even took what money he had from his pocket and put it in a little pile on the table. When I tried to talk to him he looked at me as though he hated me, and muttered that he had said all he had to say the night before, that he hadn't changed any, and never would.

I tried not to show my feelings to the nurse, although I know she realized that something had happened. Then, after breakfast I went down to Mr. Atkinson's office and told him what had occurred.

"I want you to go to Bert," I said, "and convince him that I do love him and that Jimmy meant us both to use the money. He won't listen to me."

Mr. Atkinson promised to do what he could, but I saw that he wasn't very hopeful.

"I don't know your husband well, Mrs. Graham," he said, "but I'll do my best. Your idea, I suppose, is to keep this money."

"Wouldn't you want to keep it?" I asked, "if you were in my place?"

"I suppose I should," he said. "But I don't mind saying that if I were in your husband's place I should feel exactly as he does."

"Then you advise me to give the money up?" I asked.

"No. I shan't advise you at all, until I have talked things over with your husband. But I think you might as well make up your mind to one thing. He isn't going to live with you again as long as you keep this fortune Mr. Saunders left you."

"Then what does he expect me to do with it?" I said.

"That I do not know. Give it to charity, perhaps. Or he might consent to its being made into a trust fund, for your son, when he comes of age. I might get him to agree to that, if you will."

I did not answer him, right away. I have said from the beginning, and said honestly, that I did not want this money for myself. But women, I think, are usually more practical than men and I began to consider just what it would mean, to give this money up.

I could not see any reason why I should make myself a pauper, just to be treated as a guilty wretch for the rest of my life, to spend my days cooking and slaving, my evenings enduring his coldness, or listening to his abuse. Even love won't stand that. If I made sacrifices, so must he. It couldn't be all one-sided. So I told Mr. Atkinson how I felt.

"If he isn't going to forgive me, absolutely," I said, "if he has any idea of punishing me for the rest of my life, just because of my one mistake, there isn't any use in our trying to live together again. I'd be wretched without him, of course, but at least I would have some compensation. I could spend the money on my boy."

Mr. Atkinson saw the point of that at once and agreed with me. When I asked him if Bert could take little Bert away from me, he said he thought not, without legal action.

"I don't believe this is going to be a legal case, Mrs. Graham," he said. "Your husband doesn't want a divorce. Right now, in his anger and humiliation he probably does not know what he wants. I advise you to wait until I have talked with him. No matter how much any of us are hurt, time heals our wounds. Just go on as you have been for a while, and let us see what happens."

I thought that very sensible advice, so I went back to the apartment for lunch. Bert Junior, who had spent the morning in the Park, ate with me. He had seen some boys sailing model yachts on the lake, and was very eager to have me buy him one. I knew the things were expensive, and I could not help thinking that if I gave up Jimmy Saunders's money I would always have to tell my boy, no matter what he asked me for, that I couldn't afford it. Some people may say that indulgence spoils children, and maybe it does, but I had spent a good many years, being poor, and knew what it meant.

I KNEW how a mother feels, to take a child to the shops, at Christmas time, and see his eyes glisten, looking at wonderful toys of all sorts, bicycles, and baby automobiles, and electric trains and then go around and buy some cheap jimmicks at the five and ten cent store.

I'd been through all that, and just because I had. I took little Bert down to a toy shop on Fifth Avenue, after lunch and bought him the most expensive toy yacht in the place. It must have been a protest, I guess, against the poverty Bert was trying to force me into. I felt rebellious and angry with the world. By the time I got back to the apartment I had made up my mind to keep what I had, forget Bert, and live for the sake of my youngster.

I have made my story a long one, I am afraid, and yet I have told so little of what



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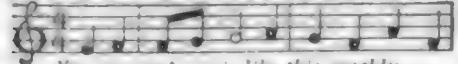
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a danger that you may impulsively start many more enterprises than you can conveniently finish. In your case, the selection of a mate is a matter of even more than usual importance. You must marry only that individual who combines all or almost all of the many qualities you admire. You demand much, and when you find it, give much in return.

You must not allow yourself to stagnate. You must travel, move constantly, even if it is but to take short journeys. The illnesses for you to guard against are those which affect the lungs, shoulders, arms, and hands. You must be careful with your diet, and due to your over-activeness, should secure more sleep than other people.

I WOULD say that a native of Gemini would find happiness generally through having one or more enterprises always under way. That is, he should have a hobby, or a dozen hobbies, as well as a calling. He should have things to interest him physically and interest him mentally. He should struggle for the material, while seeking the spiritual.

This strange conflicting nature can bring great happiness or great discontent. In Mr. Fairbanks, I have given an example of one who has unconsciously followed his planetary guidance to a successful and happy career. He is as much athlete as actor, and his quick changes of place and plan, his marriage, have brought him to safe harbor for a time at least.

Madame Schumann-Heink was also born under this sign, her birthday being June fifteenth. Her large maternal sense of kindness and her interest in others are as well known as her gifts as a singer. She, too, has won through to happiness in spite of the duality of a Gemini birthright.

If your birthday occurs between June twenty-first and July twentieth, you are a native of Cancer. You undoubtedly are tenacious and sensitive. You are likely also to be emotional, but to hold your emotion in reserve. In your case, environment is all important. Your health and happiness are vitally affected by associations which are not harmonious.

Highly impressionable, it is difficult for you not to border sometimes upon the morbid in your imaginings. You do not like to hurt others, but you can easily become jealous of others and should always avoid becoming theatrical. Your great problem is to make for yourself a congenial routine, and follow it with the persistence which is one of your best qualities.

You have the power to gain almost whatever you wish in life, but you must know how to eliminate friends or associates who irritate you.

You must guard against such illnesses as affect the digestive tract and the circulation. You have a tendency towards rheumatic disorders, and must beware of any over-indulgence.

Your happiness greatly depends on your creation of an environment, or if you are in an environment from which you cannot escape, on the creation of a routine and associates which contrive to keep you in the sunny temper which is one of your attractions.

A notable native of this sign is the present Prince of Wales, born on June twenty-third. The Prince of Wales would seem to be happy and is happy, so far as he follows the guidance of Cancer.

Between July twenty-first and August twentieth falls the sway of Leo. If you were born between those dates, Leo is your planetary sign.

Billie Burke is a native of Leo, as she was born on August seventh. So, too, is Ethel Barrymore, born on August fifteenth. The latter day is also the birthday of Napoleon. George Bernard Shaw and Mussolini are children of this sign. I may add that

Leo is also my own guiding star.

If you come within the scope and guidance of Leo, you are a natural leader, so much so indeed that you should never work under the command of others. You are primarily a successful person, particularly in the realms of the practical and the material. But this sign does not deny you a large sense of the spiritual and the ideal, and the Leo native who can combine both faculties is assured of something close to greatness.

Leo, in fact, contributes more successful and celebrated people than nearly any other sign. Successful and celebrated people are not always happy people, of course, but since happiness means so many different things to so many different temperaments, I am forced in this particular study to discuss success as an ingredient of happiness.

Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, is a native of Leo who has steadfastly followed his will to write, and in his series of long and impressive novels has recorded something of his own struggles and satisfactions.

Bruce Barton and Edna Ferber, two other well-known writers, born respectively August fifth, and August fifteenth, are also under the guidance of this sign. Each has been driven by an impulse towards personal perfection, bending every effort of the will to attain mastery of self, and develop latent character traits to their fullest expression. But all those born under the sign of Leo must take care not to become embittered if deceived by those whom they trust.

If Leo is your sign, you must discover your true ambitions and then pursue them with intense loyalty. In so doing, you will express your inmost self and achieve real happiness. Your ambitions should in some way serve humanity. You must lead and inspire others, if you are to complete your own individuality.

The diseases to which you are most susceptible are those which affect the heart, the stomach, the dorsal region and vertebrae. You must be careful of your eyes, and not enter any environment or atmosphere in which you are likely to find fevers.

For you a daily period of solitude is almost a necessity if you are to achieve the utmost serenity of mind and body.

The natives of Virgo are of another temperament. Virgo rules those born between August twenty-first and September twentieth. Two notable examples who fall under Virgo's rule are Tolstoi, born August twenty-eighth, and Ex-President Taft, born September fifteenth.

Ex-President Taft gives, and has always given, the appearance of a contented and peaceful mind. Tolstoi, due to the signs of his year of birth and the difference in birthdays besides, had a far stormier approach to self-fulfilment and happiness. A young aristocrat, with the follies and extravagances of a man about the court, he ended by living a life that was cruel in its austerity, loneliness, and self-denial.

YET both these men won through to lives that may well be called happy lives, under the guidance of Virgo.

The people of Virgo are usually inclined to be censorious, due to their keenly critical faculties. They have poise and resourcefulness, and if they are ambitious, they can become profound in knowledge. They are too often swayed by flattery, and through this are sometimes imposed upon by others.

More than the people of any other sign they can become dictatorial, but if they curb this tendency, they can easily become natural teachers.

Particularly must they guard against permitting unpleasant experiences to make materialists, or skeptics out of them. These people can find their greatest happiness in life in serving humanity, rather than acquisition of wealth or power.

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Count Tolstoi, at the very height of his success, threw his worldly possessions away.

Natives of Virgo, who struggle blindly for happiness and think to find it in great riches or great position are almost certain to arrive at bitterness instead. These people must serve humanity as a whole, not individuals alone, and whatever they do must be linked up to that one essential idea.

The illnesses to which they may be subject include those affecting the intestinal tract and the nervous system. They must beware of anything which may lead to dyspepsia. They may go such lengths as to have an aversion for all medicine, or else take almost any nostrum. They have an extraordinary power of recuperation. But for complete health they should follow a practically vegetarian diet.

Again and again in this article, I hesitate at my own temerity in pronouncing what is a positive happiness. As I say, that is a matter of many and contradictory definitions. Many people have suffered who have nevertheless been happy people; and many people have led lives as calm as unruffled lake water and yet cannot truly be called happy.

But if one must define what happiness means to the average person, with the average normal impulses and desires, I suppose it would be safe to say that it consists in achieving those things which are of truest importance to one's character.

Edgar Lee Masters, noted as an original poet, born on August twenty-third and therefore also ruled by Virgo, is an example of what I mean here. Mr. Masters was admitted to the bar and practised law with unusual success. Yet he was by no means happy. Suddenly, after an apprenticeship of years, he threw his experience and his professional equipment to the winds, and left a safe and prosperous income for the more precarious livelihood afforded by literature.

As the author of the "Spoon River Anthology" and many other famous poems, he has become celebrated, but I doubt very much if his reputation affords him as much satisfaction and happiness as the mere doing of the thing for which he is most suited by temperament and planetary influence.

Between December twenty-first and January twentieth falls the sway of Capricorn. In Capricorn are born those who have understanding and diplomacy, students and teachers and thinkers.

Contemplative and even moody are the sons and daughters of Capricorn. They, too, by sincere effort may bring to the surface the tremendous power which can well-nigh reach perfection.

But Capricorn's natives must beware of living too deeply in themselves, of introspection and its attendant neuroses. They must mingle with people, and fight against any tendency to live alone in the spirit.

The illnesses for them to guard against are all those affecting the knees, hands, bones, joints; also colds, rheumatism, and hypochondria.

THEY are not often counted among the happy people of the world. Perhaps more often than not their lives are touched with sadness. Fortunately for them, they find their greatest joys in doing rather than in counting the result. Fortunately, too, they are willing to work long and hard at any thing into which they have put their hearts.

Between February twenty-first and March twentieth are born all those under the sway of Pisces. These are emotional people, very apt to be misunderstood even by those closest and dearest to them. Often they lack self-confidence, and very often, too, they are influenced by the lightest words of those whom they love or respect.

Great talkers, anxious to be of service to everyone, they are likely to become untruth-

ful through sheer generosity of the heart.

The Pisces people have a true problem to face. To begin with, they must do their work alone, unadvised, unassisted. Yet in spite of this, they must have understanding, faith, and even love from others.

Many great persons have been born under this sign, but not many of them may truly be said to have led happy lives. They have had turbulent careers, have brooded deeply upon unimportant things, and suffered in solitude.

A MAN whom I have known for many years is a native of this sign. Sensitive to the point of self-torture, he easily turns away from someone after an indifferent word, or a light comment, spoken with no other purpose than that of amusement. And yet R— is the kindest and most generous of men. He will go to any trouble, make any sacrifice, to contribute to the pleasure or well-being of the most casual acquaintance.

It is in this he finds his happiness. An unhappy augury of the stars at his birth has denied him the chance to find joy in his work in life, and apart from the constant services he performs for others, he is not a happy man. He is loved greatly, and does not know it. With his sensitiveness he suspects patronage, or worse still, scorn, where only affection is intended, and I imagine few people realize how many miserable hours he has spent in the loneliness of his own accusing thoughts.

The Pisces people must beware of such disorders as affect the intestines, or produce gout. They are subject to colds, dropsy, diabetes, and ailments affecting the respiratory system, the lymphatic system, or resulting from worry or anxiety.

The natives of Libra comprise those persons who are born between September twenty-first and October twentieth.

Just and calm and wise are these, with a love nature that holds sway above all else in life. Magnetic, capable of deep feelings, gentle, honest and fine, they are not the leaders in life, but rather the sound, intelligent critics, more often right than the mass.

These people must beware of system and routine, for though they can follow system successfully, they are not happy in the confines of a precise, traditional code of conduct. Unlike the people of Pisces, they must not seek solitude, but rather many intimates. They are gayest and most comfortable when they are part of a community, or at the least, a clique or group.

For the natives of Libra, an environment is all important. So much so, that if they do not find themselves truly happy where they are, it is advisable for them to go to an opposite extreme, to go to a new land, embrace even a new calling, and create a new world of intimates.

A client came to me once, whose sign was that of Libra, and who told me he was worried and distracted. He commanded a division of the coast guard, but the supervision to which he was subjected constantly worried and harassed him. His domestic life appeared to be peaceful, financially his income was sufficient for his slight needs, but he was not happy. What was the trouble?

The reading of his chart derived from the year of his birth, seemed to indicate nothing untoward in his natal stars, other than that of a troubling period.

But I knew he was a Libra person, a judge, rather than one who is judged. In several talks with him, I learned that through a friend he had been offered a chance to go to Kimberly and there take a responsible post in the diamond mines, judging any workers on whom suspicion might alight. He hesitated, for it seemed to him a folly to throw away a knowledge



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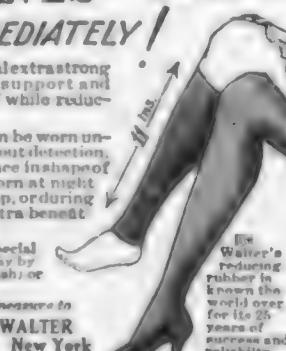
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Among ills they must watch out for particularly are rheumatic disorders, sciatica, ailments of the hips, thighs, and muscular system, of the lungs, nerves, and arteries. They must avoid excess of any kind, particularly with the diet.

The natives of Taurus are those born between April twenty-first and May twentieth. Constant and conservative, they have tremendous building powers and can carry out nearly all they undertake. They work best and are most contented when associated with others. They can be counted upon to be practical, reliable, and trust-

worthy, if the year of their birth does not contradict the sun sign. Somewhat obstinate, secretive, and possessed of an indomitable will, they can achieve success if the object they pursue is truly desirable to them.

Though slow to anger, when they reach a certain point, they are apt to experience a lasting siege of rage. This is injurious not only to their health and prospects but to their happiness as well.

Balzac, the great French novelist, was born on the last day of this sign. He was able by sheer will to write some of the greatest books the world has thus far known, in the face of debts, poverty, and constant nervous strain. Through his complete absorption in his work, he must have gained a certain savage satisfaction. A tortured life, yet, strangely, not unhappy.

Natives of Taurus must guard against such illnesses as those that affect the throat, larynx, lips, ears, and heart, and all ailments that come as a result of over-eating or drinking. Excesses of any kind may lead to hardening of the arteries or apoplexy.

Now last of all we come to the people of Scorpio, the sign of all those born between October twenty-first and November twentieth. Robert Louis Stevenson, born on November thirteenth, was a Scorpio native. So, too, is our own Will Rogers, whose birthdate is November fourth.

The Scorpio people have determination and penetration. They are somewhat conventional by temperament, are attractive to others, and love ease and comfort. Their demand for rulership and dominance can easily make them disliked unless they govern wisely those whom it is their right to rule.

Loyal but often jealous, they feel things deeply. Their tremendous pride makes them feel insults or injury very keenly, but with their strong forceful minds, they can sway opinions, and attract to themselves the things they most desire. They must beware of any revengeful instinct, or any desire to compete for competition's sake.

They must be on their guard against all inflammatory complaints, blood disorders, throat or lung trouble, and gland ailments.

And there we have them—all of the sun signs, among which you will have found your own. What is the message that they tell, what is the thread that unites these varied temperaments, these contradictory and unharmonious natures?

As I regard the readings of astrology, divesting myself from human prejudice it seems to me that all the signs say one thing clearly. That is—"work." To find a life work that is absorbing and satisfying is perhaps as near to happiness as any of us may reach.

**D**ISILLUSION awaits him or her who falters, who tries to step out of the race! Whether it be the worthy and laborious duty of rearing a family, the immortal task of women since the world began, or whether it be the speeding of a new message, the creation of a fortune or an industry, it is in work alone that true happiness may be found. Work is at once escape and reward, and the more difficult it is, the more enjoyable its fruits, the deeper its final satisfactions. In any moments of trial and unhappiness change your environment if only for a day, thus you rule your stars, and become steeped in some new work, thus you divert your energies into the proper channels.



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**C**AN you imagine being good friends with your husband after he left you and his two children for another woman? Can you imagine being his confidante, the person to whom he turns for sympathy and advice in emergencies? You may think I have no pride until you read my story in an early issue of SMART SET and then you'll understand how I felt "When Love Flew Out of My Window"

# But No Kisses

[Continued from page 74]

"Have you got my answer ready for me, and is it the answer I want?" Arnold asked.

"You understand that I don't care for you?" I asked.

"Love will come later," he said.

"Well, as long as you don't want to rush me," I said, "you can consider that you are engaged to me, under certain conditions."

"Any condition!" he agreed.

"Condition number one," I said, "is—no kisses until we are quite certain that we haven't made a mistake. I think we ought to cut that sort of thing out, at least until we return to the city."

The rich man sighed as he glanced at me. I was wearing an afternoon ensemble of powder-blue chiffon, and I knew that I looked my best.

"If you insist, all right," he said.

"That we test each other out, is the second condition," I went on. "I mean, that we must find out if our tastes are similar. I think that is so important to a happy marriage, don't you, Arnold?"

"Yes, of course!" he said.

"AND I am sure we do like the same things," I said. "You love the out-of-doors, sports, and so on, don't you, Arnold?"

"I should say so!" he said. "Out-of-doors? Why, I just live out-of-doors!"

He did, to the extent of driving every morning in a closed car from his house to the factory and back again in the evening.

"Well," I said. "What about walking over to the Rutledges's place this afternoon? Just a nice distance to get up an appetite for dinner. It won't be too far for you, will it? Only about five miles each way. Quite a short walk really."

"That will be very nice—very nice indeed!"

About seven o'clock that evening, Mr. Arnold Doyle limped painfully up the steps of Natalie's colonial mansion. I was as fresh as when I had started, and as I ran upstairs to dress, I called over my shoulder:

"Oh Arnold! If you aren't tired, I think it will be rather fun to go to the country club to dance!"

"Delighted!" he said. "That will be fun." I was hurriedly dressing for dinner when I was called to the telephone.

I had not heard one word from Luther since he had gone to Chicago, so I was delighted to hear his voice over the wire.

"I'm staying the week-end with your neighbors, George and Gladys Gilchrist," Luther said. "Can I see you tonight?"

"I can't manage it tonight," I answered. "We are going to the country club to dance."

There was silence for a moment, and then Luther said:

"I suppose your fat automobile tire is staying for the week-end?"

"He is," I said. "He and I came to an understanding this afternoon, but if you can't be nice to me I'm not going to explain anything to you."

"I don't think I like your tone!" he said. "And I don't know anything! I'm just left up in the air, but I really am mildly interested to know if you still care for me or not. If I come to the country club tonight, will you do me the honor of granting me a few words of conversation?"

Now I adored Luther, but I wasn't going to let any man talk to me like that and get away with it. So my voice was purposely indifferent as I replied:

"Oh, I can give you a few minutes, even though you don't appreciate the difficulties

of my position. The whole point is that I must stick to Aunt Natalie. She has been an angel and a darling to me all my life, and if you are sort of half human, this evening I will tell you exactly how things stand. Are you going to be nice?"

"I'll try to be," Luther answered. "And I have some news which I'll tell you tonight."

At dinner that evening, Arnold was pretending a freshness which I knew he was not feeling and I guessed that his feet were hurting him after his unaccustomed walk.

I strolled through the gardens with him before we started for the country club to dance.

"I am certain that you and I are going to be very happy," Arnold said.

"I hope we are," I said. "But you do agree with me, don't you, Arnold, that people ought to know each other thoroughly before they get married? I mean, we have to be quite sure that we don't grate on each other's nerves."

"Certainly," Arnold said.

"Don't think me fussy, will you?" I said. "But I just can't stand the smell of a cigar. Would you mind smoking a cigarette?"

"Of course not!" Arnold said, but he sighed as he tossed his sixty-cent Corona away.

I began to wonder if the chauffeur had attended to my roadster.

"Come along to the garage!" I invited him. "I'll race you there!"

I ran quickly through the gardens and around by the driveway to the garage at the back. I could hear Arnold puffing after me.

I had told the chauffeur that he could have the evening off, as I should be driving my own car, and it was unfortunate that someone had loosened the valve so that one of the back tires needed air!

"We ought to pump that one up a bit," I remarked. "Do you mind awfully, Arnold?"

"Where's your chauffeur, or mine?" he growled.

I tried to look hurt.

"They have both gone off for the evening, poor things," I said. "I do hope, Arnold, that you are not one of those men who want to be waited on all the time. I admire the man who does things for himself in a big, manly way!"

"Oh, I do lots of things for myself," Arnold assured me, as he got hold of the pump and started to work. "I really like fussing about the garden and watering the plants, and so on."

BUT he was fussing like a grampus when he had finished inflating that tire.

Soon afterwards, but not until Arnold had put on a clean shirt, because he had got all mussed up by his garage duties, we started off for the country club, some five miles away.

I hit it up over sixty an hour. Arnold, with a set smile on his lips, was instinctively pressing imaginary brakes with both feet.

"I love to speed, don't you?" I asked.

"Just love it! Oh, love it!" Arnold shouted.

I kept him on his feet dancing all evening, while he was secretly longing for an arm-chair and a little quiet.

I was humming as I danced with Arnold:

"Blue skies shining on me,

Nothing but blue skies do I see."

when suddenly I caught sight of Luther,



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and waved gaily to him. He scowled as he saw me dancing with Arnold, and I knew he had guessed who it was.

As we went to our table, we met the Gilchrists, with whom Luther was staying.

"You must congratulate me, Mrs. Gilchrist," Arnold blurted out. "Marjorie has promised to marry me."

"Really?" Gladys Gilchrist asked. She could not conceal her amusement.

"We are going to be the greatest pals in the world!" I said. "We find we like all the same things."

Later when I was sitting at a table with Arnold and some other friends, a servant handed me a note.

Excusing myself to the others, I ripped open the envelope and found that it contained two sheets of club note-paper. On one was a caricature of Arnold, representing him seated on a pile of automobile tires, beside which I was standing. From my lips was issuing the remark: "He may be middle-aged, but how I love 'em rich!"

On the other sheet Luther had written:

"Marjorie: I have just heard your great news and hasten to congratulate you. This evening I was going to tell you that at last I have landed a contract for a daily comic strip with a big New York newspaper. This will make me comparatively well off, but naturally not rich enough to compete with tire millions. It makes my own plans for the future quite definite. While I was in Chicago, I met an heiress, who let me see that I was not altogether unattractive in her eyes. As nothing counts but money, I am returning to Chicago!"

"In other words, I am adopting your own high ideals, which I am sure will bring us both lasting happiness.

Luther."

Slowly and very deliberately I tore those sheets into tiny fragments and dropped them into an ash-tray. I decided that I never wanted to see Luther again, that I hated Arnold, that I loved and adored Luther, that I hated Luther, that I was perfectly happy, and that I was the most miserable girl in the State of New York!

I drank two glasses of champagne, one after the other and then made Arnold get up and fox-trot.

I gave Arnold no rest, and it was after three o'clock before I left the club.

And when I got home, I decided that I was hungry, so I made Arnold help me cook some bacon and eggs.

"I'm not going to leave all this mess for the servants to find in the morning," I said. "Come, we'll wash up!"

So even then, the weary millionaire was not allowed to retire until, still standing on aching feet, he stooped over the sink washing plates and cups while I dried them.

IT WAS a quarter past four when I said good night to Arnold at the foot of the stairs.

"Let's sleep late tomorrow," I said. "We might ride a little later, and there is a horse for you. He's a bit wild, but you won't mind that."

"No indeed!" Arnold said. "And I think it's a good idea, after such a late night, not to get up too early."

"So do I," I agreed. "I had thought of getting up early, about six, but we'll make it later. We'll start at half past seven, if that suits you?"

"Perfectly!" groaned Arnold. "Perfectly!"

I permitted him to kiss the tips of my fingers, and then ran up to my room, but there my gaiety left me. Why had not Luther trusted me? Why could he not understand, even though I had never explained? And now he would rush off to Chicago and marry his heiress.

But I was tired out by such a strenuous

day, and it was not long before I fell asleep, although before I dropped off, my eyes were filled with tears.

I had set my alarm clock, and by half-past seven, dressed in a little riding suit of gray whipcord, I was down-stairs waiting for my escort.

Arnold came slowly down the wide staircase. He looked older even than his years, and I felt half sorry for him.

"A lovely morning for a ride!" I said "I think the horses are waiting."

WE WENT out together to the front of the house where a groom held our horses. I quickly mounted a little gray Arab mare and watched with some amusement as Arnold, who was never a good horseman at the best, scrambled up on a big, rangy Irish hunter.

The big horse danced playfully on the gravelled driveway, and Arnold just managed to keep his seat.

I led Arnold along some bridle paths and over some open country, where he had to jump a few mild fences. I made it a good twelve miles before I returned home, and I could see that Arnold was absolutely all in. He hadn't ridden for a long time, he was stiff and sore.

"I'll meet you at eleven for some tennis," I said as he limped up the steps and into the house.

"I don't know if I'll be in the mood," he said. "I am all in and I am no cowboy!"

Just then Natalie came out of the house. She was all concerned over Arnold being so tired. Purposefully I left them and then went up to my room, where I had breakfast served me. Later, utterly miserable, I went out in my car.

If only I could know the end, I reflected, as I drove through the country! Poor Natalie! How she had suffered recently, and still looked so beautiful and so young! I could not understand why Arnold should be such an utter fool as not to appreciate her.

And then there was Luther. He was my own problem, and my heart was stabbed with a poignant sense of loss. I had declared to myself that I never wanted to see Luther again, but as I drove along I knew quite well that I loved him, that I must always love him.

I was still arguing with myself when I returned to the house in time for tennis.

I found that Arnold had changed from riding clothes into a dark business suit, and was reclining on a couch in the big living-room. Beside him, looking perfectly lovely as usual sat Natalie.

"Will you tell her or shall I?" Natalie asked as I came in.

"You tell her!"

"Arnold feels that he cannot make you happy," Natalie began.

"You don't mean to tell me that he's breaking the engagement, do you, Natalie?"

"You little vixen!" Arnold said. "Why don't you own up and confess? Tell the truth, Marjorie. Admit that I was an old fool, to think that I could be a companion for a young girl like you and that you deliberately set out to teach me just that! Own up that you made me walk ten miles, and then danced me off my feet, kept me up all night and then dragged me all over Long Island on that brute of a horse just to show me that Natalie was the one woman whom I ever loved. Own up, you little devil, and admit that you plotted the whole thing!"

"I declined to answer questions that might be incriminating!" I said. "Accept my congratulations and my blessings! Perhaps after all, Arnold will be more satisfactory as an uncle by marriage than as a finance for me."

I kissed Natalie affectionately, and then went up to my room. But though I felt

triumphant at the success of all my scheming to settle Natalie's difficulties, still I was not happy. Pride prevented me from communicating with Luther, and I was still furious with him for that caricature.

So I passed a miserable day, unable to settle down to anything. I went to bed early to avoid the newly engaged pair, and got up early the next morning.

I strolled down to the entrance gates and stood there for a moment looking out on the road. As it was Monday morning, hundreds of people were already driving back to the city after a week-end in the country.

Then a small roadster stopped close to me. At the wheel was Luther.

"Good morning!" I said, as though there were no cloud between us.

"Will you please get in?" Luther said.

I DID without a word, but my heart reproached me as I noticed the dark circles under Luther's eyes, showing that he had not slept.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

He looked down at me and smiled.

"I am told on reasonably good authority," Luther began, and I knew that he was in one of his whimsical moods, "that if one follows this road far enough, Miss Foster, it leads to happiness."

"Has it any other name than that?" I queried politely.

"Some call it by one name, and others by another," Luther returned gravely. "I call it the Road to Happiness. More worldly people know it as the way to City Hall in the fair township of New York."

"And what are we going to do at the City Hall, if a young maid may inquire?"

"They have various businesses there," Luther continued. "My own particular business, since you are impolite enough to ask for it, is to save a young girl from making herself wretched for the rest of her life, by marrying her."

"Are you sure," I went on, playing up to his whimsical mood, "that by this means the young girl will be made happy?"

We had reached a turn in the road, and as luck would have it, at that moment not another car was in sight. Luther put on his brakes and stopped abruptly. Just as abruptly, he took me in his arms and kissed me.

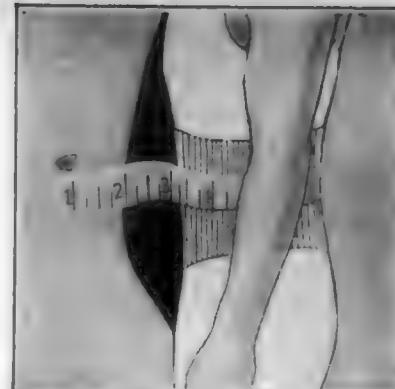
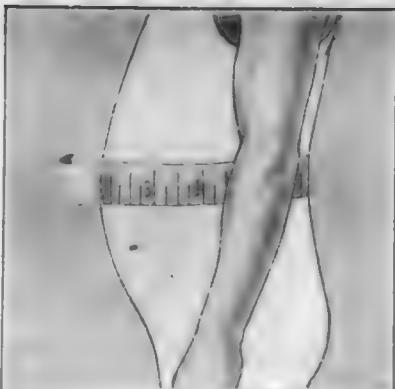
"It was all my fault, you darling," he murmured. "And I think I shall die for ecstasy because of that curl of yours, but beside all that, I take the blame. I should have done this on Saturday night and I never intended going back to Chicago. And now, if you are ready, we will take the road again."

"Yes," I assented, my eyes shining with love for him, "you and I will take the road again, Luther, the road to happiness!"

LUTHER and I were married that day. It was only two weeks later that Natalie married Arnold, and I really do not know of four happier people. Arnold completely recovered from his temporary departure from sanity, and we are the best of friends. Natalie is supremely content and she looks younger than ever.

As for Luther and me—well, we happen to be made for each other. Today Luther is making money, as his comic strip proved an enormous success. I help him by giving him ideas, and never once have I regretted what Luther calls, "the incident of my athletic diplomacy."

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# My Dark Angel and My Good Angel

[Continued from page 65]

less and fatigued. There was a light in the house and I felt a chill of apprehension lest it be Valerie! But it was only Tom clearing out the fireplace. I went straight to bed where sleep finally overtook me.

The next day I felt better. It seemed to me that nothing mattered except to see Jocelyn again. Merely to see her, was the greatest joy I knew. And more I could not claim. She did not love me; she never would. She was too much herself, too experienced, too balanced. Yes, she might be right in marrying Jack Harmon. Such marriages often were successful. She would be at peace; the fearful emotions of love would not rend her. I grew utterly happy again as I approached her house, and her voice rose to greet me as I climbed the slope.

"O H. MR. KENNERLY," she said. "Look! Look!"

She was walking slowly toward me, limping slightly, but without her stick.

"Hurray!" I yelled, and ran up with my flowers.

"I'm much better," she said. "Tomorrow we'll climb old Grizzly. I've been tuning up all day, walking all over."

"But you're still limping," I said.

"Oh, a little. Wait and see, though. Do you like to climb? My legs were made for it. Oh," she laughed again, softly, "think of a dancer losing her legs and then finding them again. Look, you!"

And she began a weaving dance, in the gossamer blue that she wore. It was a little halting, but her face glowed with the dancer's overflowing joy, her lips held the sweet smile of final happiness, her clustered hair shook free; and her figure moved in bold relief against the pouring radiance of the low sun, vivid, and beautiful, casting its long dancing shadow.

I stood spell-bound.

"Am I good? Do you like this dress? Do you like me? Are you pleased? Oh, welcome, welcome, Mr. Kennerly."

"Yes, to everything," I said, and we went in.

The evening turned a bit raw, and she brought out a bottle of cordial, and we sipped from our tiny glasses together while the fire roared. She talked gaily of the theater, of her mishaps, her triumphs, her adventures, and of the men who pestered her; an endless gay stream of talk, punctuated with laughter.

She loved applause, like all actors. She was frank about it. She loved to please and be loved. But she must always be in form, ready to carry on, and that meant she must not abandon herself to reckless emotions.

"No," she said. "my private life must be quiet, Mr. Kennerly. I owe it to my dancing."

A great depression settled upon me, a feeling of loneliness and fear. It seemed to me now that my whole happiness was with her; it centered in this radiant yellow-haired woman, this graceful being; and to leave her was to cast myself into the outer darkness. As I took my departure, she regarded me steadily and frowned a little.

"Don't be that way," she said.

"What way?"

"Moody, dark. Oh, Mr. Kennerly, please don't."

"I'm thinking of your past," I said.

"Is that behaving?" she asked. "Think of your own past. That would bear telling. I dare say, Mr. Kennerly."

I could not help smiling ruefully.

"Well, tomorrow at three, and then up old Grizzly. Good night, Mr. Kennerly."

"Good night, Miss Breen."

My depression remained with me until the next day. There was a sense at times of loss, of hopeless despair. But I could not help reviving a little as the time drew near for seeing her again, and I was, in a way, sadly happy, as I climbed the slope to her house.

"Hello, down there!" she called, and she stepped out of the house more nimble and graceful than ever, for she had on trousers, with puttees, and a woolen shirt open at the neck. "Say you like this, Mr. Kennerly."

"I'll say I do."

"And come in for a cup of tea and a bite."

"Is the limp gone?"

"Look!" She walked steadily, with a barely perceptible hesitation.

I looked at my watch. "We ought to start now," I said.

"Oh, don't be a grouch!" she frowned. "Come in."

I went in. We started late, too late; but she insisted on it, and we had hardly climbed half way up, when the sun began to sink.

"Shan't we turn?" I asked.

"Just up to the lake," she pleaded, and we went on.

She climbed eagerly and easily, talking all the while, a gay stream of talk. Now and then, as the woods opened, we paused on a rock to look back over the spreading world of green, the far-rolling mountains, the flood of dazzling light. We breathed deeply of the pure air; we panted a little. It seemed to me as she stood near me that I must take her in my arms, crush her, our lips together, as the earth meant us to do.

"There's the lake," she said, and the next moment, "Oh," and as I turned, I saw that she had crumpled in a heap. I rushed to her.

"Your leg?" I cried.

"Yes," she said, "you were right, Mr. Kennerly."

"I'll carry you back," I said.

**S**HE laughed. "Don't be absurd. We can't make it. Carry me to the lake. We'll camp. So, it's a little better sitting still."

That night! What shall I say of it? It held a moon, and silence, and the great earth. The lake, which lies in a basin half way up the mountain, was placid and still; the encircling forest looked down in it; and our fire burned on the little stretch of shore. We sat close to the fire, for the air had become nipping cold. We seemed alone with eternity.

"Oh, how wonderful," Jocelyn said. "Everything is magic tonight. I feel that if I cried out, my cry would hit the moon and come back in silver echoes."

If I could only have held her hand then. It seemed to me that a certain madness was coming over me, a recklessness, a wild love that would make me strong with the earth and the skies. I could not speak.

"I'm so tired," she said at last. "So tired. Mr. Kennerly."

"You want to sleep?" I asked.

"I must, oh, I must," she said.

"You'll freeze," I warned her, "even with my coat over your own."

"Your coat? Don't," she said, "don't be absurd."

"Try it," I said. "I'll fix a bed for you."

The hemlock boughs I gathered were wet, but I bunched them together as near the

fire as I dared. She lay down, and I spread her coat over her.

"Aren't you going to sleep?" she asked.  
"I? No. I'll keep the fire going."

She laughed softly. "Will you be warm enough?"

I spread my coat over her; she reached up a hand, and I took it.

"Oh, I like you, ever so much," she said.

I paced up and down lustily. Now and then something fell among the trees, my footsteps sounded as I struck stone or branch, the waters lapped and lapped, drowsily. And the rest was silence.

And then I heard her speak again. "I'm so cold," she said, "so terribly cold. I'm shivering. I can't sleep."

"Then there's nothing for it; I must take you in my arms."

I SAT down, and put my arms around her. Her head rested on my shoulder. She was as simple about it as a trusting child. Soon she was fast asleep, her arms clutching me tighter. I looked and saw her face, all innocence and dream in the glamour of moonlight. And then the magic of the night maddened me, her lips were there, so close, so unprotected, waiting. I must have groaned aloud.

Her eyes sprang open, startled.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I can't stand it any longer," I cried. "Jocelyn, I'm madly in love with you."

"Get up," she said quietly.

Her quietness chilled me, brought me to my senses. I arose, and groggily built up the fire.

I saw her crawling toward it, painfully. She sat huddled over it a pitiable figure, holding her hands out to the flames, her face pale and haggard in the fitful dancing light of the fire.

Then, when next I looked, I saw that her head had sunk to her knees and she was fast asleep. I knew I must watch her closely, or she might fall into the fire. I strode up and down, up and down, toward her, away from her; and now and then built the fire higher.

I hated myself, I loved her. And suddenly everything seemed to hinge on my jealousy. It grew monstrous. Then I laughed at myself. Didn't her conduct with me, whom she liked, prove her integrity? Of course it proved it. Why had I not kissed her? If she had been a Valerie and struggled against me, I would have kissed her. No, no, she was no Valerie.

The incredibly long hours crawled with slow caterpillar tread; the faint light of dawn stole intangibly through the skies; everything grew distinct, and at last there was the leap of the sun-rays from the fiery top of the day-star.

I turned to find her staring at me.

"I'm all knots and numbness," she said ruefully. "Do help me up, Mr. Kennerly."

Her hand was cold as I helped her to her feet. She stood looking at me.

"You look like the end of time," she said. "Oh, don't, don't be that way."

I stared back grimly. "Can you walk?" I asked.

She started off, silent. It was amazing how she managed. She would seize a bough, advance herself to another, and so slowly, down and down. A slope of rock, and she lay down and half slid, her hands clutching the crevices. In a little over an hour we were at the foot of the mountain; her house not more than a few hundred yards away. I carried her that distance.

At her doorway I set her down. Then I spoke:

"What I said last night, I meant. It is a life and death matter. Either you are mine, Jocelyn, or I shan't see you again."

"It is good-by then. You have said it, Mr. Kennerly."

"Good-by," I said, and left her abruptly.

There was no sleep that day. There was only the feeling of death. I sat thinking of my intolerable loss, and every so often a cry was wrenching from my lips, and I started to go back to her. But no, that could not be. I must forget Jocelyn: I must put her out of my life, out of my heart. I must become hard, even bitter.

And then at three in the afternoon, while I was in my living room, pacing up and down, up and down, and not noticing the bright sun which rushed in through my windows, suddenly my door opened with a bang.

I paused, transfixed. There stood Valerie. Valerie! At such a moment as this! Just like her. And there she stood, without a hat, and in a close-fitting gown of silver, inexpressibly herself: the copper hair, the white, white hands, the wide-set eyes of green.

"Well," I said.

"I've come," she said, "and I shall stay. Malvern. You can't leave me. You can come out to my car and we'll go back, or I'll stay here."

It was as if a dream from which I had awakened was going on again; but I said:

"You must go at once."

"You can't mean that, Malvern."

"Yes, I can mean that."

She spoke purringly, but under the tone was a deadly threat.

"You remember the time I flung open the French windows and let in the moonlight over the roofs of the Village, and you said, 'We are in the South Seas, in Tahiti, two savages, and we shall live this way forever, only love, only song, only you, Valerie, only I.' You remember? It is forever."

A frightful thought came to me. I could forget Jocelyn in Valerie. Why not? Better a mad swift destruction, than the slow ache of dying days, the living death of a love unrequited. I gazed at her.

"You must go," I said.

In a moment more her arms were gliding slowly about me, her lips were lifted close to mine. And then something new sprang up in me and I flung her off. She slipped, clutched a chair, almost fell.

"Finished?" she snarled, and I saw her open her hand-bag and grope for something. I leaped toward her, and caught her wrist just as the revolver went off. The bullet buried itself in the floor.

Just then Tom came hurrying in.

"It's all right," I said. "You can go, Tom."

Then I turned to Valerie. She stood there, helpless as a child, her mournful eyes upon me.

"I should have killed you," she said, "but no matter. I shall stay here."

There came another knock at the front door.

"You must go," I said, "at least out of this room."

"Oh, no, Malvern. I shall stay."

THEN I said, "Come in," and the door opened. It was Jocelyn. As she stepped in, painfully, using her stick, she saw Valerie. They stared at each other.

"So," Valerie said, "this is the reason. Ah, I understand. But, young lady, it happens that I have a prior claim."

My head would not clear; but I stammered out:

"Wrong, twice. Miss Breen is merely a friend, and you have no claim upon me, none whatsoever."

"And you believe that!" Valerie said to Jocelyn.

"I do," said Jocelyn. "Valerie," I said, "you will leave here at once."

Valerie laughed scornfully.

"Shall I? I think not!" And she started to open her cigarette case.

I looked at Jocelyn and was amazed at



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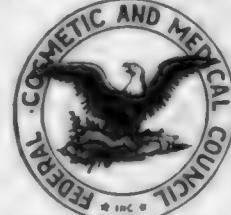
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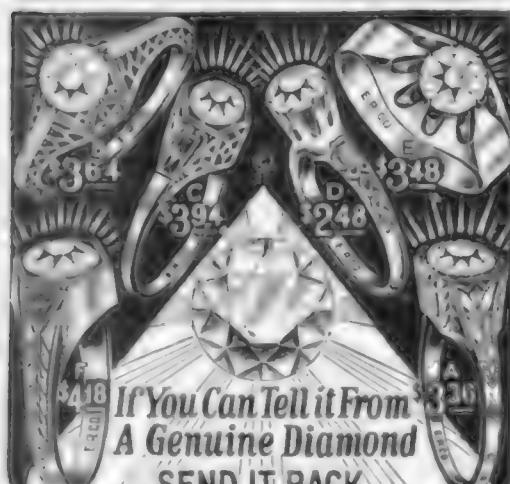
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the deadly terrible look in her eyes, a determination in her chin, a menace in her bearing, a wariness about her which I had not thought a part of her nature. She turned to me.

"Get me a glass of water," she said.

I STARTED out, but hardly had the door shut behind me when I knew that Jocelyn had used a ruse to get rid of me. I heard a shatter of glass, and as I hurried back into the room, I saw that Jocelyn had sprung at Valerie, and was using her fists like a man. Valerie was struggling to clinch with her and tear her hair and scratch her, but Jocelyn laughed, flung her back, and hit her in the face. As I reached them, there was one final blow, and Valerie fell.

"Now," Jocelyn said calmly, "will you go?"

"Ah, but Miss Breen," Valerie moaned. "I love him, you don't."

"He lied when he said I don't."

Jocelyn drew Valerie to her feet, and helped her toward the door.

I was so bewildered I did nothing for a moment. Then I said, "I'll help her, Miss Breen."

Jocelyn flashed me a terrible look. "You won't touch her, Mr. Kennerly."

A moment more and Jocelyn had shut the door on Valerie. She turned and stood silent, abashed, her eyes down.

But the truth was with me. My leaving Jocelyn had made her realize that she loved me, and she had fought Valerie because of jealousy.

I almost stumbled as I made my way blindly to her and took her in my arms.

And that's how my good angel vanished my dark angel. She is, I might add, still very jealous of me.

She was always afraid of the terrible emotions of love because of her dancing; but now she is happy, she says, even when she is miserable, for she has given up the dancing, and needn't care what she does.

## Fingers of Scorn

[Continued from page 60]

and for a few weeks we saw each other almost continually.

We plunged along breathlessly until February when, at the artists' costume ball to which he had invited Arthur and me, Kirk told me he loved me. It was madness! I knew it! But what glorious madness! I admitted I loved him. Something had to be done. Our mutual confession of love had made a change of some kind imperative.

Thus far we had been merely two very foolish children playing with pretty fire. But that night we discovered that fire could burn. In bewilderment and panic we looked at our scorched fingers and said, "What shall we do?"

"We must be sane about it," Kirk said. "We mustn't do anything foolish. I don't know now what to say. Certainly I can't give you up."

At that moment my husband came up with my wrap over his arm and found us together. We had not heeded the passing of time and many of the guests had already departed. Had Arthur come a moment sooner, he would have seen me in Kirkwood Hutchins's arms.

The next afternoon brought a frantic telephone call from Kirk.

"I must see you, if only for a minute," he said. "Meet me at the Prince George. Order your tea and I will drop in as though it was unexpected."

I hesitated. The idea was unpleasant, but when Kirk said please I could not refuse.

THAT was the beginning. We met with more or less regularity after this. We both knew it was wrong, but we kept on just the same, fooling ourselves with the belief that it was only temporary. Of course we didn't put this belief into words, but I never went toward one of those secret meetings with Kirk that I did not say, "It won't last. I'll get tired of him pretty soon."

Kirk has admitted that he used to say practically the same thing to himself. But the unexpected did not happen.

What did happen was that at the end of two months we were still madly in love and well on the way to finding the situation intolerable. We knew that we were doing wrong and yet we couldn't seem to help it. We didn't want to help it. All we wanted was each other. That was why we decided quite suddenly one afternoon to go to our partners with the truth and ask for our freedom.

I liked Myra Hutchins and it made me

miserable to know that we could not avoid hurting her. I kept hedging away from the thought that I was stealing her husband. It was an unpleasant thought. It gave me the feeling of playing in a game where the cards were stacked. But I capitulated by saying that it was not my fault, nor Kirk's, nor hers. She just didn't understand him.

HUSBANDS and wives are always supposed to get mad or hysterical and make a scene when they are told that someone else has supplanted them, and we had every reason to believe that Myra and Arthur would run true to form. So we approached them with little hope and much fear.

It's an old saying that truth is stranger than fiction, but I never believed it until the moment I stood before my husband and confessed to him my love for Kirkwood Hutchins. I was confronted with no dramatics. Arthur's face did not deepen into a flush of anger; he did not rise up in outraged pride. He merely asked me if Kirk and I knew what we wanted to do and if we were very sure we wanted to do it. I was amazed at the calmness of the man in such a situation.

At that moment if Arthur had stormed and raved and threatened to kill Kirkwood Hutchins, or even if he had struck me, I might have thought that perhaps, after all, I had misjudged him, and that his love had merely needed a shock like this to bring it to the surface. I might even have transferred my love from Kirk to him, for remember, what I wanted was love. I was tired of being sheltered and respected.

Nor was Arthur moved perceptibly when I burst into hysterical weeping, crying that although he had always been good and kind to me, we were never suited to each other.

"Forgive me Arthur," I begged. "Oh, please forgive me. It is something I am powerless against. In Kirk I have at last found my real mate!"

I braced myself against the bitter words I expected to follow that announcement. There were none. Arthur simply said:

"I shall not stand between you, Connie, but first I should like to talk with Myra."

I saw Kirk the very next day and he told me of his scene with Myra, when he told her about me.

"She was terribly upset at first," he said. "I thought she was going to make a row, but I misjudged Myra; I underrated her

common sense and her poise and her pride. She didn't give me much satisfaction beyond assuring me that there would be no scandal. She has asked for a few days in which to think things over."

We parted with hearts heavy as lead, for you see, neither Kirk nor I was so utterly selfish that we could deliberately ride over other people in this manner and not pay the price. I wondered how we would ever survive the hours until Arthur had talked with Myra, and the thing was settled.

Kirk was present at their interview, and it was he who told me how Myra had said:

"They must be free, Arthur. No one could stand in the way of people when they love as truly as Kirk and Constance!"

I COULD imagine her tired eyes growing more tired as she said this, for it must have been a terrible effort. I wondered what Arthur had done.

"He said very little," Kirk told me, "but it hurt him, Myra, don't you ever believe it didn't. God! I wish we were away and out of this rotten mess!"

Then Kirk went on to tell me of the conclusion of that interview. He was right! Myra Hutchins was nobody's fool.

"They can have their freedom," she told Arthur. "But you and I must reserve for ourselves the privilege of releasing. That they cannot ask for! We must divorce them. Then they will have their freedom and we shall have our reputations. Surely," she said to Kirk, "that is not too great a price to pay for your freedom?"

I felt that she was right, but Kirk, like a spoiled child, was not satisfied. He wanted his way entirely. If Myra and Arthur were going to be magnanimous why not go all the way? We could go abroad and get our divorces there. In that way there would be no scandal. But if Myra and Arthur brought suit against us in America it would practically ruin him. The public is always curious about the private lives of well-known people. Kirk, you see, was drawing illustrations for some of the best magazines and a divorce suit would injure his popularity. He was not interested in the effect a divorce scandal would have on Arthur who came of ultra-conventional people and to whom publicity of any kind was abhorrent!

It seemed unreasonable to me.

Again and again Kirk pleaded with his wife, but Myra was obdurate.

"How about my reputation?" she asked. "Is that of no consequence? What have I done to deserve this?"

It looked as though we had reached an impasse.

Then a few weeks later Kirk called me up excitedly. He had talked with a fashionable lawyer who had advised him that we should go to Paris where it was easy to obtain quick divorces with a minimum amount of publicity.

"Everybody's doing it," Kirk said, "and in three months we will be free!"

He was positive that it could easily be arranged. The lawyer had named dozens of well known people who would certainly not be the victims of a hoax. Paris was the Reno of the continent with none of Reno's disadvantages. So I consented.

The only safe way, Kirk told me, was for us to elope. If we informed Myra and Arthur of our intentions they might try to forestall us. I was horrified at the idea of running off like that, but Kirk was a convincing talker. He assured me it would only mean accompanying him until we secured our divorces. Then we would instantly be married and spend our honeymoon abroad.

My fears disappeared as we made our plans for the future. But it was a mad, fantastic fairy tale that we spun. Simply

because we wanted certain things to be so, we said they would be so. In this mood, we watched the retreating skyline of the country that would see us again only as man and wife.

From the hour we crossed the gang-plank of the Homeric, we met with difficulties.

We were travelling separately, of course.

"There is no telling what Myra will do when she finds we have blown," Kirk told me. "If she wanted to, she could get out a warrant against me for violation of the Mann act. What a pretty mess that would be!" So he had engaged separate staterooms and we felt that our position was above question. In spite of our elaborate scheming, however, people did question.

We soon found ourselves the "mystery couple" of the ship. Let no one underestimate what seven days at sea can mean if you do not wish to mingle with the other passengers! Kirk, because of his prominence, was almost immediately recognized by a man who knew a number of our fellow passengers. This man was constantly pressing invitations on Kirk that could not be ignored because he was an editor of one of the magazines that bought Kirk's illustrations. To refuse the man's invitations was to offend him. To offend him meant—well, Kirk wasn't going to bite the hand that was feeding him.

For the same reason I was not included in these invitations. Kirk felt that he could not explain me satisfactorily. To introduce me was to call attention to the fact that he was going to Europe in company with a woman not his wife. So, I would relinquish my claim to my lover and shut myself up in my cabin where I shed bitter tears of humiliation.

It was trying for Kirk, too. He would always manage to break away early and come to me, full of sympathy and tenderness and genuine grief.

"It's only for a few weeks, darling," he would say and he would put his arms about me and pull my head down to his shoulder. "Only a few weeks and then I can proclaim you before the whole world as my wife!"

I wanted to be brave. Oh, I wanted to! I wanted to brazen the thing out, have the courage of my convictions, but no one who has not gone through a thing like that can imagine such an ordeal.

Even the last day, when I was just beginning to breathe a sigh of relief, brought its unhappy experience. On debarkation our passports and visés were examined, accompanied by the merciless question "Where is your husband?" and, "Is this man your husband?" to which I replied with great discomfort and not at all readily.

THEN came Paris! And with Paris came a merciful interlude. Who has not dreamed of his first sight of that wonderland with its gay cafés, its marvelous shops, its dazzling women, its utter abandon and its beauty? New customs, new manners, new language. Enchanting!

And what a lot there was to do! For a while we were like two giddy children, not wanting to miss anything. The opera, the races, the famous restaurants! We paused only long enough to renew our vows of love and tell each other we were never really happy in our lives before!

That much was true, I guess, but it could not last forever. The day came when we tired of holidaying. Life once more asserted itself. Life must be lived, and life demanded sacrifices.

A weight began to tug at my heart again. In spite of all my efforts to prevent it, I realized that I was chasing at the questionableness of my position. The corners of my mouth began, literally, to draw down. I was terribly ashamed, for I knew this was no mood for Paris, besides being unpleasant

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for Kirk. So I determined to make a really sincere effort to convince him that I did not regret our venture and that I was honestly happy.

We established residences in separate hotels and began legal proceedings. It was a new experience to be together as often and as long as we pleased, free from the gaze of curious eyes and slanderous tongues, and we met each morning for breakfast and parted late in the evening. No husband could have been more considerate than Kirkwood Hutchins. I felt that every other woman in the world could well envy me such a love, but I doubt if many of them would think it worth the mental unrest.

Why was I restless? Because, in spite of what we had been led to believe, our legal affairs were not moving at all and the long waiting was becoming intolerable. Although we repeatedly urged speed, the French attorneys insisted on more time!

Then Kirk began to grow discontented with the enforced idleness and started to talk of renting a studio. It was not long before he found one that pleased him, and started work. This left me alone all day with nothing to do but read and roam the streets and shops. A tremendous longing for America was in my blood. I was longing for the old way of living, particularly for my own countrymen. I had suddenly taken a violent dislike to the very sound of French, and in desperate moments of homesickness I would wander around the tourist offices, drinking in the English that was being spoken. It might have been the language of the gods.

It's terrible to long for the homeland and to feel that you don't "belong." And I knew, too, that each day I was building higher and more formidably the barrier between my own country, my own people and myself. The longer we stayed in Paris the more difficult it was going to be to return to America and face the accusing eyes of our friends. But the thought of remaining in Paris for the rest of our lives was even worse. Little did I think the time would ever come when I would prefer such isolation.

It was almost a year since our elopement when we finally learned from our attorneys that we could not secure our divorces without the written consent of Arthur and Myra. In other words, Paris divorces, just like any others, had to be arranged.

We faced each other mournfully. What was there left to do? Return to America, beaten and disgraced? Or stay on here and make the best of our miserable lot?

"**NO!**" KIRK said, "a thousand times no! We might just as well commit suicide as to go back and face that pack of wolves. We'll stay here." I agreed with him.

So, I became "that kind of a woman."

I, who had always been so proud and disdainful of unconventional people, was now a social outcast. If only I had had the courage to face the world with defiance! If only I could have been true to my love for Kirk, true to myself! There would have been something rather noble about that. No one can blame the woman who does what she does because she believes it to be right.

More and more distressing things happened in our new life. First of all, we learned that quarrels can enter the sacred domain of lovers just as they enter other people's lives. It all started over a letter Kirk received from Magda Woods. I wrote few letters back home, but Magda was one to whom I had written. I wrote her because I felt the need of keeping up a contact, however intangible, with my own country, and Magda, I felt sure, would not be too harsh on Kirk and me.

She lived in Greenwich Village and led

a more or less bohemian existence. She was a sculptress and her studio was the rendezvous of all sorts of people. It was the only place of its kind that my husband had ever taken me, and it was there that I had first met Kirk. So I had a sentimental attachment for Magda just as I had for the Prince George tea room which Kirk had chosen for our first clandestine meeting.

To my knowledge, Kirk had not written anyone since we left New York, and I was rather surprised to see a letter addressed to him in Magda's unmistakable writing—large and round and generous, as I believed Magda to be. I was even more surprised when Kirk opened and read it and then slipped it into his pocket without comment.

"What did Magda say, Kirk?" I asked.

"Nothing much," he said.

I FELT a sharp twinge of something. I didn't quite know what. Had there been an affair between Kirk and Magda? Instantly I put the thought from me as unfair. Still I persisted.

"But couldn't I see her letter? After all, she is my friend, too."

Kirk handed me the letter reluctantly.

"Certainly you may read it," he said. "but don't blame me if you're sorry you insisted!"

Sorry? What did he mean?

Half-ashamed, curious, apprehensive and still a bit jealous, I took the letter from him. When I had finished reading it the only feeling I had was one of incredulity.

The letter was written as though Kirk were alone. Not a word about me; no message; no reference to my letter. Magda had deliberately ignored my existence! Obviously something was radically wrong somewhere. And then I knew! Rage, indignation, hurt pride and a crushing sense of injustice tore at me by turns until I was a veritable tiger of a woman.

It was not Kirk's fault that Magda had chosen to write to him and ignore me, but in my unreasoning anger I held him responsible. Ordinarily the mildest of women, I turned on him with a torrent of abuse and recriminations.

"It's all your fault," I said. "You, with your smart ideas about a Paris divorce. 'Oh, yes, everybody's doing it. Only a few weeks and then we'll be married!' Married! What am I now, please tell me?" And I fell into a terrible fit of weeping.

Kirk, intolerant of my abuse, hotly reminded me that it was as much my choice as his that we had remained in Paris; that I had been as eager as he to break loose from my marital bonds and cast my lot with the gods of chance.

"You said you'd go with me to the end of the earth and not regret it," he said. It was true. I had said just that.

How terrible quarrels such as that can be between a man and a woman, held together only by the fragile bonds of their love! Harsh words flung from lips that had once been tender! Blazing eyes that were once soft with love! And this was what our fervid vows had meant. We, who swore we would never be as others.

Something came over me and in terror I rushed to Kirk and threw my arms about him.

Instantly Kirk was contrite and tender as before. Almost fiercely he held me to him, heaping condemnation on himself for having exposed me to such hazards.

Of course it ended then. More fervently than ever we renewed our vows, swearing by everything we held dear that such a thing should never happen again. We forgave, but we could not forget. I doubt that Kirk or I ever forgot the ugly shadow that hovered constantly over us. We never knew at what moment a voice from the past would disturb our peace, nor when the

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finger of scorn would be pointed toward the little Arcadia we had salvaged from the wreck.

All sorts of disturbing thoughts came to me after that first terrible quarrel with Kirk. I imagined how it would be if, through some perverseness of fate, we should cease to care, but continue to cling to each other because—oh, well, why do people live together when love has fled? Habit. A sense of duty. Any one of a number of things. But I shuddered to think what a sordid travesty life in Paris would be with Kirkwood Hutchins when love no longer held us together and there were no marriage ties to fortify us against the barren years ahead!

**I**N MY meditations, I discovered, too, that I missed the social life I had always known. We had a few friends in Paris, it is true, but we had met them quite informally in the cafés. They were pleasant and even interesting, but they were not our sort. We both hesitated to look up our American friends who came to Paris, but occasionally Kirk would receive an invitation to dinner from someone who had taken the trouble to find him. For a long time he declined all these invitations. He was sensitive about the stories he knew had spread like wildfire after our departure from the States; and he would not leave me at home alone.

But I realized that Kirk really needed to mingle again with people. It was stimulating, and his work was lacking in its customary warmth and sincerity. His paintings reflected his mood; his American editors were beginning to complain that he had lost his verve, his style. So I pleaded with him to accept invitations even though they did not include me. I am certain now that what I so often resented as a snub was simply the crude attempt of a stupid person to be diplomatic. Nevertheless, the sting was there, not to be forgiven.

Have you any idea how it tortured me to know that I had deliberately sent Kirk off for an evening of pleasure while I sat at home, alone, to brood over the sad end our high hopes had come to? It was by my ability to do this that I could measure my love for him. A lesser love would have wavered and given up.

On that bright day when we had fled from Arthur and Myra and all that they stood for, we had scoffed at the idea of losing friends. What matter, we said, if they do turn against us? There are always new friends to make, new worlds to conquer. But we were beginning to learn that it is only old friends after all who really do count.

**S**O FAR, although we had been deliberately snubbed, none of our old friends had shown actual signs of hostility, so the unfortunate experience that occurred at the Café de la Paix was a revelation.

Kirk had persuaded me to go there to dinner with him. He had been going out quite a bit of late and the loneliness was making me actually morbid. I would have preferred to go to some obscure little place where I knew we would be safe from chance meetings with Kirk's friends, but he would not have it so.

The Café de la Paix is a place frequented by American visitors, so I should have been prepared for what happened. I sat facing the entrance, and as I glanced toward it I recognized a man and woman just coming in. The woman had been one of my bridesmaids and her husband was a lifelong friend of my husband. Of all Arthur's friends, the Hamptons were the only ones I really liked, and in my surprise and pleasure at seeing them so unexpectedly, I forgot everything else.

"Look, Kirk," I said. "Here come the Hamptons!"

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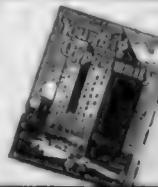
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# We Are Bad

[Continued from page 25]

but one thing sure your sons and daughters cannot say that I am a pesky, old maid. I am just twenty years old, fairly good-looking and have plenty of this so-called pep. I am just as young as your daughter and I have been doing the same things that she is doing. I have been deceiving my parents just as she is deceiving you. I have been hippety-hopping upon the brim of disaster just as she is doing.

Conventions mean nothing to us young people. They are like the ten commandments, a vague something that our parents preach about and try to live up to, but far too old and stale for these modern times. Wouldn't it be silly to mention the ten commandments at a nice, cozy party? Wouldn't the "gang" razz you if you were to be shocked about Ted Brown "stepping out" with Bob Lynn's wife.

ONE night a bunch of us were returning from a dance about two o'clock in the morning. It was a very hot night and the dance had been a bore. Suddenly, one of the girls in the party broke away from her boy friend and demanded that he stop the car. These youths are very obliging, so the car was brought to a standstill. The girl hopped out of the car, took off her coat and tossed it on the seat. Then she darted away, and stood poised for an instant as she called out. "Come on! Let's go swimmin' in the river!"

The challenge was quickly taken and in a few minutes we had tossed precaution to the four winds with lots of wild laughter. There had been a "spiked" jug of wine and everyone was in the mood to be sociable. Who would have been silly enough to "dead head" the party? Are you shocked? I am sorry but, every word of it is true and that is just one example.

Personally, I have always been able to "carry my liquor like a man." In fact, I can drink down most of my male companions long before I cash in myself. A woman who can drink will easily down a man every time. But, some of the other girls in our crowd couldn't do so well.

One girl in particular, whose real name I shall withhold since she is happily married now, could not drink without going completely "under." Often, we would have to take her by each arm and walk her up and down the road until she was sober enough to be taken home. One night, after an unusually wild party, we had to smuggle her into her home and carry her upstairs to bed. She was absolutely senseless. Next day, we girls who had survived the poison liquor called on the "invalid" and offered our laughing sympathy.

If we were discovered in our escapades it did not phase us in the least. For instance: four of us went to a road-house on a party one night in the late fall. We stayed until after two o'clock and then started for home, some fifty miles distant. The fellow I was with was known for his daring and thoughtless acts so when I was in a crowd with Jimmy, I always expected most anything.

We were driving along a country road when he passed a huge straw stack in a field about twenty yards off the road. The other fellow said, "I'll bet you five, Jimmy, that you can't drive up on top of that straw stack." Crazy? Absolutely! But Jimmy without a word, swung into the field and dashed up to the stack. The car started up the stack and then suddenly sank down. We were fender deep in soft mud and wet straw. For over an hour we worked trying to get out of that awful place but it was of no avail and finally the boys had to walk

a mile and a quarter to a farmhouse to phone for help.

The family at the farmhouse were all awakened. They knew the boys. The garage man from the town near by came out with the wrecker to get us out. He knew all of us. What reasonable explanation could we possibly make?

How many times have you heard your daughter say, upon arising in the morning, "Gosh. Mother, I feel rotten this morning. That old salad we ate last night at Pete's made me sick, I guess."

And you look at your daughter's unhealthy pallor and her shady eyes, and believe her and start for the medicine cabinet. Mother, you do not know the truth so you are not hurt. Each wild party helps to break her good health. Every morning that she arises with a miserable headache takes just that many mornings from her life.

Where are the American fathers and mothers of tomorrow coming from? Will these harum-scarum flappers of today assume the responsibilities of motherhood? Does the average American young man care to have the burdens of a family thrust upon him? Does the modern generation regard marriage as a sacred institution?

I can answer all of these questions with a loud and emphatic "No"! I am one of them and I have heard their views expressed, their ideas actually carried out. Not long ago, a young man published in SMART SET an article in which he told why he was afraid to marry. Those of you who read that, remember that the flapper was the cause of his fear of matrimony. Most of the girls that he knew, he felt could not be trusted. Others had too many "boy friends." His article was very good. He was absolutely right. For, nearly all of the girls whom I know are of exactly the same caliber. I am one of them. But, did he say anything in regard to young men like himself? He did not!

All right! I feel exactly the same about the modern young man as he does about the flapper. I feel that after marriage they are not to be trusted. How do I know that after a few months of staid married life my husband will not long to see or be with some of his old "flames"? How do I know that the friendly card games at the club would not gradually become an every night occurrence? Not that I would want my husband to become a henpecked house ornament; I would want him still to be able to appreciate feminine beauty and notice others besides myself.

A STAG evening every so often would no doubt relieve the monotony but after living one-third of his life in perfect freedom with many pals, wild parties and intemperate habits, could he abstain from falling back into his old routine after marriage became just a little boresome? That is what I am wondering and until I can find a satisfactory answer to those questions I will not take a chance on any of the young men whom I know.

It's all right to condemn the flapper but without help from these young men we could not be all that we are. Did another girl offer us our first drink? Did another girl offer us our first cigarette?

Listen, young man of the flapper article, we are all in the same boat. Why condemn a fellow sinner when it comes to selecting a wife? Just remember that her past probably stacks up just as well as yours. None of us is a "holier-than-thou" saint, so just think twice and in that second thought try to realize that you do not appear any more trustworthy to us flappers than we do to you.

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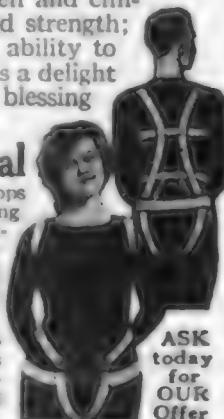
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One of the girls he would not have for a wife because she was too extravagant. In other words, a spendthrift. Well, well, kind sir, what about you young men and your everlasting drain on dad's pocketbook? I have a brother who is just a year younger than I, and actually, it takes me and all of the rest of the family to keep him in clothes and spending money. Believe me, as nearly as I can figure it out, a young man in the household is not a necessity but a luxury.

**O**F COURSE, this drain on dad is not true in all cases. I know young men who are earning fair salaries and paying their own way. But, what of these young men? Are they such generous creatures? Oh sure! they will take you to a show and buy your dinner, usually have a small car and spend lots for gas, oil and tires. Sure, they are generous. They show you a nice time, in exchange for some kisses.

Well, finally, this generous young man like the one who wrote the article, falls in love or at least thinks he does and gets married. Maybe for a while he takes his wife to shows and places but that soon wears off and then she becomes a fixture in his house, mends socks, cooks meals, does the cleaning and makes herself generally useful. She weekly asks for her spending money and when she gets it she gets a black look too.

I know young men of my own set, twenty-two to twenty-seven years old who are living at home with dad. Dad is buying their clothes, furnishing them pocket money and probably the use of the family car or a small one of their own. In return, dad has his sleep disturbed about three A. M. by the noisy homecoming of his son and he has to exercise his lungs, later in the morning, for about three hours trying to get the same young man out of bed.

Young men are so accustomed to spending their money as they choose before marrying that they can not become reconciled to the idea of having to share it with another. He was generous before marriage because that generosity meant principally his own pleasure. The enterprising person who said, "two can live as cheaply as one" must have lived in the Garden of Eden.

What of this type of young man when he marries? It was dad's money he was spending before and afterward when he realizes it is not plucking money off of a tree to earn it, he takes his spite out on friend wife.

Another example of our typical young manhood! One night at one of our parties, two of the fellows upon being dared, left the rest of us and went out and held up the keeper of an oil station. They were so

drunk that they were easily caught and soon jailed. Both were fined and turned loose. Nothing was ever said about it at the university they attended; the faculty and officials evidently deemed it proper or wise to stay out of the affair.

Later, one of the young men went home for a visit and was questioned severely by his father in regard to the incident. The father had read of it in a local newspaper. What did the fellow do? Did he confess the truth to his father? Was it a lesson to him! No! He told his father that another fellow had been arrested and being afraid of his father's wrath had given his name instead of his own. Why, that was the week that he was laid up in his room with a sprained ankle.

There you are! He glibly smoothed things over with the "pater," then returned to school and boasted to us of how he had "put it over" on the old man. I remember about that sprained ankle, too. But, it was long before the oil station affair and was in reality a sort of paralysis brought on by an overdose of bad liquor.

In classifying the girls, the young man in his article found three distinct types of flappers. And, none of them was desirable as wives. Well, with all due apologies to the men, I can only find two types of them; those who work and those who don't. In neither class can I find any shining examples of young manhood whom I can think of as a perfect husband. We can not be any more extravagant or free with our affections than you men.

Why do we find each other so unreliable and undesirable? Just simply because we know too much about each other. We are too suspicious of each other. We have lost our faith in other people and ourselves through our reckless, unconventional living. Nature exacts a toll for breaking her laws; God exacts a toll for breaking His laws. Our lost faith keeps us from wholesome living and peaceful marriages. Suspicions, grounded upon our own short-comings, but applied to others, discontentedness and the bitter agony of tormented consciences finally lead us to the divorce courts.

**A**ND some young people are foolish enough to think there is no cost for the unwholesome things they are doing today! No cost! Am I a pessimist? All I can see in the future for us if we do not change our mode of living, is a barren existence full of suspicion, hatred of ourselves; remorse, too, for we are not so wholly warped that we will not some time see our folly.

Yes, we are bad, bad, bad!

## This Is the Life

[Continued from page 49]

"He advised me to move on and so I drifted across the line to this hell hole.

"I live with a broken down gambler who has a sunken nose and a limp. He beats me and takes my 'percentage' earnings. He has robbed me of my money, my self respect and my health." She tossed back her fragile shoulder shawl to reveal several hideous bronze splotches.

"Do you know," she said, "that when a woman sinks she sinks deeper than a man? There are girls here who have even sunk lower than I. I don't know why I tell you all this but he and I quarreled today and you come from the country I love and will never see again."

I tried to comfort her as best I could with such platitudinous thoughts as came to mind. I told her of men and women, too, who had been reclaimed from the Bowery gutters to lead useful lives.

She shook her head and I fumbled awkwardly in my pocket for a bill. "Don't do that," she said. "Good-by, kid," and moved away.

Later I rejoined our party and we made a tour of the gambling houses. In one, I saw her standing at a roulette table among a group of slatternly Mexican women, dirt begrimed greasers and a sprinkling of Chinese. As I passed her, she caught my eye. The flush of false pleasure had mounted her cheeks. Her eyes were fever bright from drink or drugs. One hand was filled with small coins.

"Don't pay any attention to that gulf I handed you," she said over her shoulder. "I was just blue. This is the life," and she waved a half empty wine glass hilariously over her head.

Then she tried to smile but somehow it seemed to me it almost choked her.

# Do You Forget to Remember

[Continued from page 37]

the pages of the paper itself. But always there is a long search for them.

Nowadays there are ways and means by which you can determine what your attention and concentration abilities are, how efficient your memory really is. Thanks to the advances of science, especially psychology, you need no longer wonder and worry about whether or not you can depend upon your memory. There need be no guess-work about it. Painstaking research on thousands of adults, men and women, engaged in all sorts of occupations, has resulted in the devising of certain tests which tell you if you are average, inferior or superior.

NOW that I have told you that much, I suppose you will be more eager to test yourself out than to read the directions and explanations that go with the tests. As soon as we learn of a method that will reveal some truth about our minds we become impatient and want to begin at once.

I recall giving the test which follows to a young lady who simply could not wait to begin. I cautioned her that over-eagerness would not yield the best results, but she was scornful of my advice.

"In my opinion," she said, "enthusiasm for any kind of work, is a great asset."

"Not for a test," I said. "For tests you should be quiet and calm. Enthusiasm is too upsetting."

But she would have her way. She went at the test as though her life depended upon it and, as I feared, she made an unusually poor showing. Her score tallied with what one would expect of a moron.

Therefore be forewarned and read this article over carefully before you begin to test yourself.

Then select a time when you are not fatigued and a place where it is quiet. You want to be fair with yourself. You want to be sure to give yourself every opportunity to make the best score possible.

Since attention and concentration are so essential to the possession and development of a reliable, fool-proof memory, try yourself out on these faculties first.

In the following test see how many A's you can cross out. Start at the top line at the left. The quickest way is to work from left to right, on the next line from right to left, on the third again from left to right, and so on. Go through the test just once. Do not repeat it. Watch the time to see how long it takes you. Don't hurry. Accuracy is more important than speed.

There are fifty A's in this test. If you have missed no more than five and have taken no longer than two minutes your concentration ability is average. If you have made a better score than this, either in accuracy or time, your concentration ability is above average. If you have not made a single error within one and one-half minutes your concentration is superior.

After you have completed this test you may be surprised at the result. You will find the same thing true of all the tests. Strange as it may seem, your own judgment in regard to the degree of perfection at which your various mental faculties are functioning may not be altogether reliable. You may have thought your concentration poor when actually it is not. Or you may have been certain that it is quite up to standard when the reverse is really the case.

In order to check up on the result you must try, of course, to get a detached perspective on yourself. You must examine yourself with the same spirit that you would a stranger. Don't keep thinking what the result is going to be, how well or how poorly you are doing the test. Take it easy. Try not to allow your emotions to interfere and upset you. Do all you can but, for the time being, say to yourself that you don't care what happens. That is the way to obtain the best results, the best way really to discover something essential about yourself.

Some months ago I examined a young woman of twenty-five who was hesitating about taking up an office position.

"Whenever I try to do something I get so rattled," she said, "that I do about half as well as I ought. I wish I could rid myself of this self-consciousness. I just know I'll fall down on these tests."

The attitude of this subject, you will note, was quite the opposite of the over-enthusiasm displayed by the young woman mentioned above.

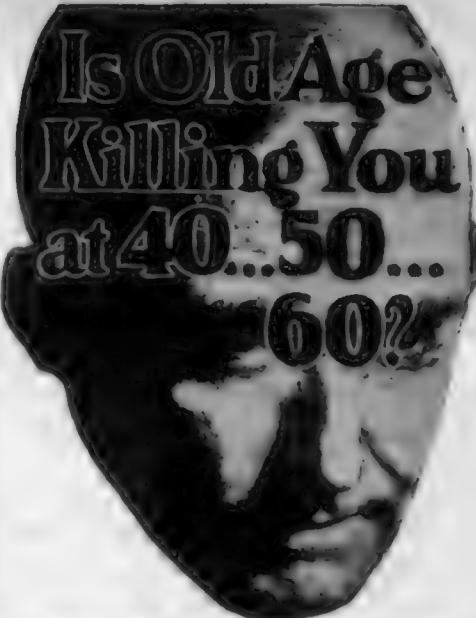
"As an experiment," I replied, "take the tests with no concern as to what the result may or may not be. You are too serious. You think too much about results. Enter into the spirit of the doing and don't figure on what the doing will lead to. Try to assume that the tests are a game, that the outcome doesn't really matter. The fascination of the test itself will then make you forget yourself."

SHE took my advice and it worked like a charm. Should you be like her, I suggest your applying the same remedy.

But to return to this matter of attention and concentration. Faulty concentration is one of the first signs indicating that your memory will be undermined. Often too,

## TEST 1

GWETBVKIKSUSAUVECIWVAEZSMIDBKLUWKHYCGYK  
NANNCBVBSAKOIJUPEKCNVGSTVRIWYBYGKHAZLPBYO  
KAPYEXXHUFBSVVDYDIAZLRSATZAZVFCOFSAIPTDOK  
IBISKAKHDXDYIUIZRHVRZYSCIGECPOFKBICBMGFSDC  
YHSRMVBLYICKZBMXEVBBIKUCBZLOGIWKGFMOATUN  
SHOFHXMKULDZKMRYRLVUWWKYEUVECSOUWBADEX  
ALUAKRMSFTGXWLVGAOWBTPODXBNSFSWSDRSMPO  
KBRIGAXZBZACKFJHEVWCGSWIMFEMXXOKRDIWGGBL  
BTPNSKBACVTCSSRKUBURUDMIZEWIZFESTMZEBWAPI  
BKSGYHSLSFABTLTIUDXGAKRZOYKOBHEAALPMLLKC  
GVCWKKPTUYGSTSSDWNKSIICNSBTVADKANTKKPB  
UNGTSOSUZPNBKRBAFDYFOVYBMPSONBUOPMEKGKTA  
COWVFXATSVAPAKYVAHNFXSBDAZYDCFDPPKNPHAMM  
XUNKDXSRAAMDVOPECRKTLHAXVKSHYWEWMNNHBR  
SLSOZFBZGRRIIHKRLEKHEZRGSCYKUIPSLECKYND  
UGKLLEMANFYERKZWYSNTTUAVSNAAMNWSAODFWAEH  
WINSPAKBBAOAHPHBBNRDELDLMPWZTAORTSKLBZ  
HNBKXPSNXAZHNIPHFGTE



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your attention flags and your concentration diminishes in power and accuracy, slowly and insidiously, without your realizing it. Before you know it you have slowed up considerably. Everything you do becomes downright labor. You find that you cannot even concentrate at play, when reading a book or newspaper, at cards, at tennis or golf, at the theater. In short, when your attention and concentration are faulty, everything you do becomes burdensome.

If the test has indicated poor concentration ability do not become discouraged. Try the next test. This one is also devised for attention and concentration, but you will note that it is a series of numbers in-

As the thoughts enter the mind, they are not properly distributed and placed in the orderly arrangement assigned to them. They try to get into each other's way, one might say. And so, of course, if ideas enter the mind in a helter-skelter fashion it is impossible to recall them in any other way, if at all. The result under such circumstances cannot be anything but an inability to remember.

The test which follows deliberately sets out to confuse you. See what you can do with it. Find out how strong your resistance is to confusion. Discover for yourself if that is a factor in making you forget to remember.

## TEST 2

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stead of letters. Test yourself out in the same way you did before. Cross out each 7. Work from left to right and from right to left exactly as previously.

There are forty-nine sevens in this test. The average person takes one and one-half minutes to complete it and for this average score five errors are allowed.

If your score is better on this test than on the "A" test it proves that you possess what psychologists call "learning ability." All you really need then, is practise in concentrating and practise in attention. You can improve your proficiency through repetition.

An excellent and simple way of doing this is to take a book and cross out all the A's or B's or some other letter you find on the page which you have selected for the purpose. Repeat the performance with a new page each day. In a surprisingly short time you will not only improve in accuracy but in speed as well. And in the meanwhile your faculties of attention and concentration will be receiving the exercise and stimulus they need.

Motion pictures, by the way, offer a first rate means for the development of attention and concentration. Their constant movement and change of scene rouses the mind. They tend to make you alert. Especially is this true if the plot is exciting.

You might try the plan of the man who attended the same photoplay every night for a week. When he reached home after each performance, he wrote down on paper what he remembered. The first night of this experiment he covered only two pages of ordinary-sized writing paper. The second night four. Each succeeding night more and more pages. At the end of the seventh performance he wrote twenty-three pages, full of minute details that would escape the attention of the ordinary observer.

"Didn't you get sick and tired of seeing the same picture so often?" I asked him.

"I thought I would myself," he said, "but every night I saw something different, a movement, a facial expression, or a scenic item that had escaped me before. And the best of it is," he added. "I find I'm much more capable of getting my mind down to business in every way than I ever was before. I certainly recommend this movie exercise for a jaded memory."

PERHAPS, as you went through these tests, you noted a feeling of confusion. Did your thoughts become somewhat jumbled and mixed up?

If so, you may be sure that you have discovered another cause for poor memory.

But do not read the test over before you begin. Start right in, pencil in hand. The time it takes you to finish this one does not matter. Be careful to go straight through from beginning to end.

## TEST 3

With your pencil make a dot over any one of these letters F G H I J, and a comma after the longest of these three words: boy mother, girl. Then, if Christmas comes in March make a cross right here ..... but if not, pass along to the next question, and tell where the sun rises ..... If you believe that Edison discovered America, cross out what you just wrote, but if it was someone else, put in a number to complete this sentence: "A horse has ..... feet." Write yes, no matter whether China is in Africa or not ..... and then give a wrong answer to this question: "How many days are there in the week?" ..... Write any letter except g just after this comma ..... and then write no if 2 times 5 are 10 ..... Now, if Tuesday comes after Monday, make two crosses here ..... but if not, make a circle here ..... or else a square here ..... Be sure to make three crosses between these two names of boys: George ..... Henry. Notice these two numbers: 3, 5. If iron is heavier than water, write the larger number here ..... but if iron is lighter write the smaller number here ..... Show by a cross when the nights are longer: in summer? ..... in winter? ..... Give the correct answer to this question: "Does water run uphill?" ..... and repeat your answer here ..... Do nothing here (5 plus 7 equals .....), unless you skipped the preceding question; but write the first letter of your first name and the last letter of your last name at the end of this line:

If you have made no more than three errors, and you can readily determine that by reading the test over a few times, your confusion tendencies need give no concern either. If, on the other hand, you have made more than three errors you will have to admit that confusion exists in your mental make-up.

I recall the case of a bank bookkeeper of fifty. The president of the bank told me that the man frequently had to remain after hours to get his daily balance sheet straightened out. I questioned the bookkeeper and he admitted the fact.

"It's my memory, I guess," he remarked sadly. "Maybe I'm getting old."

He scored average on all the tests except

the confusion one. He became very much upset over it and he made six errors. As a result of this I suggested to the president that the man be given bookkeeping work that had more sameness to it than what he was doing. The test suggested that the variety of diversified items he had to keep track of were too much for his resistance to confusion. This was done. Gradually, with the strain taken off, his nerves recuperated and in three months he was back at his old job once more and doing the work as efficiently as ever. His memory never bothered him again after that.

The way to overcome confusion is to practise thinking and doing simple things one at a time.

The point is to avoid crowding your mind. If you are troubled with confusion do not, for instance, plan a shopping tour, lunch, and a matinee all at once. You will be sure to get mixed up. You will forget half of what you wanted to do.

Rather divide the three separate activities so that you will shop on one day, lunch with your friend the next, attend the matinee on another.

**I**N THIS way your mind will gradually get settled. Your thoughts will again fall in line the way they should. Soon you will think more clearly, act more decisively, and your memory will improve with astonishing rapidity.

Now then, having determined your concentration and attention abilities and your powers of resistance to confusion, test out memory itself.

For this purpose it is best if someone reads the following story about Mr. Lincoln and the pig to you. Be careful not to read it first yourself. This would, of course, destroy the accuracy of the test. You would be more familiar with the facts of the story than you are entitled to be. It will be a great temptation to do so, I know. Try, however, to skip the memory test until you have finished the reading of this article. I would suggest your doing the memory test last of all.

Should it really be inconvenient to have someone read the story to you, then read it over once yourself, but only once.

Whether you hear it read or read it yourself, write down immediately on a sheet of paper exactly what you remember of the story. Give as many of the details and exact words as possible.

**I**N THE scoring of this test you will note that there are forty-one ideas in the story, each separate idea being enclosed within two vertical lines.

Mark off with vertical lines in a similar way each separate idea of your own memory reproduction. By comparing with the original text you will soon catch on how this is done. Then count the number of ideas you have been able to reproduce.

The average person can recall twenty-one ideas out of the forty-one. A higher score shows superior memory, a lower score inferior memory.

#### TEST 4

"One day | Mr. Lincoln | was out riding. | As he passed along the road, | he saw a pig | sinking | into a mud-hole. | Poor | piggy | would climb | part way | up the slippery | bank. | then down he would fall again."

"I suppose I should get down | and help | that pig." | thought Mr. Lincoln. "But I | have on my new suit, | and it will be quite | spoiled if I do so. | I think I'll let him get | out | the best way he can."

"He rode on. | When nearly | two | miles | away, | he turned | and came back. | Not | minding the new | clothes, | he stooped, | and taking piggy in his arms, | he dragged | him | out | of the mud."

  
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and then slowly shook his head at me.

"No," he said, "I won't let you do it, Nina."

It took a moment for this meaning to sink home.

"What did you say, Murray?" I asked. "You don't understand. I said I'd marry you any time you want me to. I'm fed up with things at home."

He smiled gently.

"You forget, honey," he said, "what we agreed last night was certain with me. I won't let you do it! I've at least that much decency left!"

"I know that, Murray," I insisted. "I know it. But it's exactly like anything else you want to buy. I've thought over the cost, deliberately and I'm willing to pay the price!"

I WON'T let you do it," he said. "Nina, my mother married my dad to reform him. I saw how that worked out. I won't let you in for that. I won't do it!"

"But I know, in advance," I said. "My eyes are open, and I want to." I swung to face him squarely. "Murray!" I asked, "Don't you want me to marry you?"

The corners of his mouth twitched in pain. He tried pitifully to turn it off lightly. "You should know!" he said, and then in spite of himself the bitter feeling lashed through.

"More than anything else in all life, Nina," he said. "I've done my share of things I'm ashamed of, but I've never yet taken advantage of a woman."

I could feel the color rising in my cheeks. "If you won't," I said, "there are others who will."

"What do you mean by that, Nina?"

"Whatsoever you may choose to take from it! I've offered to marry you. You've seen fit to reject my proposal. And I'm not demanding what your intentions are!"

"Very well," he said. "I'll tell you without your asking! I'm going to buy the biggest charred oak keg I can find. I'm going to fill it with good moonshine whisky and take it with me up to Greenfields Plantation tomorrow."

"You quitter!" I said. "That's a cowardly thing to do!"

Murray grew white about the mouth, but his voice, when he answered, was under perfect control.

"Taking that from you, Nina," he said, "is a part of the price I have to pay, I suppose. As for you, you know I hope that you won't do anything foolish."

"If you'll remember you've just finished refusing the right to comment on anything I may do! I already have enough domineering, at home, if you please!"

"But Nina, to do something just to spite me!"

"You take a lot for granted," I said. "You've just made plain that your life is yours to live. Well, mine's my own! You may take me back to town."

Murray swung the car about. "All right, Nina," he said. "Shall I see you again soon? May I inquire what your plans are?"

I gave him an oversweet, sugary smile. "Why, certainly you may," I said. "The answer is something else entirely!"

BOTH of us kept our words. I did not see Murray again, but I learned from Charlie Greer that Murray had bought the biggest white oak charred keg he could find and had taken it, full to overflowing with a hundred-and-twenty proof moonshine whisky, to Greenfields with him.

Outsiders were surprised at the orgy of pleasure seeking that I began to plunge into. Hitherto the other young people of our crowd had balked at nothing, but now they began to demur. From the time I rose in the mornings until I could no longer

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keep myself awake I fled from one wilderness to another. They did not know what was driving me on.

Rumors started filtering to me. Murray was sticking pretty close to Greenfields; he was not welcoming company. My informants, who knew, as did everyone, of the big charred keg and the hundred-and-twenty proof, nodded meaningly. Murray in his cups never welcomed the society of others. I plunged into more wild parties.

Affairs at home did not improve. Relations with my mother were at the final breaking point. No longer did I attempt to come in quietly at daybreak.

I WAS seen everywhere with Art Lecker and neither of us made any strenuous effort to hide the fact. Twice old friends of my father's came to me and told me that I was being talked about.

And then there came a day when the summer was wearing on to its close when for hours I had paced up and down the cage of my room. Half a dozen times I almost made up my mind to do something desperate and half a dozen times I gave up the idea. Late that afternoon I shrugged my shoulders in surrender and went down to climb into my roadster.

A score of times on the road to Greenfields I changed my mind and decided I could not go through with it. I dreaded and feared what I was going to have to tell Murray. Once I stopped and began to turn back. Then I shut my teeth together and stepped on the accelerator. My face must have shown what I had gone through with when just at sunset I turned in at the entrance to Greenfields.

I did not have to look for Murray. As I stopped the car he got up from a hammock on the wide front veranda of the old plantation house. His face was haggard and unshaved; there were circles under his eyes; he needed a hair cut. There came a sinking feeling within me. Somehow, even knowing what I did, I had not expected to find Murray like that.

He came down from the veranda and stood at the side of my car in his stained, bedraggled khaki trousers and torn, dirty shirt.

"Murray!" I said. "Murray I need you!"

He straightened, and his voice was surprisingly under control, almost like the Murray he had been.

"I'll do whatever I can for you, Nina," he said. "You ought to know that."

"Do you mean it, Murray? I do need you the worst way. I want you to—I've come out here to—oh, don't make me put it into words, Murray! I want you to—" I paused, wet my lips, and then plunged quickly before shame could overcome me. "I've got to get married, Murray," I said, and my eyes were fastened on his face, in fear.

He shook his head gently. "That is the point, Nina," he said, "over which we disagreed at our last interview, isn't it?"

I shook my head violently. "No, Murray! You don't understand! It isn't the same thing. It's something else! Don't you know? Haven't you heard?"

"I've been raising the devil, Murray. I've gone wild. It was just to spite you. I was trying to forget. Oh, won't you understand?"

As my meaning went home he straightened suddenly. His narrowed eyes sought mine grimly.

"Do you mean what you are saying, Nina? Who's the man? Who is he?"

"No!" I cried frantically. "No! I despise him, Murray. I hate the ground he walks on! If you go to him he's going to say something flippant and you'll kill him, Murray. Then everybody will know what

they only suspect now. I'd die first. No!" I swallowed nervously.

"I know it's a big thing to ask of you, Murray, the biggest thing a woman can ever ask any man. But you're the only one I can turn to, Murray. Will you marry me?"

He looked off into the sunset and his jaw was set till the cords in his neck stood out. At last he turned back to me.

"What about the other angle?" he asked. "What of the—liquor? I saw in your face what you thought when you first caught sight of me as I look now. Remember what would be ahead of us, a few years off at the most, certain as death itself."

I paused, and my head went down.

"Don't think that I don't know what I'm asking. I know it's almost too much to ask of any man alive, but Murray, will you marry me?"

Murray's head, too, was down. The silence grew till it hurt.

When finally he spoke, his voice was grave. "Yes," he said. "Yes, Nina! I'll marry you, you little liar! And—get this! It won't be at all because I take any stock in your story about being a 'ruined lady,' either."

"Murray!" I said. "What do you mean?"

He stared at me grimly. "You are good at many things, Nina, but lying is not one of them. Don't you know you didn't have a chance of making me believe that lie, particularly about you and that man? You ought to have known better than to try."

For a moment the wild idea of trying to brazen it through clung, and then I told the truth. "Yes, I lied," I said, "because I've learned, Murray, that I can't go through with it. I've tried to forget you and live without you and I can't."

"I know what it means if we marry, but I'd rather. If we two can snatch even those two or three years out of life, I don't care what happens afterward!"

Murray leaned toward me, and for the first time his voice was no longer under firm control. "You mean you care that much, Nina?" he asked. I nodded without saying a word. The glow from the sunset was across our faces. From the stables came the mellow voices of the colored field hands, singing as they unhitched the mules and bedded them for the night.

"Nina," Murray said at last, "in my room there is a charred keg of moonshine whisky, close to my bed, where I can reach it without even getting up."

"No, let me finish this time! You stopped me before, when I tried to tell you that day in the car."

"THE night before, when you and I were riding, I made up my mind to stake everything on one last throw of the dice. I know what you thought when you saw me dirty, unshaved, haggard. But Nina, I haven't been drunk!"

"I haven't touched that liquor. I tried to tell you. I brought that keg of whisky so I'd have to fight my fight without help, where I'd have to live within hand's reach of it for hours every day!"

"I told you a moment ago I'd marry you. But it wasn't because I had any faith in that melodramatic cock-and-bull piece of fiction you made up."

"No, that's not why I'll marry you. It's because, Nina, yesterday was the ninety-first day. I've won my fight with liquor!"

His arms sought for me. "Honey," he said, "let's get married tonight, right now. Wait here while I hurry into clean clothes. We can get a license all right! Let's get married tonight!"

I shook my head. "No!" I said. "No! You come just as you are. We've already waited long enough."

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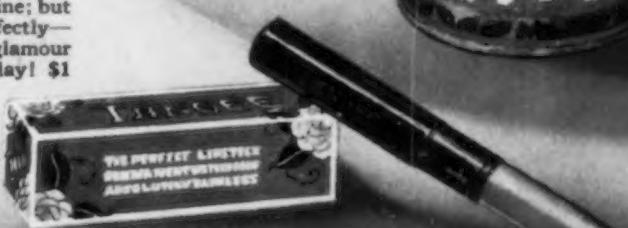
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